PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUNE 1986 $3.50

SPECIAL ISSUE:
PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF

BISHOP TUTU:
EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

SEX IN JAPAN:
SEEKING THE ULTIMATE TURN-ON

REAGAN & MEESE:
MUGGING THE CONSTITUTION

TOM WICKER:
NOW FOR THE REAL SPY SCANDAL

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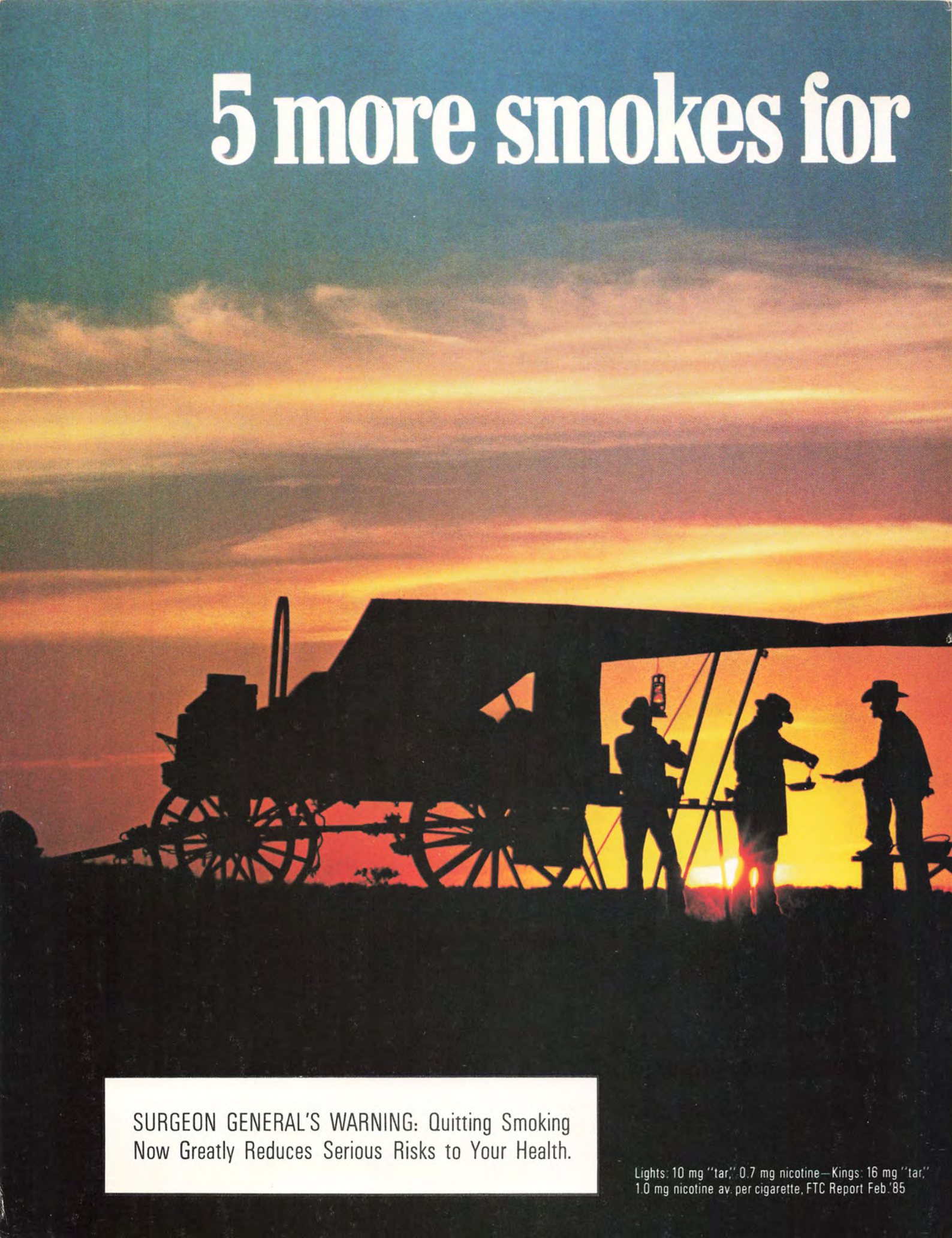

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The International Magazine for Men/June 1986 Worldwide sales: **5,000,000***

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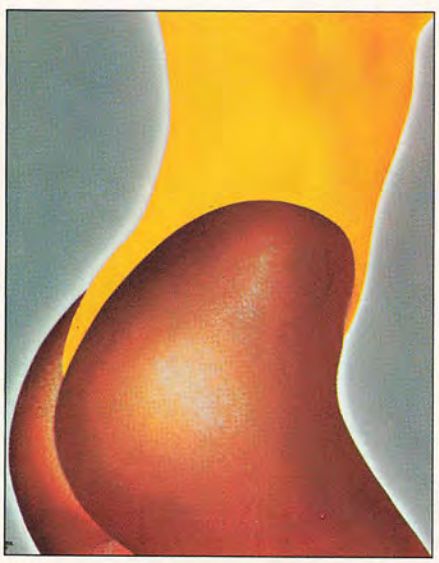

This month's cover features an airbrush illustration by Jürek Berowski. For information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 151.

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Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100; *Midwest:* Penthouse, 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; *Washington, D.C.:* Penthouse, 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006; *West Coast:* Penthouse, 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International, Ltd., N.Y.
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HOUSECALL

MUGGING THE CONSTITUTION
President Reagan and his attorney general, Edwin Meese III, are determined to drag America kicking and screaming into the eighteenth century. That is the considered opinion of Professor Herman Schwartz of the American University in Washington, D.C., one of this country's top legal scholars. Attacking the Supreme Court for relying on "concepts of human dignity," Meese—and his master in the White House—want to do away with "the basic freedoms that define our way of life." If you're a Jew, a black, a woman, if you like reading *Penthouse*—in short, if you're an *American*—you'll find Professor Schwartz's grim warning one of the most important articles you've read in years.

BIG MEN
This month's interview is an in-depth conversation with one of today's most influential figures—Bishop Desmond Tutu of Johannesburg, South Africa. Talking with reporter Stovin Hayter, the Nobel Prize–winning cleric discusses his fight against apartheid in his homeland, and his hope (which he holds on to "by the skin of my teeth") that South Africa's future will not be a violent one. . . . And, for an intimate look at a man who also "wants to make a difference," albeit in a totally different fashion from Bishop Tutu, you'll want to read Allan Sonnenschein's profile of Clarence Clemons, the "Big Man" whose wailing saxophone playing has long been the mainstay of Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band. As he steps out of Springsteen's shadow—with his first solo hit—Clemons clearly and candidly explains how he wishes to make "his own footprints in the sands of time."

THE WATER TRADE
In Japan, the art of sexual delight is called *mizushobai*, or the "water trade," and, as T. D. Allman reports in his survey of Japanese sexual fantasy, "the water trade pursues its quest for the ultimate turn-on as obsessively as Japanese industry pursues its quest for the ultimate export." Since most things Japanese have been successfully imported to the United States, can we expect that *mizushobai* will be next?. . . A much darker impression of the Far East will long haunt you after reading "Sandman," an exclusive preview of Nicholas Proffitt's forthcoming novel *Embassy House*, which will be published by Bantam Books. Proffitt's terrifying story of an American intelligence agent journeying into the heart of darkness during the Vietnam War is one of the most powerful pieces of fiction we've read recently.

NO CONTEST
There's a lot more to enlighten and entertain herein, among which is *New York Times* columnist Tom Wicker's "Advise & Dissent" on how the Reagan administration's "tough-guy" approach to espionage is actually making life easier for real Soviet spies. . . . Professor Alan M. Dershowitz, in his "Justice" column, discusses the dangers of depending on lie detectors to determine truth. . . . Photographer Brian Wolff and reporter Judith Oringer prove that the Wild West still exists in "The Last Roundup," a celebration of the romance of the American cowboy. . . . Games Editor Scot Morris shares some classic examples of modern folklore—stories that most people believe, but which, on inspection, turn out to be nothing more than tall tales. . . . And, of course, our own celebration of legendary romance, the annual Pet of the Year Play-Off, a competition in which everyone, but most especially you, our reader, comes out a winner . . . just a brief glance at Pet of the Year Cody Carmack will show you instantly what we mean!

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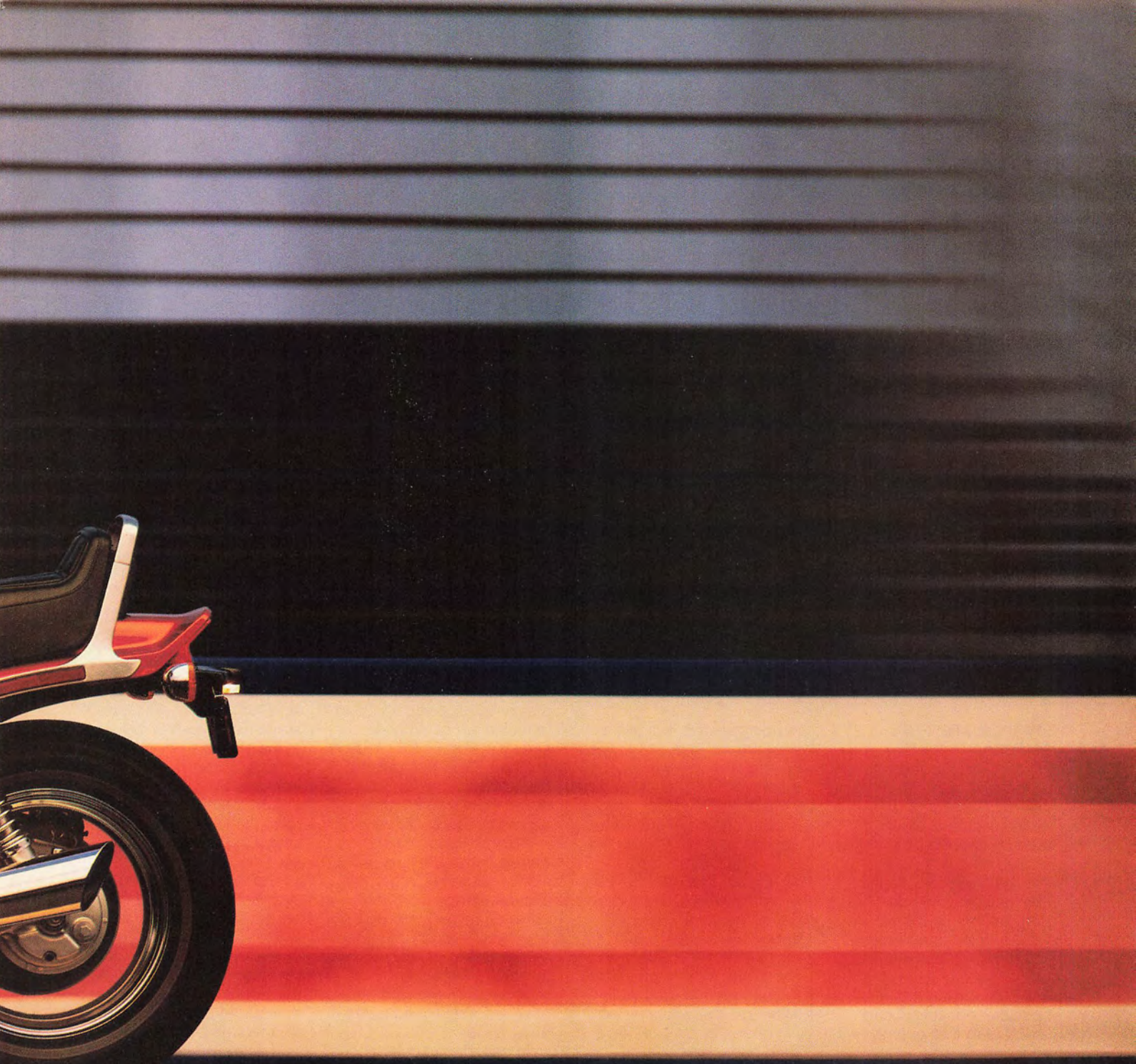

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"I watched Peggy rocking back and forth as my husband pounded away at her. I was soaking wet with excitement."

PENTHOUSE **FORUM**

FRIENDS ARE FOR SHARING

I'm 32 years old and five foot seven, with a 36-29-38 figure that my husband says still drives him nuts. Doug is a carpenter and he's in great shape. He has attracted the eye of several women. One of them is my best friend, Peggy. One night while we were at a local bar together, she admitted that she would love to get a chance at him. We both agreed that it wasn't possible, because Doug would blab it all over town if it ever happened.

Over the next few days, I began to fantasize about Doug and Peggy together. It made for some explosive fucking, with me coming at least three times. I began to make plans to get them together.

Our bed is an old-fashioned canopy model, with curtains all around it. With the lights out, anybody on the bed cannot be seen. I introduced a new game into our love life. I would lie face down on the bed with my ass and legs hanging over the edge. The curtain would lie on my waist. Doug then fucks me doggy-style, but all he sees are my legs and my ass. I made sure to always wear a pair of red high heels when we did this.

After about a month, I approached Peggy with my idea. She thought it was wonderful: She would pretend to be me, while Doug fucked her from behind. Peggy and I have similar builds, so that was not a problem. At her place, we stripped down to compare the details. Although she is blond and I'm brunette, we both have dark pubic hair.

Peggy's pubic hair grows down her legs farther than mine. With razor in hand, I shaved her hair back to where mine grows. The idea of fucking Doug must have been getting to her, because she was all wet and could not sit still while I trimmed her inviting pussy.

That weekend, I sneaked Peggy into our bedroom. She stripped and got into the bed, wearing nothing but my red high heels. Doug and I had a few drinks before going to bed. I told him to wait in the living room for a few minutes before coming to bed. I told him that I would be waiting for him to play our new game.

In the bedroom, I threw my clothes off and got into the bed. Peggy was there looking gorgeous in just her skin and high heels. She hugged me and thanked me for sharing my husband with her. The feel of her naked body against mine sent tingles down my spine.

I heard the door open and Doug walk in. I signaled Peggy to stick her ass out of the curtain. I called out in a sexy voice, begging Doug to fuck me. I could hear him stripping. I could see his outline behind the curtains. He fondled Peggy's ass, saying how much it turned him on to screw this way.

He reached down and parted her pussy lips, and slowly eased his large prick into her. Peggy clamped down on my leg to keep from crying out. Doug began to set the rhythm. It was exciting to watch Peggy's body rocking back and forth as my husband steadily pounded away at her.

To help her, I stroked her back and shoulders. I reached under and cupped her firm tits, rolling the nipples between my thumb and forefinger. Peggy was biting her lip to keep from screaming out her passion. I was soaking wet with excitement.

While I was kneeling in front of her, playing with her tits, she put her hand on my pussy. Slowly opening it up, she began to stroke me. I groaned, and Doug accelerated his pace. This made Peggy stroke my drenched pussy faster and harder. I lay back and let her stick two fingers in me.

I came once as she traced circles around my clit. Peggy grabbed my ass with both hands and pulled me closer. Suddenly I felt her tongue softly licking my pussy. I was out of my mind with excitement. Her face bumped into me rhythmically as Doug fucked her. I came again, but she didn't let go.

Doug started to come, moaning and groaning. This sent Peggy over the edge. She clamped down on my clit, sucking it hard, as her body quivered and shook with her orgasm. I exploded, screaming and clawing at the sheets.

Doug pulled out of Peggy with a wet pop. He began to part the curtains. "No!" I said, panicking. Peggy scrambled onto the bed. As soon as she was all in, I poked my head and shoulders out. Right at eye level was his seven-inch prick, covered with another woman's juices.

"I . . . I . . . I want to suck your cock!" I said. I couldn't think of anything else to keep him off the bed. He smiled and fed me his prick an inch at a time. The taste was strange because of Peggy's pussy juice.

On the bed, I felt hands caressing my ass and legs. I wiggled, trying to get away. I was embarrassed at how much I liked having her suck my pussy. Peggy ignored my movements, and Doug just assumed I was playing with

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In PENTHOUSE FORUM, editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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myself. I couldn't do anything about it.

Her fingers began to explore my pussy, which turned the heat up on my passion. I sucked Doug harder and tried to get away from Peggy's fingers. I felt her fingers leave and the bed shift. Her hands pushed down on my ass. Thinking she was finished, I lowered myself right onto her waiting face! She must have moved onto her back underneath me. Her hand gripped my ass as her tongue flicked my clit. Doug was moving in and out of my mouth as I sucked him. Giving in to the inevitable, I ground my pussy into Peggy's face. She took both of her hands and squeezed my tits, paying lots of attention to the sensitive nipples.

I moaned around Doug's prick, and my whole body quaked as I came. It must have lasted two whole minutes, Peggy never letting me go. Doug came again, and I swallowed it all, which I never do. Exhausted, I begged him to get me a drink of water. While he was out of the room, Peggy snuck out of the house.

Since then, Peggy and I have gotten together occasionally, and she sucks my pussy until I can't take it any more. Doug claims that that night was the best sex he ever had.—*Name and address withheld*

STRETCHING A POINT

I attend a university in upstate New York, and I'm on the track team. One Saturday, we were competing against a military academy in the eastern part of the state. I had always thought army chicks were brutes, but I soon found out otherwise. In fact, one girl in particular caught my attention. Her blond hair, offset by tight black running tights, really had my imagination running wild.

Although I thought I had no chance of ever finding out what beautiful, juicy surprises those clinging black tights both concealed and advertised, I walked over to her and struck up a conversation. At the time, she was doing some prerace stretching for the 3,000-meter run. Her name was Julie. She was sitting on the field-house floor with her legs spread, bending forward and reaching for her thin ankles. Every time she bent forward, her racing tank top drooped away from her body, exposing a pair of beautiful, smooth breasts, which, unfortunately, were mostly concealed behind a sports bra. However, her nipples, hard even as she stretched, pushed out from behind her bra, making my anxious dick hard. Luckily, I was wearing sweats which hid my erection. Julie took a quick peek up at me as she stretched and caught me ogling her gorgeous tits. She gave a tiny, almost imperceptible smile and went back wholeheartedly to her stretching.

Julie's next stretch was even better. She stood up and bent over, touching the ground with the palms of her hands. Her ass was fantastic. She was driving my nuts nuts with this erotic display. I wanted to remove my sweats and plunge my aching member into her pussy, tights or no tights.

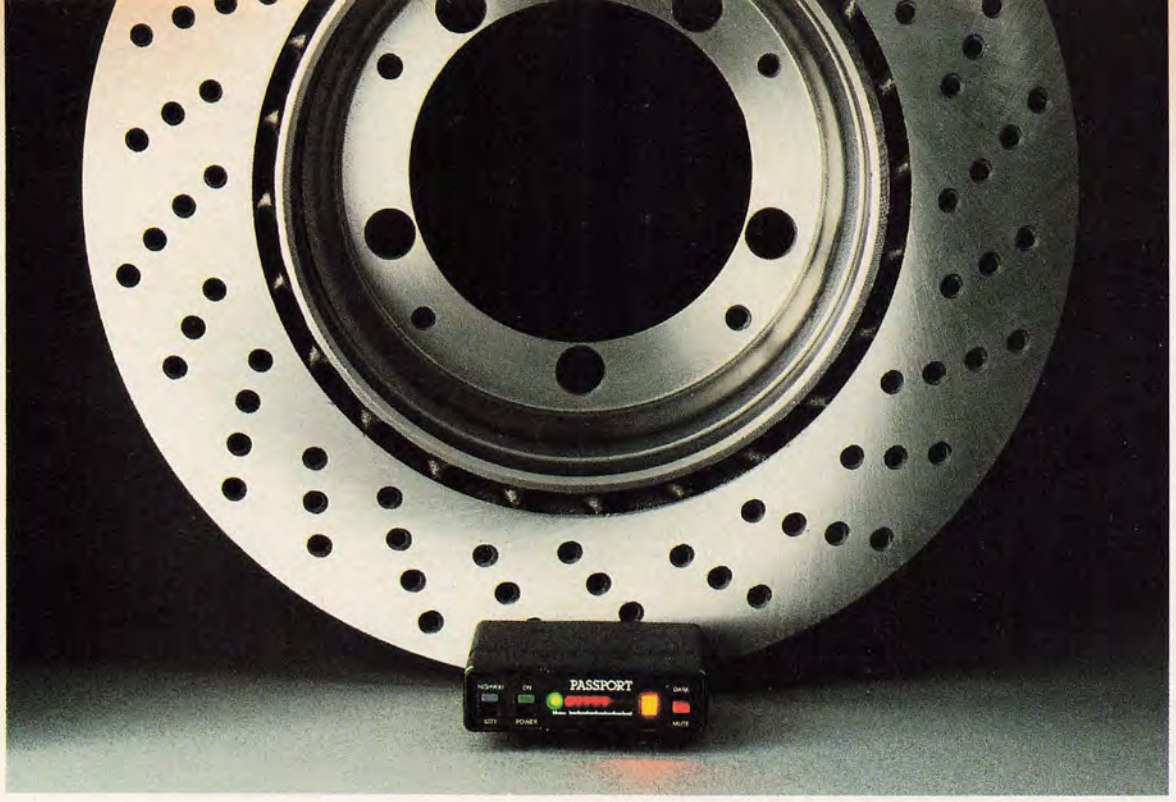
When she finished stretching, Julie turned her sizzling blue eyes to me, and we talked some more. She said she was a freshman and she was 18 years old. I asked her how she liked military life, and she said she hated some of the discipline that was prevalent. When I asked her what she meant, she smiled and told me she could show me some "close quarter drills" at 1600 hours.

At precisely 1600 hours, my event finished, I slipped unnoticed from the field house where Julie was waiting breathlessly. She impatiently grabbed my hand and pulled me (unprotesting!) across the street into a dark, empty railway tunnel. Once out of sight, she pulled me to her and kissed me fiercely, hungrily, her tongue searching my mouth. I reached around her and pulled her yielding body to my aching hardness. She pulled away and whispered into my ear: "I've always wanted to fuck a track star."

Beautiful Julie took a step backward and hastily pulled off her sweats. She had removed her bra earlier, and her nipples, very hard, protruded from behind the silky, flimsy material of her racing top. She looked incredibly exciting in her shiny, black Lycra tights.

She bent over and pulled down my shorts, saying, "The first step in my drill manual is 'present arms.' " My rock-hard, ten-inch, loaded love bazooka was already at attention. She then said that she was taught to always clean her weapons well. Julie dropped to her knees and engulfed my throbbing rod with her warm, caressing mouth. She teased the sensitive head of my cock with her tongue and sucked hungrily, making my legs turn to rubber. Her dedication to her task would make any commander proud. I was on the brink of rewarding her services when she stopped and said she wanted to feel my assault. She must have had brass in her family because she sure had a four-star snatch. Her juicy muff was blondish-brown, and the closer I got, the better it looked. As I tongued her clit in rapid-fire fashion, she grabbed her hair and bit her lip to keep from screaming out. Her love box gushed in massive orgasm as I pressed my face and tongue into her sopping pussy.

Now I decided it was my turn for some pleasure, and I ordered her to put a lip lock on my love muscle. She was ready to take orders, but before I shot my load down her throat I pulled away, pushed her back, and plunged my full ten inches into her cunt. I pumped away and she ground her hips in rhythmic fashion. My throbbing, wet, hard dong pushed deeply into her, and I shot my load deep inside her just as she screamed out in ecstasy. I pulled up my shorts, leaving Julie gasping on the ground, and returned to the field house. Hopefully, we will return to



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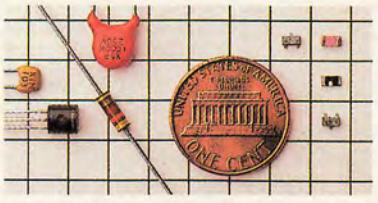

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
Founded March 1965
BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher
PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(U.S. edition)
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JUNE

the academy soon for more competition.—*Name and address withheld*

DANCE FEVER

I am a travel writer and I was doing a story on Miami, Florida. I was staying at the most beautiful hotel I've ever seen, and I attended a party thrown by the hotel. I was immediately attracted to a reserved woman who didn't say much, but boy, did she talk with her eyes!

I had a short chat with her. I found out her name was Hilda, and that she was of German descent. She worked as a columnist for a Miami-based business monthly. I was puzzled by her shyness but intrigued by the sublevel communication of her eyes. I didn't have the guts to ask her out. So after the party was over I walked on the beach by myself, thinking of Hilda's eyes.

A couple of days later, I went to a restaurant/bar where I had made a reservation. As the place was really crowded, people were sharing tables with strangers. I was asked if I'd mind sharing my table, and it's a good thing I said it was okay. My table partner turned out to be Hilda!

For the first time, I saw more than just her eyes (which were a full night's entertainment in themselves). Her face was what you could call girl-next-door charming. Her body, in a soft woolen dress that very gently followed her curves, was as exciting as a couple of my favorite Pets. Just watching her walk back and forth to the ladies' room gave me a tremendous hard-on. After we had danced awhile, I knew that this lady was perfectly aware of the effect she had on a man.

After some more dancing and dining, I invited Hilda to share a sunrise with me after a night of lovemaking. She said, "I want to come here, right now. I can only come in public." I was shocked and speechless. Then she said, "Hold me very tight and look into my eyes. Tell me what you want to do with me."

We went back onto the dance floor and, while we danced, I rubbed my hard-on against her. Her eyes were like two love holes, narrowing and opening, contracting like a vagina. Believe it or not, it took only one dance and I saw her eyes half-closing. Her body shook and I had to support her, or she would have fallen on the dance floor. She cried softly in my ear. She came! It seemed to me that it lasted for two or three minutes.

Poor me, I still had my hard-on—no, my *hardest*-on. But Hilda continued to move her hips, looking at me with those eyes. "Put your hand on my thigh and hold me," Hilda whispered. I did, and I realized that she had nothing on under her dress. Dancing together very closely and slowly, I managed to get my finger on her pussy. Only seconds after I realized that she was drenched, she came again. I became a bit worried because of the noises she made. But Hilda was oblivious to everything around her. Putting my finger in her pussy made her come again, even more powerfully.

After one more orgasm Hilda said to me: "I want you to come as well, right here, right now." I was scared by the idea. "Hold my wet pussy, and I'll rub your prick while you look into my eyes," Hilda instructed me. I still don't know how she managed to get my zipper down without attracting undesired attention, but she managed to put her finger on my head. She was surprised that I was not circumcised, and she inserted her finger between my foreskin and the top of my prick. Usually I can come only one time in the night and one time in the morning, but Hilda made me come three times, right in the middle of the restaurant. (The next morning I could not believe this was true, nor could I believe we were not caught and arrested.) I was a bit shaky on my feet, and so was Hilda. After we had a late-night supper, she wanted to go home—alone. "I love to make love, but I cannot fuck," she said. And off she went.—*Name and address withheld*

BLUE MOON

I go to a small northeastern college. One Saturday night when nothing was happening, a group of my friends and I went to an NHL game. The game was terrible, but the ride home turned out to be the time of our lives.

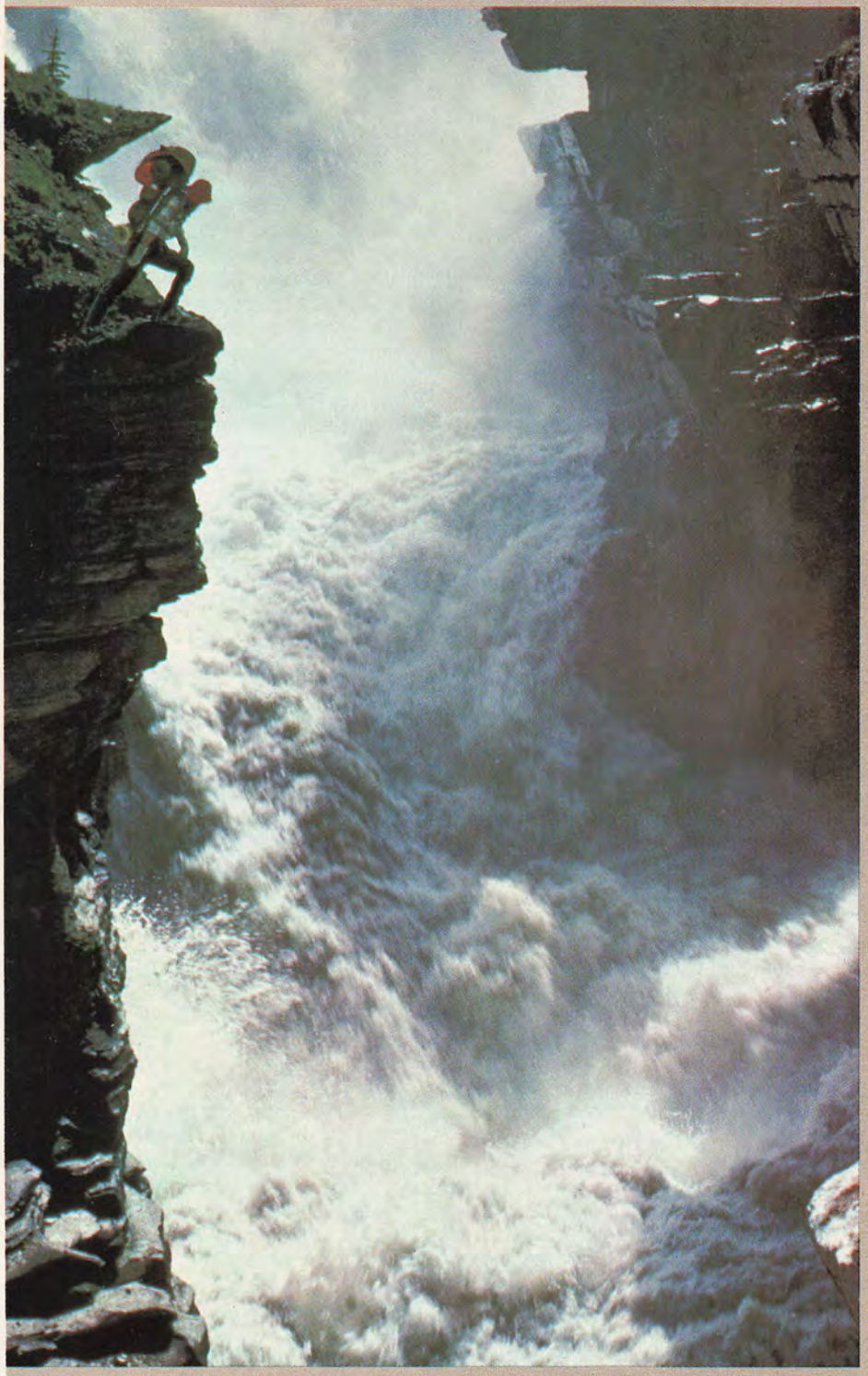
We were driving back when this girl passed us in a white Trans Am. Well, we couldn't let a girl pass us, so we sped up and then passed her. We figured that was the last we would see of her. A couple of miles later she passed us again so we figured (being college kids) we would moon her. My friend Joey whipped down his pants and gave her a show of his big ass as we passed her. She then passed us again and all of us in the backseat decided to moon her when we passed her next. This process of passes and mooning went on for the next half hour.

We then turned off at our exit, and she followed us. As we pulled into the toll-booth, she pulled up next to us and told us what great asses we had. We were really surprised by her comments. Right after the exit she turned off into a gas station and we kept going, thinking that was the last we would see of her. Ten minutes later she drove up next to us and told us to pull over. We then proceeded to turn off into a pizza place.

All of a sudden this beautiful girl got out of the Trans Am and walked over to our car. We were all in total awe. She was about five foot seven, with black hair and a 36-24-35 figure. She was wearing a miniskirt with high black boots and her top was unbuttoned down to her stomach. She was the hottest thing ever to step out of a white Trans Am.

She told us her name was Stacy and asked why we mooned her. Our reply was, "We only moon beautiful girls." She looked inside the car and after a while

Athabasca Falls.
A rugged place for a smooth whisky to start.



ALBERTA, CANADA—Out here, nature's the boss. And you don't ever forget it.

I guess I expected sort of a picture-postcard waterfall. This one roars by like a freight train.

The water is so cold it almost hurts to drink.

It's water like this, from the glacier fields, that helps make Windsor Canada's smoothest whisky.

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DRINK FOR TASTE, NOT TRENDS. DOS EQUIS XX

said to the driver, Kenny, "You're kinda cute." We all started to talk to her and ended up taking a group photo of all of us. Next we invited her back to our dorm for a wine and cheese party. At first she rejected our offer, but after a while she said she would give Kenny a ride back and think about the wine and cheese party later.

When Stacy and Kenny got back to the dorm, they both came up to the party. It was the six of us guys and Stacy sitting around drinking and talking. The sitting around turned into a game of strip poker. We had been playing for about a half hour when Stacy lost and had to remove her last article of clothing. She took the loss in stride and removed her sexy black panties. We were all in total awe of the beautiful body sitting in front of us.

Then Stacy said, "Well, let's have some fun." At that instant she walked over to Kenny, pulled down his shorts, and took his long hard dick into her mouth. After a little while she began begging for someone to fuck her. Kenny took his cock out of her mouth and then started to fuck her long and hard. While Kenny was fucking her, she started giving Abe head, and he was in total ecstasy. Kenny and Abe wore that poor girl out. They both withdrew at the same time, Kenny coming all over her stomach and Abe all over her face. Stacy took a breath and begged for more. Michael and Jeff were happy to oblige.

Michael started fucking her doggy-style while Jeff began fondling her tits. She was screaming and moving around like a bucking bronco. After a while Michael came all over her back, and Jeff moved right in. After a few moments he was pumping her fast and hard, and she screamed in ecstasy. He finally came all over her back and let out a sigh of exhausted satisfaction.

Finally, Phil and I got our shot at Stacy. Phil began with a sixty-nine position, which brought loud cries of joy from Stacy. Her cunt was dripping with juices that left a sweet taste in Phil's mouth. We all watched as Phil brought her to another orgasm. Her legs were wrapped around his head while she was taking his cock all into her mouth. Phil finally exploded into her mouth and she sucked it all down.

Now it was my turn as I hopped on and gave Stacy all she could handle. I was fucking her fast and hard for a couple minutes and then I decided to tit-fuck her. I took my dick out of her pussy and brought it up to her tits. As she held her tits together I slid my cock in between them and fucked her gorgeous tits. The pressure was too much on my cock and I exploded almost instantly. My come went all over Stacy's face and chest. She used her fingers to get it all in her mouth, not missing a drop.

After that, Stacy fell asleep. We all found a spot in the room, lay down, and went to sleep too. When we woke in the morning, Stacy was gone. She left no last name and no phone number, just the smell of sex in the room and her black panties. Even though we didn't get a phone number, we did have the best time of our lives. So if you ever see a white Trans Am with a hot lady behind the wheel, don't be afraid to show her your ass.—*Name and address withheld*

PICNIC AFTER DARK

After a hard day at work I decided to walk down to the candy store a couple of blocks from my home. I was walking through the store when I came across the magazine rack. I spotted a *Penthouse* and figured that since my wife would be away for a couple of days, I would buy it and bring it home.

As I was walking down the street paging through the pictorials, I saw a beautiful woman coming my way. I had never thought of cheating on my wife before, but after seeing all those beautiful naked girls in the mag, I had some pretty wild fantasies about the live one in front of me. (I quickly suppressed these ideas so I wouldn't get too excited.) When we were about to pass each other, she flashed me a smile and asked me what I was reading. I shyly replied, "*Penthouse.*" I must have turned red in the face, because she just smiled and said, "Don't worry, I like to read it myself. The 'Forum' section is great, don't you think?"

By now, my rod was starting to perk up and pay attention. After a little small talk she asked me what I was doing for dinner, and said that her boyfriend had broken their date for dinner in the park. I thought her boyfriend was crazy, but what the heck! It meant that I didn't have to cook dinner. We headed for the park, picked a spot by the pond under a tree away from everybody else, and started to eat the dinner she'd brought along. After some food and a couple of beers, we both were getting loose and hot.

She moved over close to me and said, "Boy, does it get hot around here late in the evening," as she undid two buttons on her blouse. I now had a picture of what else was on the menu. I leaned over and gave her a passionate kiss that she very willingly accepted. I slid my hand down her blouse and started to play with what seemed like half-dollar nipples. She was moaning with pleasure, so I went for it all and slipped my hand down her shorts, where I found the moist hot folds of flesh. Without a pause, she undid my fly and began giving me the best head I ever had. First she licked my flesh until it was as hard as marble, then she took my purple head in her mouth and sucked furiously. As she was doing this, I had taken her pants off and was wildly licking her now-sopping-wet pussy.

Then she stopped sucking and mounted me. I slid inside her right away. She then began to do a little dance with the lower half of her body as well as her

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twat, which made me go crazy. Then she got off me and moved into the doggy position, saying, "Fuck me like a horse with that dick of yours!" I jumped up and began sliding my nine inches into her hot pink moistness. She rocked back and forth and then she tightened up and had an orgasm that must have lasted two minutes. After that was over, she immediately sucked my straining dick with intense, sensuous motion. I came quickly. She swallowed every drop of my semen. Both of us were spent after those heart-stopping orgasms. We packed up and went to her house for some rest (and a lot of sex in every shape and form, which I had missed with my conservative wife).

After the night when I fucked an almost perfect stranger, I'll never again doubt any "unbelievable fuck stories."—*Name and address withheld*

ON VACATION

I am a 19-year-old currently attending a university. I love to read "Forum" because it reminds me of all my own wild experiences. Recently I had an experience that I have to share with my fellow readers of *Penthouse*.

I had just come home from college for semester break. My plane got in, and I met my cousin Sonny at the airport. We got my luggage and proceeded to go to his house, where we were going to stay during the semester break.

The next day I met his neighbors Diane and Sherrie, who are also roomies. Diane has beautiful golden-blond hair and turquoise eyes that gleam like diamonds. She has lovely ripe breasts and an ass that won't quit. Sherrie has beautiful long dark hair. She has a great ass which showed through her tight gray stretch pants. She is very well developed in the upper body, and she looks great in clothes. She probably even looks better without them.

I had some errands to run and when I got back I found out Sonny and I had been invited to Diane and Sherrie's house for the day. When we got there they had already started a party of their own, and they offered us a beer, which we accepted. Then we went into the bedroom to play strip poker. Sonny and I cheated and soon had the girls down to their panties. I was getting so horny, I could pole-vault. My cock had almost grown to its full ten inches of masculine meat.

Sonny took Diane and started playing with her beautiful tits. He sucked on her firm nipples. Then she began to unbutton his jeans to check out his cock. She sucked on the head of his rod, and worked her way up and down the shaft until he exploded like a volcano. Diane licked up every bit of come.

Diane begged him for more, so they went into the shower, and Sonny began to tease her pussy lips with the head of his penis. He washed and caressed her tits until she got so horny she started to come. He knelt down and started sucking Diane's love juice out of her pussy. Then he told her to get on her hands and knees. He knelt down and started fucking her doggy-style. She screamed with delight and they both had their orgasms at the same time. Then they washed each other, got dressed, and came out to see how Sherrie and I were doing.

When they came out we were doing a sixty-nine on the kitchen table. I got up to get a cucumber out of the refrigerator and started fucking her with it. She went wild with pleasure. Then she took all ten inches of me into her throat. My dick was throbbing with delight. I almost drowned her with my come.

Then we all rested for an hour, and got ready for a group session. We tried many different positions and came so many times, it was unbelievable. That was one semester break I'll never forget.—*Name and address withheld*

"It's for me, dear. It's a Suck-o-Gram."

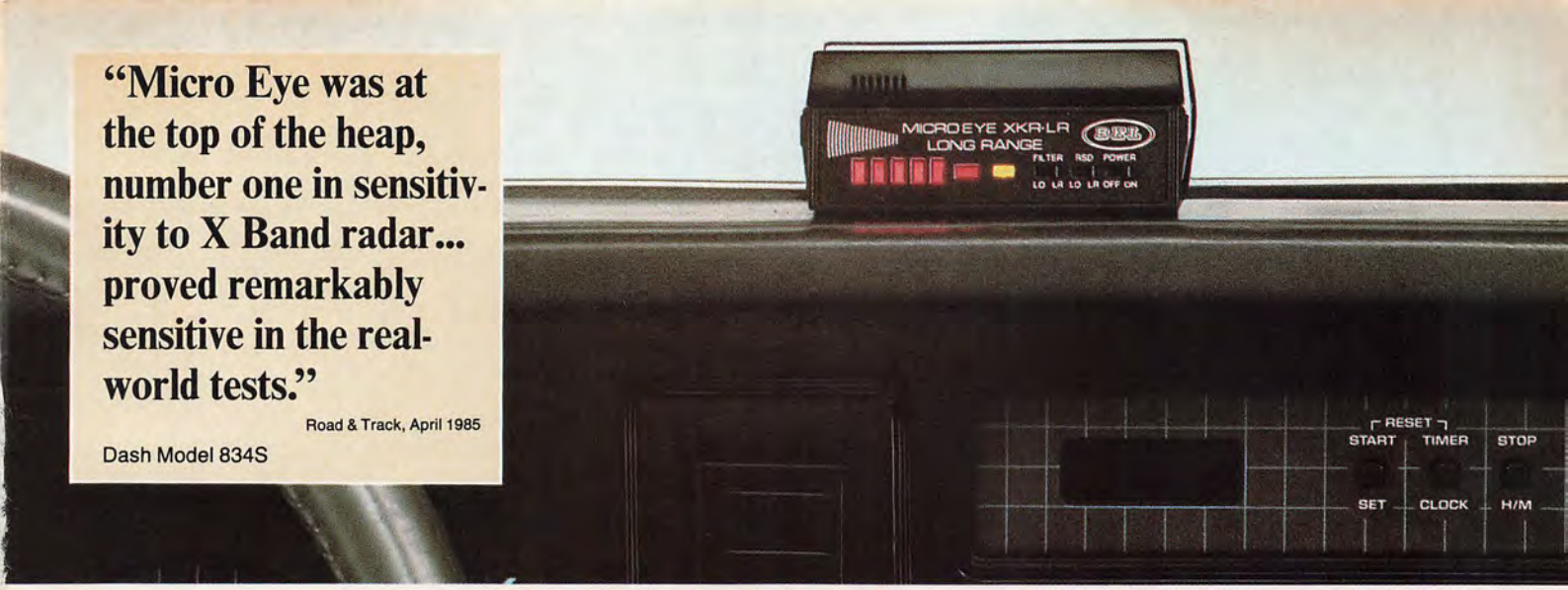
SOAP OPERA

This winter I found an effective remedy for a cold winter evening—a hot soothing shower prior to jumping into bed. One night, when I heard the water running, I went into the bathroom to see if my beautiful blond girlfriend needed any help. With the hot water beading off her shapely breasts, she flashed me a coy look and answered, "Sure, if you want to."

I left the bathroom for a moment to retrieve an unopened Christmas gift. When I returned, my lover had begun to apply creamy white soap to her slender body. I asked her to stop and told her that I had a special bar of soap for her. It was Soap on a Rope.

The six-inch egg-shaped bar of soap was attached to a rope on one end. I tied the rope to my wrist and placed the masculine-scented bar between my hand and the nape of her neck. I rubbed her body rhythmically and liberally. The fragrant lather multiplied on her back, shoulders, arms, and chest. I then instructed her to lean back and relax as I rubbed around her pendulous breasts with smooth strokes. I moved lower, lathering her flat stomach. I moved lower still, rubbing the curved body of the soap into her cropped pubic hair.

Her mouth opened wide as she leaned forward and gave me a hot wet kiss that sent a chill up my spine. I rubbed her clitoris and vaginal lips methodically, almost tortuously. After minutes of rubbing creamy lather between her legs while we kissed feverishly, I suddenly stopped. Excited with anticipation of my next action, she moaned ever so slightly. I cupped the soap and angled the narrower end toward her love canal. The soap slid in so easily, disappearing inch by inch. When it got to the large-size end she reached down and jammed the rest of the bar into her hot pussy. Much to my disbelief, all that remained was a sop-

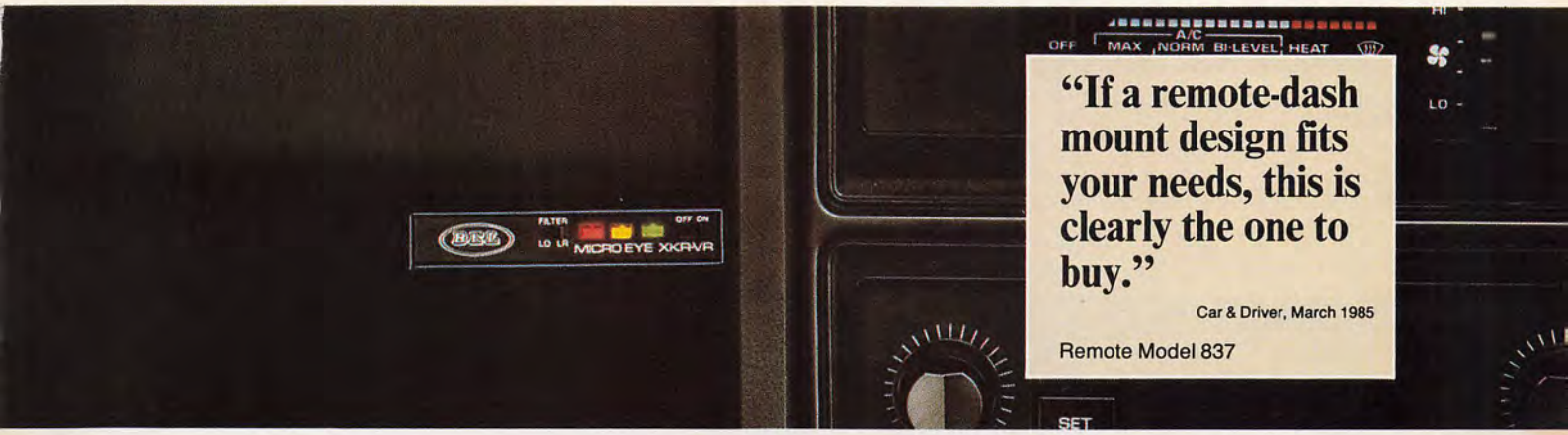


"Micro Eye was at the top of the heap, number one in sensitivity to X Band radar... proved remarkably sensitive in the real-world tests."

Road & Track, April 1985

Dash Model 834S

THE FACTS ON RADAR DETECTION



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DASH/VISOR MODEL

Of the ten competitors evaluated, **Road & Track** confirmed that "Micro Eye was at the top of the heap, number one in sensitivity to X Band radar . . ." All in all, it "proved remarkably sensitive in the real-world tests. It placed 1st in the hill cresting test . . . and it also has the most effective filter against such (signal emission) leakage from other units." Quite simply, the MICRO EYE®'s computer integrated technology enables it to monitor incoming signals and virtually eliminate those which are not police-originated. The test concludes, "BEL is to be commended for building a unit that offers both superior sensitivity to police radar and effective screening of pollution from other detectors." What more need be said.

REMOTE MODEL

Car & Driver recently conducted a test of their own on remote-mounted radar detectors. In this category, as well, the MICRO EYE® came out on top. It ranked "first overall in sensitivity and also did admirably well in our selectivity test (False Alarms from Other Radar Detectors") and torture test." The MICRO EYE® remote model is hidden from view. Only you know it's there. And "its compact size and flat cables minimize installation hassles." Everything is simplified. There are no control knobs that have to be adjusted. Just set it to city or highway driving and you're on your way. According to **Car & Driver,** "If a remote-mount design fits your needs, this is clearly the one to buy."

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ping wet, dangling rope.

Like spontaneous combustion, her entire body seemed to explode and catch fire. Her body quivered in a frenzy. I took this opportunity to begin rubbing her clit furiously. She began moaning and writhing with delight. Her body shuddered again and again in a long wave of orgasmic pleasure. This was truly a sight to behold.

After a few more moments, I tugged softly at the rope. The slimy little fucker slid out of her hot box, leaving a residue of love juices mixed with creamy soap lather. I helped my baby rinse off and dry herself, and then we proceeded to bed for several hot hours of uninhibited sex.—*Name and address withheld*

RING IN THE NEW

I've been an avid reader of your magazine for many years. I never envisioned myself submitting a letter to you until recently. I had a terrific experience which I have been unable to share with anyone. Like many other women, I fantasized about a ménage à trois but because of my apprehensions, I only allowed it to be a fantasy. I hope this letter will alleviate some of the anxieties for other women, which I had felt but now realize were unfounded.

For a long time my boyfriend, Gary, and I had discussed the possibility of a threesome. I said that if and when the right situation presented itself, I'd be willing to give it a try. After I had passed up a few potential opportunities, he began teasing me and saying that I was "all talk." I admitted to myself that some of the things he said were true. With the ball now in my court, I decided to prove to him that I wasn't just talking.

For several months, I seriously considered two or three "potentials," but the feeling just wasn't right. I had almost forgotten about it when Larry, an acquaintance of ours, separated from his wife. In need of a place to stay, he rented the efficiency apartment above our garage. We weren't especially close friends at the time, but we all seemed to enjoy each other's company.

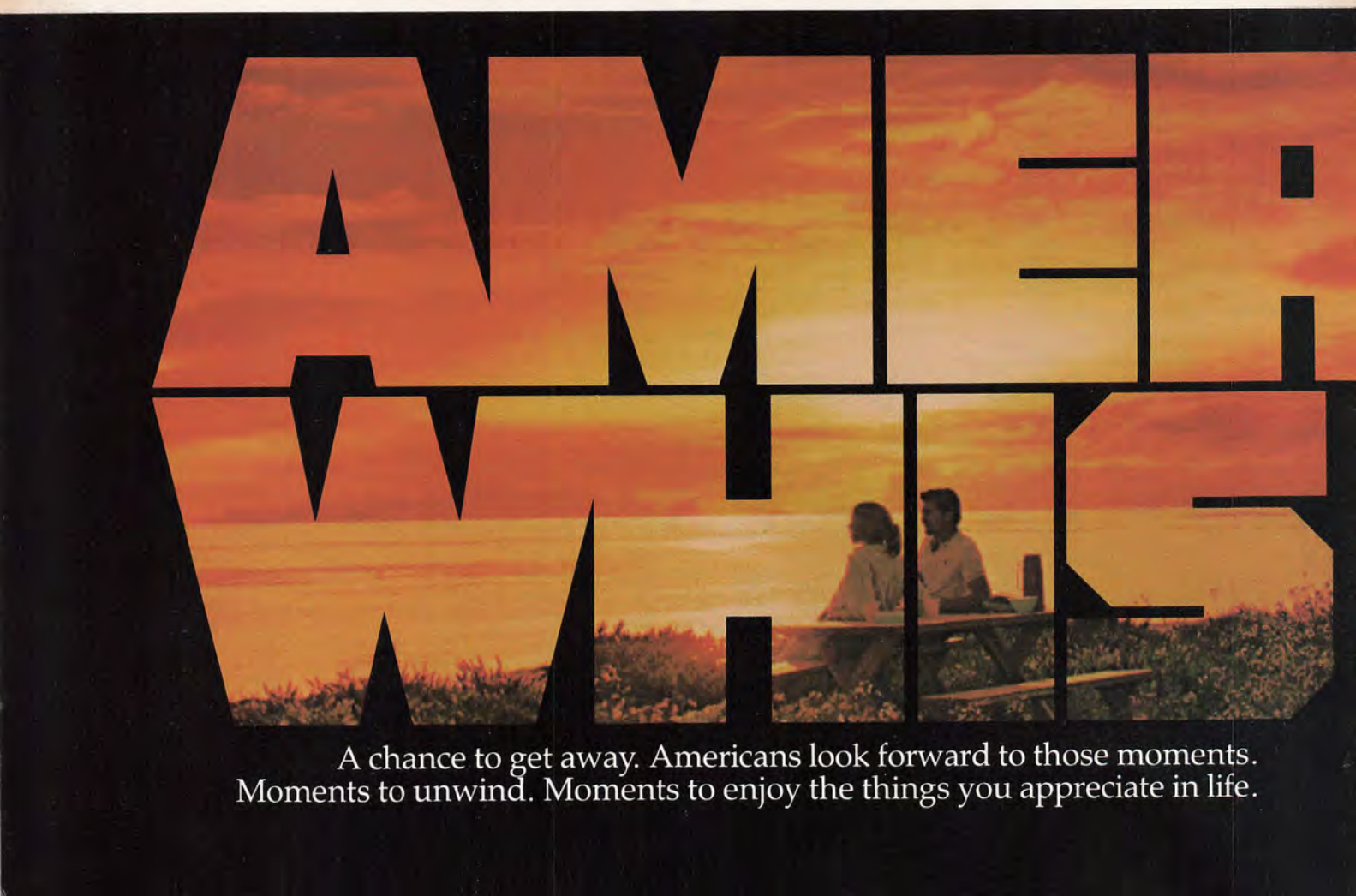
One night when I was particularly horny, Gary jokingly suggested Larry might be the right candidate for our fantasy fulfillment. Having learned that his marital problems were sexual in nature, I felt the idea might be appealing to him. The possibility excited me, and I surprised myself and my boyfriend by going to the phone and giving Larry a call.

I caught him in a peculiar mood, as his date for that evening had just canceled. He was relieved when I invited him to party with us. Knowing the direct approach works best for me, I decided to be straightforward. I told him of my fantasy and the desire to possibly experience it with him if the feeling were right. Like Gary and me, Larry had never been involved in a threesome, but he was excited about the possibility. Within 15 minutes he arrived at our place with a bottle of wine and an open mind. We finished off the bottle of wine while watching some X-rated movies. Gary offered to go get more wine, and I realized this was my opportunity to get things started.

I joined Larry on the couch and sensed the electricity between us. We were teasing each other with playful suggestions and kisses when Gary returned with the wine. Knowing the moment was right, I excused myself to change into a skimpy seductive outfit that I'd imagined myself wearing in my fantasies. Both of the guys were visibly aroused by my new attire. I rejoined Larry on the couch and began stroking his inner thigh while the three of us made small talk. Our mutual excitement was obvious—my panties were wet, and his cock was bulging. He turned to Gary and asked if he could borrow me for a while.

With Gary's approval, we moved to the bedroom and I encouraged Gary to join us soon. I was lighting some candles when Larry said that he hoped that I enjoyed getting my pussy eaten. Before I even had a chance to answer, he buried his head between my legs.

I had already had my first orgasm when I realized he was still fully clothed. We quickly undressed each other and re-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A chance to get away. Americans look forward to those moments.
Moments to unwind. Moments to enjoy the things you appreciate in life.

sumed where we had left off. His sexual starvation was apparent by the way he devoured my pussy. He licked and sucked my swollen lips with such finesse and expertise that it's hard to believe he had sexual problems in his marriage. The stimulation was really intense. I wanted to hold back before coming again, but he urged me to let go.

I was already in seventh heaven when I noticed that Gary had come in to join us. I could tell by the smile on his face that he approved and the sky was the limit. While Gary was getting undressed, I began slowly sucking Larry's hard cock, showing off my own oral talents. As Larry's pleasurable moans were making my love juices flow, I felt a familiar tongue eagerly lapping them up. With his finger methodically stroking my clit, Gary continued sucking me with great determination. Larry and I simultaneously exploded, sending my head spinning.

Larry was spent and ready for a cigarette but Gary and I were still going strong. We kissed and hugged passionately and Gary asked me if I was enjoying myself. I admitted that had I known it would be so fantastic, I'd have seized the opportunity years ago. That night the three of us did everything I'd ever dreamed about and more.

Since his divorce, Larry has moved to a city several hours away but returns occasionally on business. He knows that when his schedule permits, he's always welcome to share our bed with us.—*Name and address withheld*

ON LEAVE

I am a 21-year-old serviceman who would like to relate an experience that happened to me last Christmas. I had been in Europe for a little over a year and was really enjoying a few weeks' leave back in my home state with my parents. Because it is a fairly expensive area to live in, several of my friends were still living at home. They didn't seem to mind except that having sex with their girlfriends was frequently interrupted by unexpected early arrivals by their parents.

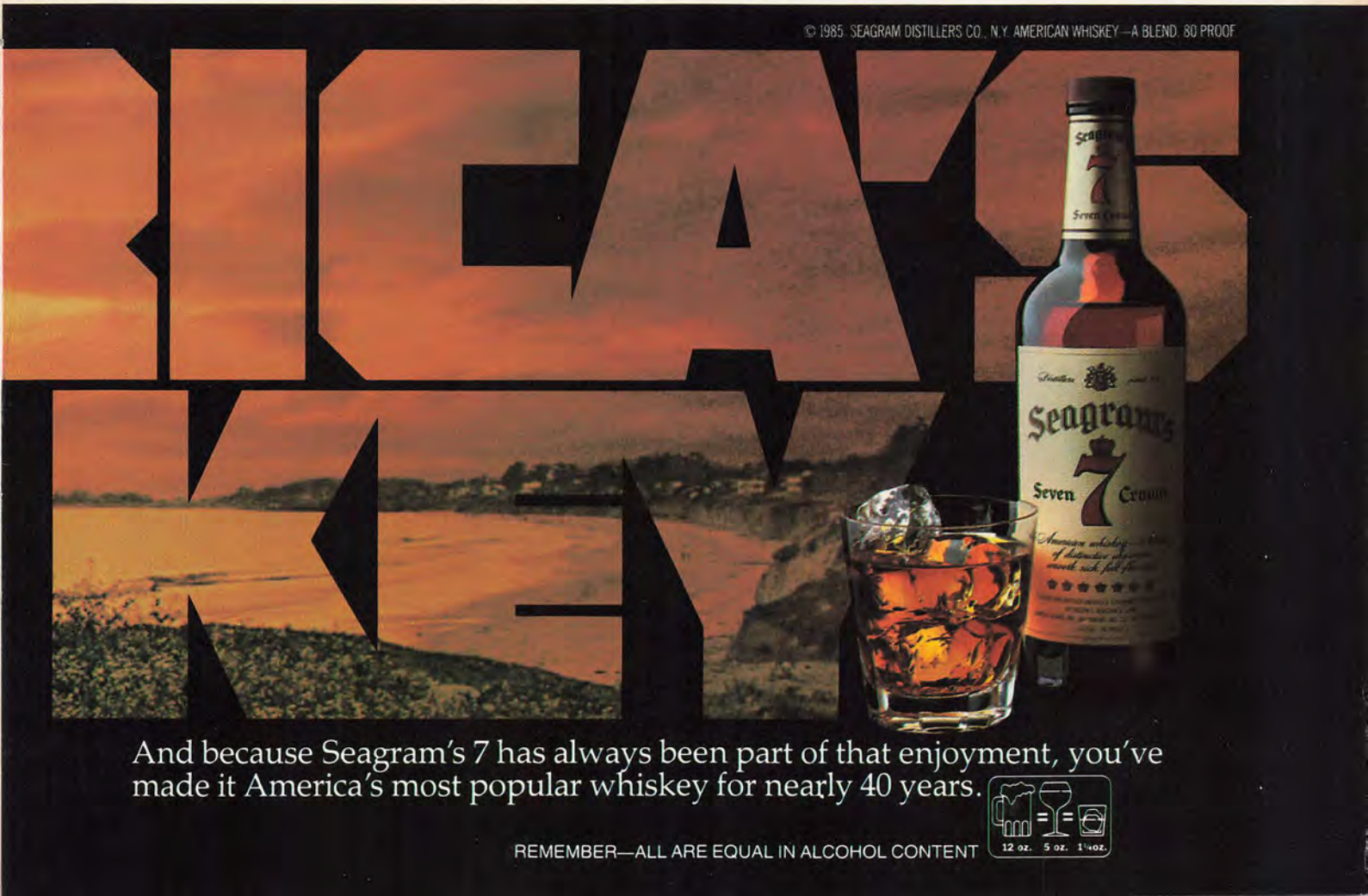
Finding out that my parents would be out of town for a few days, I called two of my friends for a small party and told them that it would be all right for them to bring their girlfriends. Both Ernie and Rob arrived shortly, with plenty of beer and liquor for the coming days. An hour later their girlfriends, Stacy and Marie, showed up. Surprisingly, a third girl, Jennifer, stepped out of the car.

Stacy and Marie are both attractive brunettes, while Jennifer is a stunning blonde. After several drinks each, my two friends paired up with their girlfriends and led them to different areas of the house, leaving Jennifer and me alone in my living room. I began complimenting her on her sexy clothes and figure. She responded by commenting on my own six-foot-tall body, which had become quite toned by the daily exercise I had begun in the military.

The sounds of Rob and Marie's lovemaking filled the house as Jennifer and I started peeling off one another's clothes. I looked out into the backyard and saw Stacy raising her head from my parent's hot tub. The expression on Ernie's face left no doubt in my mind that she had just succeeded in giving him an incredible underwater blowjob. This made me even hornier as I groped Jennifer's firm mounds. I pulled her to the floor and pushed my head firmly between her legs. I was amazed at how hot she already was, as a heavy flow of her sweet juices cascaded into my mouth. What's more, the sight of her shaven pussy was driving me out of my mind.

When I succeeded in pushing her to the brink of orgasm, I raised my body and placed my thick cock near the entrance to her glistening slit. I placed her long legs on my shoulders and began licking her feet and ankles while she slowly massaged my balls. This has never failed in arousing me to an incredible state of ecstasy. And I gasped at the technique of her movements. My bulging cock was throbbing with desire. I had never seen it so engorged. I then drove my now-plum-colored head into her slick cunt, followed by my eight-inch shaft. Within

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142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"It is my prayer that Fundamentalists Anonymous can combat the narrow-minded fundamentalism that threatens our country's freedom."

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

EDITOR'S NOTE
On March 20, 1986, after the closing of our April and May issues containing Frank Camper's two-part article on Sikh terrorism, a federal jury in Brooklyn, New York, acquitted Dr. Gurpartap Singh Birk of charges of conspiring to assassinate Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi of India, and also of charges of soliciting others to do so. Birk was convicted of conspiracy to transport explosives across state lines and of violations

of the Neutrality Act, felonies for which he could receive a total of 13 years' imprisonment.

BAN ON BOXING
It was good to see José Torres's "Advise & Dissent" article on boxing ["Is Boxing Hazardous to Your Health?" February 1986]. Mr. Torres is right on target, along with New York Governor Mario Cuomo, in pushing for a national boxing commission. This would protect the boxer by unifying regulations. The AMA's plan to ban boxing is a cop-out. It's like throwing out the baby with the bathwater.—*John Palo, D.C., New York, N.Y.*

ALL FOR EARL
I had to write after I saw your February 1986 issue. I loved the pictorial "Guinevere and the Knight," which was photographed by Earl Miller. Keep him around!

The models, color tones, lighting, setting, and special effects (like the dry ice) were all great. The pictures seemed soft and well blended. Even the models seemed to really be in love. Thanks, *Penthouse.—Name and address withheld*

DOUBLE IMAGE
While reading the January 1986 issue, I noticed that Bill Lee, in his "Parting Shot," had buried the Golden Age of Television twice. I hope that this double death is more artistic oversight and not an expression of humor that I don't understand. Would you please clear this up for me?

I'd also like to take this opportunity to compliment you on the *Girls of Penthouse* video. It was some of the most tasteful adult entertainment I've ever seen. I hope Danielle finds her way between the covers of your magazine in the near future. She has been a favorite of mine for quite a while.—*Paul Marley, Kitty Hawk, N.C.*

We thank you for your kind words about the Penthouse *video. When we brought your comments to Mr. Lee's attention, he confessed, "Okay. I'm guilty of a 'wordian slip.' But," he continued, "the demise of television's Golden Age is worth a double mention, in view of the 'shoo-shoo' (as my six-year-old would say) that 'passes' (play on words) for today's prime time."*—The Editors

FUNDAMENTALISM
Your "Advise & Dissent" in the March 1986 issue, "Why We Make Jerry Falwell Mad," by Richard Yao, does not even touch the tip of the iceberg that is the threat of fundamentalism in our country. I worked for two of the leading fundamentalist organizations in this country and the world, and I find all of the statements in Mr. Yao's article to be true. However, none of this even begins to describe the threat to our basic family unit and to the mental health of individuals who disagree with the tenets of fundamentalism.

It is my prayer that Fundamentalists Anonymous can combat the narrow-minded, judgmental, legalistic, self-righteous, vindictive, deceitful, and materialistic fundamentalism that threatens not only anyone who disagrees with it, but even more importantly, our country's freedom.—*Name and address withheld*

INTERNATIONAL APPROVAL
I have read your article "Medical Genocide, Part Six: Chelation Therapy—A Treatment Under Siege" [February 1986, by Gary Null] with much interest. I've practiced chelation therapy for many years with very good results and no complications. Many top specialists here in Holland, such as cardiac surgeons, orthopedic surgeons, and medical doctors, practice chelation therapy. This therapy is a high-grade addition to our already existing medical sciences.—*F.L.L.L.M. Merckelbach, M.D., Rotterdam, The Netherlands*

I would like to compliment you on your article on chelation therapy in the February 1986 issue. It was the first time I have read an article of such quality that included all the accurate facts on this subject. I administer EDTA chelation therapy to many of my patients here in Holland. Although it is clearly effective (80 percent of the treated patients have been cured of chronic arterial diseases), we encounter the same resistance from the established orthodox medical community over here. As in the case of penicillin, it will probably take many decades to convince all doctors that this is a truly effective new drug.

I am convinced that chelation therapy is here to stay, even without commercial support. At this moment, it is the only effective long-term treatment for atherosclerotic vascular diseases. Your article has aroused a lot of support for Dutch chelation patients.—*Robert T.H.K. Trossel, M.D., Rotterdam, The Netherlands*

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

wear it well into the night.
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Child-support payments should be formally linked to visitation rights—no pay, no play.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER

What follows is an open letter to Texas Attorney General Jim Mattox, whose public exposure of men allegedly delinquent in their child-support payments was examined in the March 1986 "Men's Rights" column.

Although I have always believed that our individual rights were inalienable, you have singlehandedly managed to rattle my faith in the Constitution as our safety net. When you promulgated your "wanted list" of alleged delinquent child-support payers in July 1985, you struck a new low for the men of your state through your obvious gender bias. Not one woman made your list.

Not one woman. Either every woman ordered to pay child support in Texas is current in her payments, or Texas does not enforce the law and require shared responsibility by both parents when imposing child support. Every state, in theory, requires mothers to contribute proportionate to their income, assets, and ability.

As of this writing, you are facing a primary election against two well-known male challengers. Odd, isn't it, that you are not having any competition from a feminist lawyer? Could your efforts in favor of women have, in fact, made you one of the "feminist good guys"?

Your media blitz against alleged delinquent fathers was obviously patterned after the FBI's Ten Most Wanted List. The thing that disturbs me the most is that you were quoted as saying that "our whole legal system is based on making examples of individuals. Public pressure is a very lethal weapon to bring about compliance with the law."

In evaluating your program against the men in Texas—and that means every last one of us in the entire country, too—it is obvious what your political game plan is for 1986. But what about the men in Texas? Do they represent such a politically insignificant force that they are powerless to act? I think not.

Your antimale bias—and, more particularly, your lack of knowledge—became glaringly apparent in your public statements, which disavowed any knowledge of the plight of Texas fathers denied visitation rights. Fortunately, without much real support from your office, Texas saw fit to help out its fathers by modifying the Texas Family Code to give the courts power of contempt over mothers who refuse to comply with visitation orders, or who otherwise thwart fathers by denying them their rights to share in their children's upbringing.

And, fortunately, the newspapers of Texas (at least initially) saw the propriety of not publishing your wanted lists, cleverly disguised as news and announced at press conferences. But how could they refuse to run your *paid advertisements*—designed like P. T. Barnum circus posters topped with a six-inch-wide WANTED—especially when the ads stated that they were paid for "by Federal funds designated for public awareness"? Thus, somewhat to their discredit, the newspapers succumbed. Yet are the people of the state of Texas fooled for a minute by this grandstanding, this manipulative sleight-of-hand designed to misdirect their attention from the negative aspects of your candidacy? I think not.

In fact, the act of merely *publishing* such lists—regardless of their underlying political intent and whether they are paid or cost-free—raises both serious legal and ethical issues. Legally, there are possible unfair debt-collection practices, violations of the Federal Trade Commission Act and Guides, invasion of privacy, malicious intent to inflict mental anguish, and libel, among other possible infractions. And one's sense of legal ethics is certainly shaken by the public discussion of pending litigation and the improper use of public forums by officials while in office and/or seeking office. Other state officials have suffered more at the hands of the voters for lesser transgressions.

The grave issue of child support and custody calls for constructive solutions, not gender-biased ones. Let's stop trying to solve vast social problems by waiting for them to go away, or by imagining that they don't even exist, or by trying to kill them off by drowning them in deficit funding.

We should begin by understanding that in the battle of the sexes, neither side is entitled to any preference—official or otherwise. We must realize that men have not been getting equal treatment by elected officials like yourself, Congress, or the courts. Let's start reversing that by granting custody to the most fit and nurturing parent, irrespective of sex. Whenever possible, let's give joint responsibility for raising children to both parents.

We must ensure reasonable, fair, just, and equitable court settlements, with recognition of shared obligations for support. Those thousands of mothers who grossly exaggerate their expenses, while at the same time hiding jobs or other sources of income, should be prosecuted as perjurors. Child-support payments should be formally linked to visitation rights—no pay, no play. De facto alimony hidden away in excessive child-support payments should be eliminated in those states without alimony laws, such as Texas.

Of course, if all this were to happen, you would lose a great deal of your rhetorical thunder and political appeal, to say nothing of losing a great number of your enforcement staff. And just think of what *that* cutback might do to save taxpayers' money in your "financially troubled" state!

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Kings Box, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.

Break away to refreshing taste.

COME UP TO KOOL

A conniving liar
can con the polygraph, and
a nervous truth-teller
can worry himself into failing.

JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

Despite recent headlines about its increasing use, there's nothing new about the polygraph, or lie detector, except the fancy box it now comes in. Lie detection is as old as lying, and lying is at least as old as our oldest profession. The first man or woman who cheated on his or her mate (why do I think it was a man?) probably lied about it. And the wronged mate probably figured out he was lying by his nervousness, sweaty palms, inability to look at her in the eye, and the cockamamy nature of his cover story.

According to a recent account in *The New York Times*, the first recorded use of lie detection goes back to a fourth-century Latin tale by the writer Macrobius. In the story, a knight suspects his wife of infidelity, but she denies it. The suspicious knight retains a "cunning clerk" to serve as his undercover polygrapher, whose job it is to "question the lady and find out whether she speaks the truth." After an innocent dinner, the clerk enters into conversation with the knight's wife, holding her hand so he can measure her pulse. The clerk casually turns the conversation to the subject of the knight's suspected rival. At the mention of his name, the lady's "pulse immediately quickened to a surprising degree and acquired a feverish heat." In order to test her reaction in a controlled experiment, the clerk then turns the conversation to the lady's husband. Immediately, her pulse slows down and her temperature cools. The clerk/polygrapher thus concludes that the lady is being dishonest in her denial of infidelity.

This story reveals much about the uses, abuses, accuracy, and inaccuracy of the modern polygraph. The clerk certainly did observe a strong physiological reaction to the name of the suspected rival. But this reaction could reflect anything from revulsion to fear to friendship to love to lust, or to any combination of these feelings. The lady's reaction was *consistent* with the knight's suspicion, but it was also consistent with other possibilities.

The modern polygraph—the machine itself—does not detect lies; it measures basic physiological responses to certain carefully constructed questions. It is the *polygrapher*—the person behind the tangle of wires and meters—who constructs the questions and interprets the results. And the polygrapher employs more, much more, than pulse rates.

The psychology of lie detection begins with the subject's *belief* that the device will uncover his deception. A hundred years ago, some small-town sheriffs understood and made use of this. They would tell an uneducated and superstitious murder suspect that if he falsely denied the killing in the presence of the corpse, the corpse would start to bleed. Convinced that this was true, the superstitious suspect would admit his crime. In my experience, many criminal defendants confess their crimes to their defense lawyers in the cab on the way to the polygrapher's office.

The psychology of lie detection is further shaped by the framing of the questions. A good polygrapher, like a good cross-examiner, asks the questions in a way that narrows the opportunity for the subject to wiggle through any cracks. The questions force the subject either to tell the truth or to lie; they give him no middle ground. Careful preparation goes into constructing a small number of questions, designed precisely to get at the nub of the disputed fact.

Finally, there is the machine itself—a primitive device which measures several basic physiological reactions and records them on graph paper. In the end, a considerable amount of subjectivity goes into the polygrapher's interpretation of the results, despite the concerted efforts of polygraphers to objectify and create more uniformity among individual testers.

The bottom-line question is, how accurate is the modern-day polygraph? Other concerns about the civil-liberties implications of increased private and governmental use of lie detection also seem to turn, at least in part, on whether a conniving liar can put one over on the machine, or whether a nervous truth-teller can worry himself into failing.

Despite the widespread and increasing use of the polygraph—about 20 percent of the nation's major corporations and 50 percent of fast-food chains use them, while the federal government itself administered 23,000 examinations in 1982—there is no reliable answer to the accuracy question. Some people swear by the machine. Others swear at it. Courts exclude it. Corporations and governments continue to rely on it.

Among the greatest dangers of the polygraph is that when it errs, it seems to err more frequently on the side of calling an innocent person guilty rather than a guilty person innocent. One recent study found that, on the average, polygraph interpreters misclassified 37 percent of the innocent subjects as guilty. The study concluded that "the lie detector test is indeed highly fallible, and that this fallibility translates into a strong bias against the innocent respondent."

The ancient Scottish verdict probably best reflects what most thoughtful people believe about this newfangled variant on one of the oldest tests of human behavior: "not proven." The fundamental question that remains is whether people should lose their livelihoods, or be penalized in any way, for refusing to submit to—or for failing—so unproven a test.

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Red LED – You are in clocking range.

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And red is the range that's accompanied by one continuous audio alarm.

It combines both sight and sound into the most advanced alert system in radar today. No tiny numbered meters to read. No bouncing needles. No more guessing.

WHAT ROAD & TRACK SAW, IT "HIGHLY RECOMMENDED."

ROAD & TRACK Magazine's April '85 issue looked at the 10 most widely distributed radar detectors. They tested for overall Sensitivity, Sensitivity Around A Corner, Sensitivity Cresting A Hill, the Maximum Audible signal, and Leakage and Leakage Reception (picking up non-radar signals as radar). It was a tough road test that not everyone passed and that only a few were considered good enough to be "highly recommended" by the editors of ROAD & TRACK.

The SuperFox Vixen II was one of the few.

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Fox has been pioneering the research and development of radar detectors for almost a decade. The Vixen II incorporates the most advanced technology in radar today, both in finding radar and in communicating its findings to the driver.

A dual conversion superheterodyne receiver gives the Vixen II many times the range of any radar signal. No matter what the band, pulse or continuous. What's more, the Vixen II goes beyond line of sight range. It can see around corners and over hills to pick out weak reflected signals.

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The Vixen II is sensitive to all your driving needs. So we offer you a choice of City/Highway or Preset.

For most driving, a special "Preset" position will yield the best results. Around town, you may want to turn the squelch control to "City," to eliminate annoying false alarms from non-microwave signals, for example.

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FOX

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Fox radar detectors are legal in all states except Connecticut and Virginia.

"Miracle" diets lead only to temporary weight loss and can invite vitamin deficiencies and dehydration.

FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.

I'm a 27-year-old guy and weigh a scant 135 pounds. I'd like to add weight and have been told that I should eat well and exercise. But I've heard that aerobic exercising actually decreases your appetite. Should I stay away from these exercises and just lift weights?—Carl Harris, Midland, Tex.

When you say "add weight," I take it you mean muscle weight, not useless fat. Aerobic exercise never adds much muscle. Mainly, it conditions the cardiovascular system. It depresses appetite only temporarily. Many of the elite long-distance runners we work with exercise aerobically three to five hours daily but have 4,000-calorie appetites.

The fastest way to put on muscle weight is through a bodybuilding regimen. But first you should have a complete medical exam. A good weight-training regimen involves a gradual progression to four to five sets of eight to ten repetitions with weights, with each major body part—shoulders, back, arms, chest, abdominals, and legs—being worked twice each week. Protein intake should be kept between 0.75 and one gram per pound of body weight, and a good multivitamin-mineral supplement is a wise investment. Sticking to a program like this can add as much as 15 pounds of muscle in a year. Avoid any program that promises more or faster results than that; chances are, these are schemes that pump you up with water and fat. Your body is the best investment you have in this life. Don't bloat the tank or clog the tubes for more impressive numbers on the bathroom scale.

Is it possible to lose weight in just certain parts of the body? I want to drop flab from my butt, but when I diet I get very bony in my shoulders and arms and look anorexic. How do you control weight loss?—Lauren Kanusher, Brooklyn, N.Y.

In most women, fat is deposited more on buns and thighs than on the upper body. If you lose weight correctly, however, you should lose it evenly all over. The beanpole-top–butterball-bottom look is characteristic of women who follow popular diets like the Beverly Hills, Richard Simmons, Scarsdale, or Stillman plans.

There are two problems with all these diets. First, they are too low in calories. Inevitably, the body's defenses will be stimulated and your metabolism will slow down. At this point, lower-body fat, especially, becomes unavailable for energy. Such a low-calorie intake also makes you ve-r-r-ry hungry. Most people wind up hitting the refrigerator *hard*, long before those sylphlike legs emerge.

The second problem with all these diets is that none of them provides the basic RDA of vitamins and minerals. (The Stillman diet, however, does advocate the use of supplements.) These deficiencies not only stimulate appetite, but soon produce sunken eyes and that awful, cadaverous look. Other so-called miracle weight-loss plans—diet pills, laxatives, diuretics, liquid diets, and one-food diets—lead to only temporary weight loss and can invite vitamin deficiencies and dehydration.

Trying to lose weight too fast will also exaggerate the beanpole-butterball look. The body has a "fat point" mechanism like a smoke-alarm thermostat. It senses attempts to use body fat and shuts down metabolism and turns up appetite. The thermostat will allow you to work only within a narrow margin. For most people, the maximum fat loss per day that won't trigger the alarm is about *one ounce*. Aim to lose just that much by slightly reducing your caloric intake or by exercising a little more. An ounce a day adds up to a hefty 22 and a half pounds in one year. By 1987, you may have stepped out of your "cellulite jodhpurs" forever.

My father is 64 years old. He had a mild heart attack a few months ago, and his doctor gave him all the information regarding what he should and should not be eating to keep his weight and cholesterol down. Unfortunately, his eating habits lean more toward steak houses and Italian restaurants than the Spartan, butterless diet his doctor gave him. How can I help him change his eating habits?—Ross Markowitz, Bethesda, Md.

If a heart attack is not warning enough to change his diet, your father must be a stubborn old curmudgeon. 'Tis true, however, that some "doctor's orders" diets make a death sentence—as long as it's well provisioned—seem more palatable. Yet there is really no good reason for gourmet pursuits to be at all incompatible with healthy hearts.

By careful substitution of light, low-salt, low-fat sauces, most Italian delicacies can still be enjoyed with impunity. And by requesting low-fat broiled steaks, tomatoes, and baked potatoes, and avoiding the fried eggs, fried onions, and french fries, you can still sink your teeth into a juicy Angus or two each week.

Also, if the "doctor's orders" diet puts shrimp and lobster with the cholesterol no-no's, it's wrong. In 1985, new tests by the U.S. Department of Agriculture showed that the old tables of seafood cholesterol levels are far too high. So lobster thermidor can stay on the menu, too, if the sauce is kept light. Your father doesn't have to suffer the dry bread and tasteless glop which often seem to be meted out as a sort of righteous medical punishment for the "sins" of gastronomic delight.

Intruder

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"Most men find the idea of two women in bed together a sexual turn-on, but whatever your feeling is, you owe it to your wife to talk about it."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am a 26-year-old male who thought he was one of the luckiest of all men. I have a big, brand-new house, a beautiful black Porsche that I just finished making the payments on, and a great job that pays a great salary. To top all this off, I have a beautiful wife I love more than anything else in the world. Her name is Wendy, she's 25 years old, and she has a great body. Wendy has a 38-inch bust and shiny black hair that she wears loose, allowing it to fall to her beautiful soft shoulders.

Our sex life rates a ten on a scale of one to ten. Wendy has beautiful black pubic hair and a tight little vagina. Our sex life has been the best anybody could ask for. Sometimes Wendy has seduced me right after I've come home from a long hard day at the office. This, of course, relieves a lot of the tension from my day at work. She's the best wife anybody could ask for, and I'm a very lucky guy. Wendy and I have been married for six beautiful years now, and both of us feel the same way toward each other as on the day we got married.

We just moved recently into our first big house. After living in the house for about three weeks, our neighbor came over to meet us for the first time. I opened the door to stare into a pair of deep-blue eyes. They belonged to a beautiful blonde who, like my wife, had an excellent body. Staring in amazement, I called Wendy to

come to the door. Once Wendy joined us, the blonde introduced herself as Nancy. We all went into the living room and talked for about 20 minutes. But I started to get bored listening to their girl talk, so I excused myself and went into the garage to polish our Porsche.

After a couple of hours, I came back inside and saw that Nancy was just leaving. I said good-bye and watched her leave, and then I shut the door. I walked into the kitchen and saw that Wendy was preparing dinner. I placed my hands on her thighs and squeezed them. Wendy turned to face me and gave me a warm kiss. I slid my hands down the front of her panties and started massaging her crotch. She unzipped her jeans for me, and I put my hand down inside her panties and started rubbing her pussy lips. Wendy was already moaning, and I started to kiss the nape of her neck. Then the phone rang.

It was my boss telling me I had to go on a business trip that would take about four days. Groaning, Wendy said, "Well, I'm going to have to give you a special good-bye gift to last you until you return." Knowing what was in store for me, I finished my dinner quickly and headed upstairs to the bedroom. There Wendy and I made wild, passionate love for a good three hours straight.

In the morning, I got an early start and left for the business trip. My boss and I got the work done sooner than we thought, and I was able to get home a day early. When I got back into town, I stopped by the flower shop to get a dozen red roses for Wendy.

Well, this is where the trouble began. When I got home, I snuck in the front door and went upstairs. At the top of the stairs, I walked toward the bedroom door. Before going in, I heard low moaning sounds. Wondering what was happening, I poked my head in the room a little. There on the ground was one of my Penthouse *magazines opened to the "Pet of the Month" pictorial. By the magazine was a pile of clothes. Looking upward, I was shocked to see my wife Wendy in bed making love with our neighbor Nancy. Taking me by total surprise, I stood in shock watching Wendy sucking on Nancy's tits while Nancy had her arms around my wife's waist and was sticking her finger inside Wendy's pussy. Their moaning became louder and louder as I watched. Before one of them could look up and possibly see me, I silently walked back down the stairs and then out the front door.*

Getting into the Porsche, I drove to a hotel for the next two nights. Then I came home again. When I walked in through the door, Wendy came running from the living room to greet me. She kissed me and asked me why the trip took so long. I just said that there was a shortage of people, so the work took longer.

Not speaking that much to Wendy during dinner, I kept thinking about what I saw and

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send yours to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse* Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

Now you've got everything but the Jim Beam.

If you think you've tasted them all, you're ready for a light, refreshing Jim Beam and tonic. 1½ oz. Jim Beam, fill glass with tonic, add a wedge of lime and enjoy the surprise of your life.

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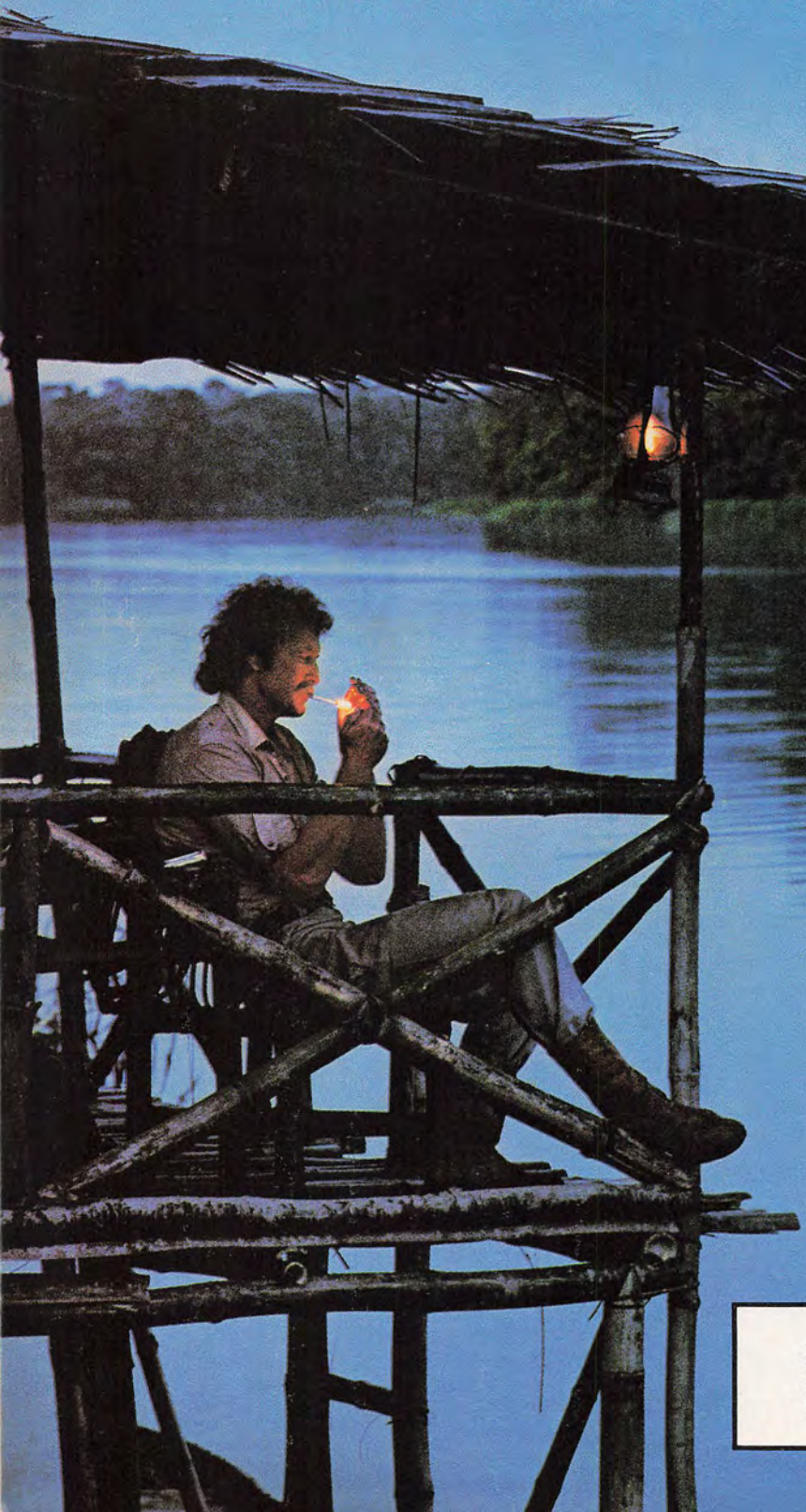
CAMEL LIGHTS

It's a whole new world.



Today's Camel Lights, unexpectedly mild.

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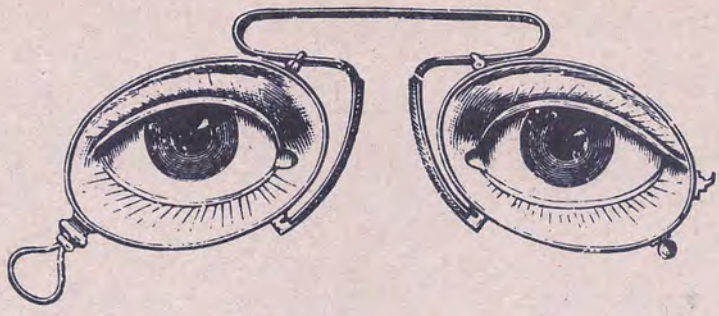

VIEW FROM THE TOP

TEEN TRIALS

BY EMILY PRAGER

Life as a teenager has changed. A perusal of the latest laws and lobbying efforts is revealing. Wisconsin has adopted a law that holds parents financially responsible if their children under 18 have babies. A New Jersey high school is fighting in the courts for the right to test students' urine for drugs. And Washington lobbyists secured the cooperation of record companies in labeling those albums which contain salacious and drug-oriented lyrics. Yes, life as a teenager has definitely changed. . . .

(A lover's lane in the suburban Midwest. A Bonneville is parked and two teenagers are grappling wildly in the backseat. Suddenly a middle-aged Man, carrying a briefcase, and a Woman, both wearing "Pregnancy Patrol" badges, yank open the car door and drag out the teenagers.)

Man: (To Woman) Oh, no, Mary! It's our son with the Winslow girl! *Woman:* (To Boy) Tommy, are you wearing that condom we issued you at breakfast? Let me see. *Tommy:* Mom, for God's sake! *Man:* (To Girl) How about you, young lady? Are you wearing your diaphragm? *Girl:* No, sir. The dog ate it. *Man:* (Disgusted) Do you kids have any idea how fiscally irresponsible you're being? (Opens briefcase and removes a bunch of files) Tommy, this is your mother's and my financial portfolio. Do you know how much your afternoon of sexual intercourse could cost your mother and me? Not to mention the United States of America? *Tommy:* (Rolls eyes) No, Dad. *Man:* It's deficit spending, Tom. Look here. *Time* magazine calculates it costs approximately $200,000 to bring up a child to the age of 21. Okay, so that's—(He starts figuring on a pad.) *Woman:* (To Girl) Is this your parents' Bonneville? (Girl nods.) Do you have any idea how it would shame them if next year all they could afford was a Yugo? What about their reputation? What about yours? Do you think you'll ever be able to get a credit card if you go on like this? (Girl, humiliated, starts to cry. Man quotes more figures. Scene fades.)

(High school corridor outside nurse's office. A line of teenagers wait, holding small cups containing urine samples.)

Boy: (Raises cup to Girl No. 1 behind him) Here's looking at you, kid. (Mimes drinking it) *Girl No. 1:* (Horrified) Stop! God! This is the most embarrassing thing since they searched my locker and seized my Tampax. *Girl No. 2:* They thought you hid drugs in it. *Girl No. 1:* Oh, God, look, it's Jim, that cute football player. If he sees me with this cup, I'll die. Oh no, here he comes. (The Girls put the cups on the floor and stand in front of them.) *Jim:* (To Girl No. 1) Hi, Joan. (Conspiratorially) Can I ask you a big favor? *Joan:* Anything. *Jim:* Can I borrow your urine? I smoked a joint last night and if they test mine . . . *Joan:* Say no more, Jim. My urine is your urine. You know that. (Reaches down, gets sample, and pours liquid into Jim's cup) *Jim:* Thanks, doll. And here (hands her a brown paper bag), I brought you some coffee so you can get more quickly. (He leaves.) *Joan:* He's such a gentleman. *Boy:* (Puzzled) Doesn't urine have a gender? *Joan:* Get away from me! *Boy:* Don't abuse me. I might commit suicide. (Fade)

(Tower Records. The checkout line. Two girls, Lynn and Babs, age 13, wearing too much makeup and ill-fitting designer clothes, are attempting to buy X-rated albums.)

Lynn: Do you think we look old enough? *Babs:* Of course. Only women who were hippies in the sixties like our mothers would pay the prices Ralph Lauren and Issey Miyake ask. We look like we're in our thirties with face-lifts. *Cashier:* Can I see your ID? *Babs:* You've made my day. I was at Woodstock, you know. *Cashier:* (Very dubious) Oh yeah? Who went on after Hendrix? *Lynn:* (Guessing) The Dead? *Cashier:* No one. Hendrix went on last. Get out of here, kiddies! *Babs:* Hey, wait a minute. There are five girls in my class who are over three-months pregnant, and you're telling me that I can't listen to the new Twisted Sister album?! Does this make sense? *Cashier:* (To Security Guard) Out.

VIEW FROM THE TOP

SPORTS

BY JUDITH ZIMMER

Max Shapiro is in the business of making dreams come true. Not such a difficult task considering how many people have always wanted to take a whack at a Whitey Ford fastball or have a beer with Mickey Mantle. For $3,200, Shapiro's Baseball Fantasies Fulfilled (a Corte Madera, California, firm) gives fans a chance to play baseball with former major leaguers.

In the last four years, about 8,000 people have attended Shapiro's week-long baseball "camp," which is held about seven times a year at major-league parks in Florida and Arizona. "It's every man's fantasy. It's like walking out of the stands and into the game," says P. J. Johnson, 39, president of his own sports-marketing firm in New York City, who recalls with glee hitting a single off pitcher Tom Sturdivant, a former Yankee, who compiled a 16-6 record in 1957 with an earned run average of 2.54.

Shapiro, once a scout for the NBA, recruits the ex-players, paying them an undisclosed amount to relive their younger days. "They love it because it gives them a chance to be kids again," says Shapiro. Not to mention the chance, once again, to bask in the admiration of idolizing fans. "You meet these people, and they enjoy me telling them stuff about when we were ballplayers. We just have a great time," says former Yankee great Moose Skowron, who hit 211 home runs in a solid 14-year career that brought him to eight World Series.

Baseball dreamers pick up tips from Tommy Davis.

The campers are doctors, executives, lawyers, shop owners, jewelers, and psychologists ("Yes, even male psychologists have fantasies," quipped one player). They are hesitant; they are out of shape. But soon they're wearing regulation baseball uniforms (with number of choice), chewing tobacco, singing songs, telling jokes, and struggling through push-ups—just like the big boys. "They want to know what we went through when we were young. So we tell them what we had to do, and they get a kick out of it. I holler at them when they make a mistake the way Casey Stengel would have hollered at me," says Skowron, who played under Stengel for seven years.

Then there is fielding, throwing, and hitting practice, with coaching from the old-timers. A few minor injuries? Some aches and pains? The ailing campers are undaunted. "No one was there to do anything but have fun, but we pushed ourselves," says Giants fan Fred Kleinman, 38, a bond analyst for Moody's Investors Service. "Here's Willie Mays watching you. You want to perform at your best."

To clinch the fantasy: Shapiro supplies each player with a replica major-league baseball contract, team pictures, a videotape of the week's events, and baseball cards with the player's own photo and personal statistics (both real and imagined).

The highlight of the week is the final game: all-stars versus campers. The game is serious stuff—stadium lights, stands loaded with fans, loudspeakers introducing the campers as they run onto the field.

Who usually wins? "I'll give you one guess," says Kleinman, laughing. The ex-majors may coach the campers, but when it comes to playing against them, "we want to beat the heck out of them," says Skowron. "We want them to know we're still in the winning spirit."

Does the clash of reality and fantasy prove too disheartening for the campers? Not at all. In fact, one in three comes back. After all, where else can an investment banker pretend he's a star pitcher and a 270-pounder hark back to the days when he weighed 100 pounds less? For $3,200, Shapiro has made their dream come true. Most are grateful for the bargain.

SOUNDS

BY CURT GATHJE

Forget Sade's debut and Aretha's comeback. Forget rock fund-raisers. One of the biggest surprises in the record industry of late is *Television's Greatest Hits*, an independently produced collection of theme songs from the fifties and sixties. This two-record set came out of nowhere last year and, with little advertising or publicity, became a hit, slowly climbing the charts and turning up in dance clubs and on telephone answering machines everywhere. To date, it has sold 250,000 copies. At a time when video and audio are becoming virtually inseparable, this compilation's premise—*listening* to television—is that much more audacious.

Sequenced as a day in the life of television, the 65-song set begins with the theme from "Captain Kangaroo" and ends with "The Tonight Show," with everything from "Petticoat Junction" to "Perry Mason" in between, and is the brainchild of 28-year-old New Yorker Steve Gottlieb. A graduate of Yale and Harvard Law School, the long-haired, chain-smoking Gottlieb turned down

an offer from a prestigious Wall Street law firm in order to pursue his own get-rich-quick scheme. It proved to be anything but quick. After raising $250,000 from friends and relatives, he formed his own label, Tee Vee Toons, and set out to obtain the rights to the various themes, only to find them entangled in a labyrinth of legal snarls.

It took a full year to track down and secure the copyrights, but then there were more problems. About half of the original recordings were of poor quality or had simply vanished. The "I Love Lucy" master, for example, had been destroyed in a flood at Desilu. So Gottlieb hired Juilliard whiz kid Dave Erlanger to produce re-creations faithful to the originals. Although purists might object, Gottlieb defies anyone to pick out the remakes from the originals. "I wanted to get past the fetishism of the originals," he says. "You can put up with a lot of distortion when watching, but not when listening on a stereo." Toward those who dismiss the collection as mere nostalgia, he is equally opinionated: "Some of the greatest musical talent in the country wrote these themes," Gottlieb states. And he is right. The list of credits on *Television's Greatest Hits* includes Quincy Jones ("Ironsides"), John Williams ("Lost in Space"), Hugo Montenegro ("I Dream of Jeannie"), and Lionel Newman ("Daniel Boone").

Despite critical indifference when it was released, healthy sales have led to the ultimate sign of success—a sequel. Volume two, due out June 15, will include some categories that were previously overlooked, including quiz shows, daytime dramas, and medical and variety programs, as well as some of the most requested titles omitted from volume one: "Route 66," "The Odd Couple," "The Mary Tyler Moore Show," "Hogan's Heroes," and "The Mickey Mouse Club Theme."

Now Gottlieb has a whole new set of problems. Instead of searching for titles in dusty vaults, composers are submitting their work to him, putting him in the unenviable position of having to reject material. Similarly, major labels are clamoring to pick up distribution of the albums, but he has resisted their offers in the hope of expanding into alternate media. Already in the works are a video of the "Jetsons" theme and a book entitled *The Whole TV Catalog*. "I never doubted the validity of the project for a minute," he says. "This music is a universal experience, a kind of picture postcard of the cultural mood of the country. This is not a soundtrack album. This is Americana."

Harvard lawyer Gottlieb finds memory lane paved with gold.

MONEY

BY BENJAMIN STEIN

Good for you! You have a steady job. You've saved a few bucks in case of Chapter 11. You have been following the astonishing rise in the stock market, and you want to get in on it. Well and good. You know that just because the stock market went up yesterday, that does not tell you a thing about what will happen tomorrow. Also, you are only going to invest money that you can afford to play with, and not what you need for room and board.

With all these cautions ringing in your brain, your next step is to get a stockbroker to execute your trades. When you select a broker, you will spare yourself a great deal of suffering if you remember a few basic facts of financial life:

First and foremost, a stockbroker is a *salesman*. He or she makes money by selling, just like a used-car dealer or an insurance salesman.

Brokers: easy money?

The commission varies depending on whether you are using a "full-service" or a "discount" broker. Full-service brokers charge roughly two percent of the total value of the trade; discount brokers charge about one percent.

The broker does not make any money listening to how your day went or by advising you about your future. Because the broker's percentage is very small, he will be eager to see you trade frequently, which may or may not be good for you, but is always good for him. This does not mean the broker is a bum. He wants you to make money so that you will trade through him for a very long time. But he only makes money when you *trade*, whether you make a profit or lose your shirt.

Second, your broker does not have a pipeline to the future. Full-service brokers have access to research departments, but even the biggest research departments can be—and often are—completely wrong. A broker's suggestions about what to

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buy or sell can be influenced by the stock his firm is trying to move, gossip overheard at the marina, an idea he or she had while eating Wheaties, or simply by fads and fancies. Just because the suggestions come out of the mouth of someone in expensive clothes does not mean they have any more validity than if you heard them from a shopping-bag lady.

Third, a broker can do you a lot of good. Even though he does not know the future, he knows a lot more about various methods of investing—high-yield bond funds, stock options, futures and puts, commodity funds, and margin accounts—than you. If he is honest (and most are, in my experience), he will steer you to what he thinks is best for you.

Fourth, your broker is not your mommy or daddy. He can tell you about doings on Wall Street, but do not expect him to cry about your losses or warn you about a sudden development in one of your investments. He is a busy guy; he has to worry about making his own living. He expects you to look after your own portfolio, and to keep abreast of news affecting the stocks you own.

A full-service broker would probably be better for the novice investor, while the more sophisticated trader may be happy with a discount broker. A little less conversation can save you a lot on commissions.

Now that you have all these cautions in mind, how do you choose a broker?

You should avoid any broker who promises to make money for you no matter what, and any broker who knows less about the market than you do. Drop any broker who is almost never there when you call, who does not call to confirm trades, who makes more than one transaction on terms other than what you requested, or who tries to tell you, his customer, that something was *your* mistake—when you know for a fact it was not.

Generally speaking, any broker at a large and well-known house will be adequately trained, have good research at his command (if he is a full-service broker), and will know enough to execute your trades carefully. If he is a friend or a relative, that's all to the good. Any handle that gets the broker to pull you out of the pack when fast action and a phone call are needed is a blessing.

If you still do not know where to begin, try a brokerage firm near your home or office, so you can duck in and get to know the broker and let the broker get to know you.

Again, all of this is an adventure. If you understand the risks—that the stock market goes up and down, that your success is not entirely in your hands or in your broker's—you might make some money.

SEX NEWS

On the whole—er, make that "on the hole"—Fort Lauderdale's topless doughnut shop, R Donuts, is having a tough time with community acceptance. It didn't get any easier when the newly opened pastie-and-pastry emporium was blessed with a visit from a father of one

Bad guesswork: Women underestimate their orgasms.

of its waitresses. Clad only in her shoes and shorts, 19-year-old Inez Chlopinski, a waitress, reportedly made a beeline for the bathroom when she saw her father, Ted Chlopinski, coming into the shop. Dad leaped over the counter and tried to drag his daughter out. "My father is just a very possessive type," Inez told reporters later. "He's just a little bit out of it when he gets angry." Daddy was charged with creating a disturbance, and later was released on bail. "I want to forget everything that happened," he said, adding philosophically, "I had a bad day." . . . According to recent research, most women, when asked to estimate how long their orgasms last, are way off the mark. Women in a university study were asked first to tell researchers when their orgasms began and ended. Then, two minutes later, they were asked to estimate the duration of the climax. While the women actually came for an average of 26 seconds, they estimated their own orgasms to last only 12 seconds. This led researchers to conclude that previous reports of orgasm duration are inaccurate, because they have been traditionally based on the woman's own guesses. . . . A New York State Bar Association committee recommended that "discreet and private" prostitution be decriminalized, and that certain sections of communities be set aside where street hookers would be allowed to solicit customers. The committee said that present prostitution laws "merely move the problem from one location to another while concentrating more and more on women only, on the poorest and on minorities." No word yet on whether such a progressive view will be taken up by state lawmakers, but don't hold your breath. . . . The presidential election in the Philippines yielded up some bizarre combinations of sex and politics. A group of prostitutes and bar girls marched through Manila's red-light district in order to demonstrate their support for Ferdinand Marcos. Additionally interesting, Imelda Marcos claimed the gay vote for her husband. She said the gays she knew, all "couturiers and hairdressers," told her: "Because we love to keep our jobs and we love beauty, we love love and we love God, so we are for Marcos."

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President Reagan, Attorney General Meese, and their friends are determined to destroy those basic freedoms that define our way of life.

MUGGING THE CONSTITUTION

BY PROFESSOR HERMAN SCHWARTZ

If President Reagan and Attorney General Edwin Meese III get their way, in some states you won't be able to buy *Penthouse;* school prayer will be mandatory; blacks, women, and Jews will lose many of their constitutional rights; and the courthouse door will be shut against people trying to challenge public and private abuses.

Sound extreme? Maybe, but not if one looks at what this administration is saying and doing.

Before the Fourteenth Amendment was added to our Constitution in 1868, the basic freedoms we all take for granted were guaranteed only against the actions of federal officials. State and local governments were not bound by the first ten amendments, the Bill of Rights. The First Amendment might, for example, bar the U.S. attorney general from censoring a newspaper story, but in 1837, Missouri could "prohibit the publication, circulation and promulgation of abolition doctrines." The United States could not make Protestantism an official religion, but Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Maryland, and South Carolina could and did. Federal customs officials had to honor the rights of privacy and freedom from self-incrimination (the Fourth and Fifth Amendments to the Constitution), but not the local police. The Fifth Amendment forbade the federal government from taking private property without just compensation, but not the state governments.

The Civil War and the Fourteenth Amendment changed all that. After the war, newly freed blacks were subjected to blatant discrimination, physical brutality, and other outrages, which were often encouraged and condoned by state officials and courts. To deal with these local abuses, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were added to the Constitution, and several civil rights statutes were passed, to give blacks some federal protection.

At first, the Supreme Court used these new federal powers mainly to protect business. But the First World War began to bring civil liberties issues to the fore. In 1925, the Supreme Court made it clear that the First Amendment's protection of free speech was "incorporated" in the Fourteenth, together with other rights "fundamental to the American scheme of justice." State and local officials would no longer be allowed to interfere with the basic rights of Americans.

Over the next 40 years, other fundamental provisions of the Bill of Rights—like religious freedom and the defendant's right to a lawyer, court-appointed, if necessary, in a serious criminal case—were "incorporated" into the Fourteenth Amendment and applied to local officials. New York couldn't insist that schoolchildren recite an official prayer; Mississippi courts weren't allowed to use

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD SOREL

Constitution
OF THE
UNITED STATES
Edmund Sorel

a coerced confession; California police weren't permitted to forcibly pump out a drug suspect's stomach; an Alabama police commissioner wasn't allowed to recover a half-million-dollar libel judgment against *The New York Times* for a few minor mistakes in an ad protesting racial abuse by the Montgomery, Alabama, police.

Almost all of this has happened without anybody objecting. Today, even staunch conservatives like Supreme Court Justice William H. Rehnquist and Chief Justice Warren E. Burger think every public official, no matter how high or low, should honor our basic freedoms.

But not Attorney General Meese. In a speech to the American Bar Association in July 1985, he launched a vigorous attack on the "incorporation doctrine" as "historically shaky," "constitutionally suspect," and "politically violent." Expanding on this theme, the Attorney General has criticized the Supreme Court for relying on "concepts of human dignity" instead of the "original intention" of the Constitution's framers, calling some of the court's recent decisions "bizarre" and "infamous."

On its face, looking to the framers' original intent sounds reasonable enough: Certain individuals wrote our Constitution, and to apply what they wrote, it seems sensible to try to figure out what they intended.

But that's easier said than done, for their intent is almost impossible to divine—most of the original records are skimpy, inaccurate, and conflicting. Our best record of the 1787 Constitutional Convention is a compilation of handwritten notes by almost a dozen people, and much of it is clearly inaccurate. "Just what our forefathers did envision or would have envisioned had they foreseen modern conditions," said Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson, "must be divined from materials almost as enigmatic as the dream Joseph was called upon to interpret for Pharaoh."

More importantly, the framers' intent is not too helpful in dealing with our current problems. The Founding Fathers wrote our Constitution 200 years ago. Living in a tiny, fragmented, and rural society of four million people, they couldn't even conceive of the problems and issues we face today as a postindustrial world power of 240 million. Can we even imagine how they would have reacted to wiretapping, computers, lie detectors, mandatory school busing, or minimum-wage laws; how they would have responded to the complexities of Gramm-Rudman or the legislative veto?

The framers of the Constitution realized their limitations. They knew future generations would have to apply the Constitution to new problems, and were shrewd enough to realize that those generations would have to read the Constitution in the only way they could—as Americans thinking and judging in tune with their times. Because the framers wanted the Constitution to last for centuries, they wrote it in broad terms, to allow it to grow. "The vagueness of the terms constitutes the propriety of them," said one delegate to the Constitutional Convention. Chief Justice John Marshall, who was there at the creation, said it best: "We must never forget that it is a Constitution we are expounding . . . a Constitution intended to endure for ages to come, and, consequently, to be adapted to the various crises of human affairs . . . to exigencies which, if foreseen at all, must have been seen dimly, and which can be best provided for as they occur."

Most lawyers and historians have always known all this, so why is Mr. Meese urging that now, as we stand on the threshold of the twenty-first century, we look back to the eighteenth?

Supreme Court Justice William J. Brennan, Jr., spotted Mr. Meese's underlying purpose in a speech the justice made last October. Upholding "constitutional claims only if they were within the specific contemplation of the framers," he observed, "in effect establishes a presumption . . . against the claim [for it would] turn a blind eye to social progress," locking us into times when our notions of liberty and morality were much less developed. For example, Mr. Meese likes to talk about the infamous Dred Scott decision (1857), which denied citizenship to blacks, and about *Brown* v. *Board of Education* (1954), which struck down school segregation. But the Dred Scott decision was based on a strict reading of the framers' "original intent," and though Brown is now so sacred that even our attorney general has to praise it, in 1866 the framers of the Fourteenth Amendment, on which the Brown decision is based, were all for rigid school segregation.

> The kind of ultra-conservative judges Reagan is nominating are committed to turning away any challenges to official authority—except, of course, those on behalf of business or wealth.

The fact is that none of us, including Mr. Meese, would want to live in a country controlled by the attitudes and prejudices of people who lived centuries ago. In 1787, the United States invoked capital punishment for theft and burglary, and very harsh penalties for "lewd" conduct and blasphemy. Flogging and the pillory were common.

In the nation's early years, also, discrimination against blacks and women was rampant. The framers weren't overly keen on democracy for white males either; because of property requirements, only about a third of adult males could vote. Senators were not elected directly by their constituencies, but by state legislators.

Where religion was concerned, James Madison and Thomas Jefferson may have believed strongly in church-state separation, but in 1787, many states had established state religions: Delaware required every public officer to swear to a belief in the Trinity; Massachusetts kept Protestantism as its official religion until 1833. Supreme Court Justice Joseph Story, one of the foremost constitutional experts our country has ever produced and someone Mr. Meese often quotes, wrote that "the real objective [of the First Amendment] was not to countenance, much less to advance, Mahometanism or Judaism or infidelity by prostrating Christianity, but to exclude all rivalry among Christian sects."

Free speech did not fare much better. Many Founding Fathers, including President John Adams himself, thought it both constitutional and wise to imprison and heavily fine a newspaper editor for charging the president with "a continual grasp for power . . . [and] an unbounded thirst for ridiculous pomp, foolish adulation and selfish avarice." Another editor was imprisoned for six months and fined a substantial sum for complaining that "our credit is so low that we are obliged to borrow money at eight percent in time of peace."

The Fourteenth Amendment has become the chief constitutional vehicle for minorities, and, indeed, all Americans, to fight bigotry and prejudice. But in 1868, when the amendment was adopted, discrimination was more than constitutional, it was approved of by society at large. Members of Congress were assured, for example, that states would be allowed to prevent blacks and whites from marrying, or even sleeping together. Alabama was allowed to punish out-of-wedlock cohabitation by a black man and a white woman more severely than similar conduct by members of the same race. Schools in both the North and the South were racially segregated, and as late as 1927, the Supreme Court said that a white school in Mississippi could exclude a Chinese girl. Congressmen and senators insisted that the amendment did not give blacks the right to vote or the right to sit on juries. And contemporary attitudes toward women were summed up in 1873 by a distinguished Supreme Court justice in a case allowing the state of Illinois to keep women from practicing law: "The paramount destiny and mission of woman is to fulfill the noble and benign office of wife and mother. This is the law of the

Creator."

If Mr. Meese succeeds in getting the "Incorporation Doctrine" thrown out, freeing state and local officials from the restraints imposed by the Constitution, many rights that we take for granted would probably be withdrawn, or substantially curtailed. Judged only by state actions recently found unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, the following would likely occur:

- Abortion would be illegal or severely restricted in many localities. Well-to-do women would, of course, travel for a safe abortion, but the poor would once again be relegated to the coat hanger or the back-alley butcher.
- School prayer, often of a narrowly sectarian variety, would be reintroduced in many communities, and on a mandatory basis. The teaching of evolution would be forbidden in some schools, and rigid censorship would be imposed on school curriculums and libraries, eliminating books by such authors as Kurt Vonnegut, Bernard Malamud, Henry Miller, Langston Hughes, Mark Twain, and Richard Wright.
- State criminal courts would use evidence obtained in flagrant violation of a suspect's rights, and would be able to impose draconian sentences for minor crimes.

Mr. Meese says his goal is to get courts to exercise "restraint" so as not to interfere with the other branches of government. He thinks we should rely primarily on elected officials to protect our liberties. But ever since the founding of the republic, the chief function of the Supreme Court has been to protect individual and minority rights *against* these other branches. If one thing is clear from those early days, it is that the framers of the Constitution knew that even in a democracy unpopular individuals and groups can suffer from what Alexander Hamilton called the "ill-humors" and "unjust and partial laws" pushed through by majority-controlled elected officials. The very purpose of the Bill of Rights was to put certain rights beyond the reach of such elected officials. That is why we have an independent judiciary—with life tenure and freedom from salary reduction—to enforce these rights against the possibility of what Thomas Jefferson called "elective despotism."

In fact, Mr. Meese believes in restraint only in cases of protecting civil rights. When it comes to *curtailing* these rights, protecting business, or building up the president's powers against the other branches or against the citizenry, he is all for vigorous judicial activism. He wanted the Supreme Court to tell the Internal Revenue Service that it couldn't deny tax exemptions to schools that won't admit blacks. He is continually asking the court to rewrite the antitrust laws in a way that would ignore not only a century of consistent interpretation but also the clear intent of the Congresses that wrote those laws and current congressional sentiment. He is asking the court to overrule its abortion decision and to rewrite and weaken the 1982 Voting Rights Act renewal in a way so inconsistent with what Congress intended that congressional leaders of both parties have filed a brief against him. Most recently, he has suggested that enforcement powers, which were given by Congress to many administrative agencies and never questioned for three-quarters of a century, be ruled unconstitutional by the courts.

Mr. Meese and this administration do more than talk high constitutional theory. They have fought congressional efforts to advance the rights of women and minorities by opposing efforts to cut off federal funds to recipients who discriminate, and by trying to attach crippling amendments to the Voting Rights Act (1965), which sought to expand registration of black and Hispanic voters. They have drastically cut back enforcement of civil rights laws. They have also encouraged the creation and use of procedural techniques to keep citizens from bringing lawsuits to protect their rights. For example, the Reagan administration persuaded a majority of the Supreme Court to rule that while taxpayers have a right to protest in court when the government *spends money* on religious schools, they cannot sue when the government *gives real estate* worth millions of dollars to such a school.

Perhaps most significantly, this administration has adopted rigid, ultraconservative criteria in nominating people to the federal bench. Despite President Rea-

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gan's landslide victory in 1984, the administration has almost totally failed in its efforts to get Congress or the courts to weaken the civil rights laws, to overturn the abortion decision, to reinstitute school prayer, or to gut the regulatory agencies. No constitutional amendments have been adopted, the Supreme Court has not overruled its key decisions, Congress has strengthened and not weakened the civil rights laws, and, in an almost unprecedented action, Congress refused to promote President Reagan's chief civil rights strategist, William Bradford Reynolds, to a higher position in the Justice Department.

Because of these setbacks, the administration, with Attorney General Meese in charge, has decided to capitalize on President Reagan's power to nominate federal judges in order to pack the lower federal courts with individuals sympathetic to his agenda.

These lower-court judges may well be President Reagan's most enduring legacy. His ability to reshape the Supreme Court depends on how many of the current justices he can replace, and that in turn depends on health and other factors over which he has no control. He could wind up with only one or two high-court appointments.

No such uncertainties cloud President Reagan's influence over the lower federal courts. Thanks to the creation of 85 new federal judgeships in 1984 and normal attrition, the President will probably appoint 400 out of the 735 lower federal judiciary, most of whom will serve well into the next century.

The judges in these lower courts handle hundreds of thousands of cases each year that never get to the Supreme Court, cases that affect every facet of our lives—criminal law, business and labor, the environment, Social Security and medical care, prisons, schools, and more, much more. An ultraconservative judiciary could have an enormous impact.

And ultraconservatives are just the kind of judges President Reagan is nominating—men (very few women have been nominated) often still in their thirties and early forties, committed to turning away challenges to official authority—except, of course, when the challenge is on behalf of business or wealth. Judge Robert H. Bork of the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington, D.C., for example, has specialized in devising procedural technicalities for throwing out of court litigants who complain of government abuses. Judge Bork, who is often mentioned for the Supreme Court, has also denied homosexuals the right of privacy for their sexual preference, and has declared that the Constitution only protects political speech, not literary, philosophical, or other forms of expression.

Judge Richard A. Posner of the U.S. Court of Appeals in Chicago, another Reagan appointee, wrote in an opinion that a district court had not erred in failing to appoint an attorney to represent a prisoner who charged that he was made functionally blind by a prison doctor who operated on the wrong eye. Judge Posner has so drastically rewritten the antitrust laws to favor business that he has upset even some sympathetic business lawyers. Another Reagan-appointed appeals judge upheld the denial of Social Security benefits to disability recipients because careful scrutiny of the denial might clog the system.

Another Reagan nominee is law professor Lino A. Graglia of the University of Texas. Graglia is a longtime opponent of school busing, and has argued that white parents in Louisiana had a right to evade a federal court order by setting up child-custody arrangements that had been found by the courts to be not only "sham" but with no basis in Louisiana law. The American Bar Association found him unqualified for the nomination.

Dallas trial-court judge Sidney A. Fitzwater, 32, has also been nominated. In 1982, Fitzwater posted signs in a black neighborhood in Dallas warning the residents, in language that seriously misstated the law, against fraudulent voting. This upset even the normally indifferent Department of Justice Civil Rights Division, which complained about the racial targeting that was involved.

> Meese believes in judicial restraint only in cases of protecting civil rights. He is all for vigorous judicial activism when it comes to *curtailing* those rights.

Candidates for judicial office who are moderate, on the other hand, are continually rejected. A prominent Republican woman was turned down because she supported the Equal Rights Amendment; a deputy solicitor general, who is the government's chief Supreme Court advocate in criminal matters, was rejected because he had made small contributions to a gun-control group and to Planned Parenthood. It has also been reported by several women candidates that if they don't give the right answer to questions on abortion, they are quickly dismissed.

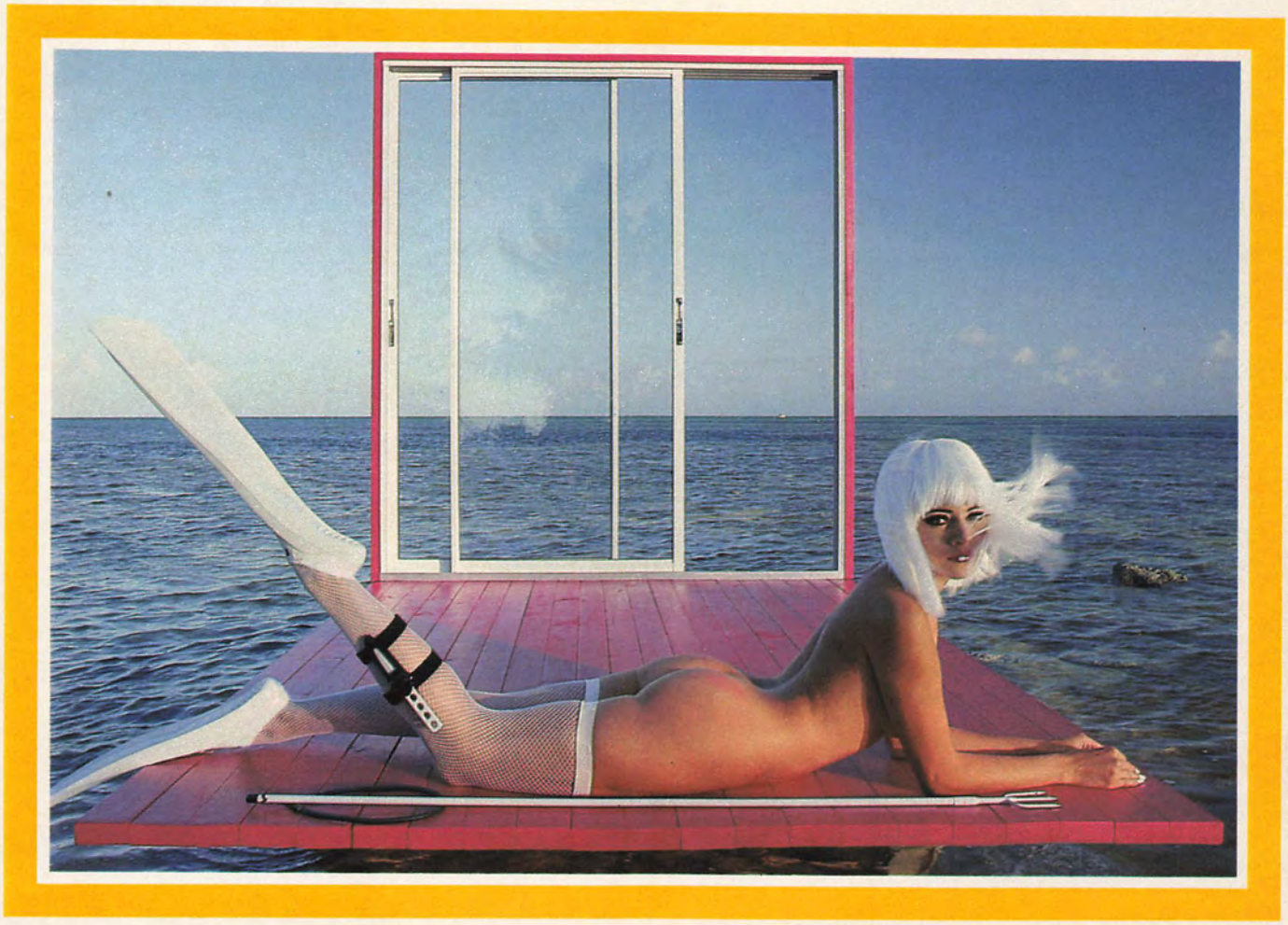
This massive tilting of the lower federal courts is rare in American history. One precedent that is often mentioned is the court-packing that President Franklin D. Roosevelt tried to do in 1937. But he was interested only in finding judges who would not overturn anti-Depression measures that had the overwhelming support of Congress and the people. President Reagan, on the other hand, is looking for judges who will act contrary to Congress, and do an end run around its refusal to overturn the Supreme Court's decisions concerning individual rights.

The closest thing in American history to what we are seeing today was John Adams's effort, almost 200 years ago, to pack the federal courts with his "midnight judges." In 1801, after an unhappy four years, the country threw out Adams and the Federalist party, electing Thomas Jefferson to the presidency and giving his party a congressional majority. It was a victory for the small farmer and workman, and the Federalists, who represented the propertied classes, were frantic. They decided to reform the Judiciary Act of 1801 and appoint more judges. They could then pack the judiciary with their people, making it a conservative bastion against the Jeffersonians. After one of the bitterest party fights in our history, the outraged Jeffersonians repealed the reform act and abolished all the new judgeships. The federal court system stayed unreformed for another 90 years.

Attorney General Meese is not likely to get many of his constitutional theories adopted very soon, for they represent too great a break with long-established principles that almost all Supreme Court justices have accepted. It is an indication of Mr. Meese's extremism that he lambastes the court headed by Chief Justice Burger, six of whose nine justices were appointed by Presidents Nixon, Ford, and Reagan, as much as he criticizes the more liberal Warren court.

Nevertheless, as the federal bench fills up with Reagan's judges, we will probably witness a serious erosion of our liberties. It doesn't have to be that way. The Constitution divides the authority to choose federal judges between the Senate and the president. Just as the president is properly concerned about how his judicial nominees further the country's welfare, senators have an equal responsibility to exercise their own independent judgment. Most of the time, senators don't take this responsibility too seriously and are content to rubber-stamp the president's nominations. But as Senator Orrin Hatch (R-Utah) said five years ago: "Senate procedures, such as senatorial courtesy, that can be justified when nominations are considered at sporadic intervals, are simply inappropriate when an entire branch of the national government is literally being refashioned over a period of months."

So far, few senators have heeded these words. Unless more of them exercise their constitutional responsibility to "advise and consent" to judicial nominations, the basic freedoms that define our way of life face a grim future.



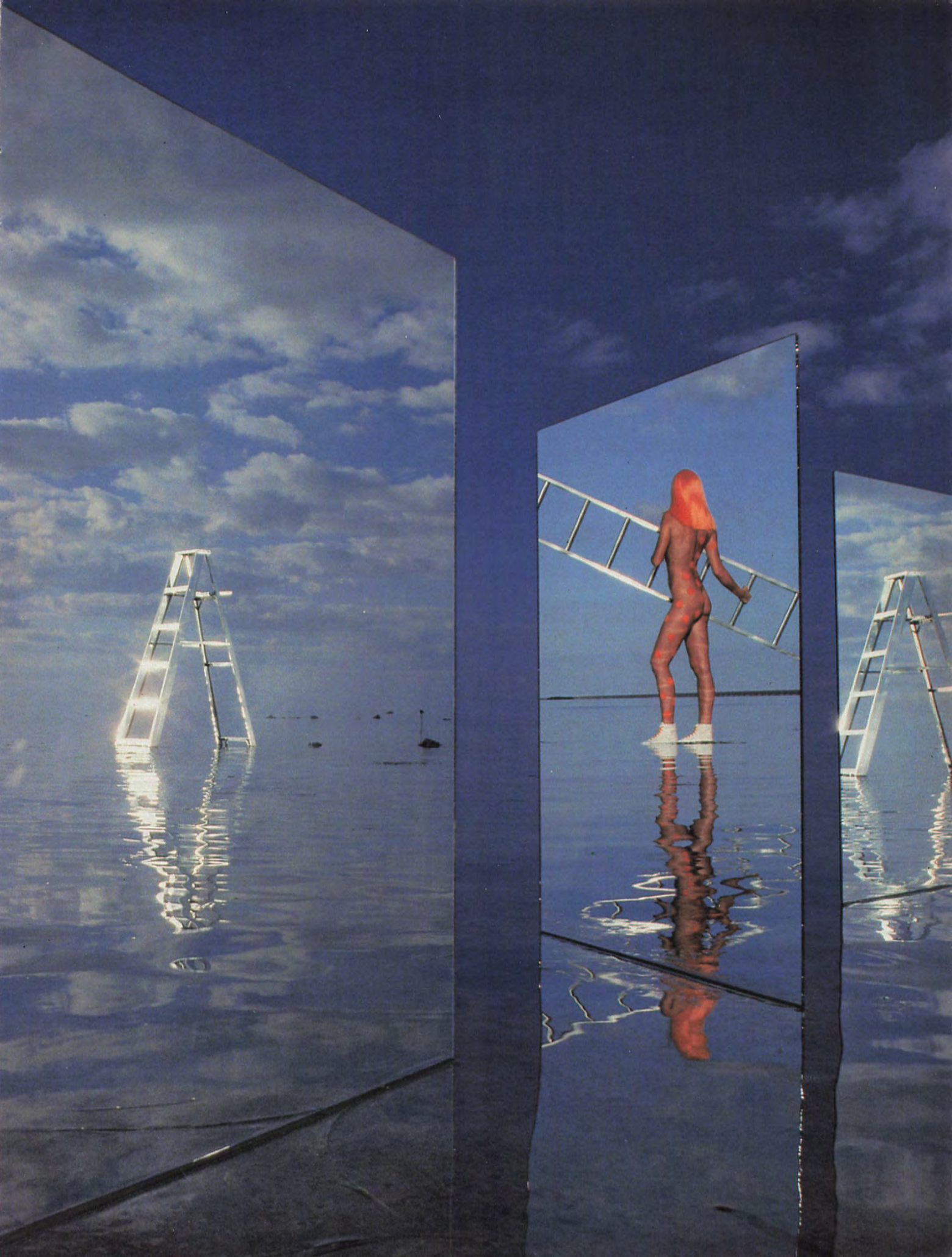
PAPER HOUSES

Drifting, drifting toward temptation on an ocean all their own. Ondine swam for days, from a shore that none believed in, to get here: the paper house she made with a sigh that no one heard. With one slender finger, she draws a line parting the sky and the sea, then turns away from it. A golden dream flies into the sun; the wisp of a memory caresses one thigh, trying to nestle. It's time to move.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL WRAY

Across the sea, Oriana dapples the sky with clouds, then decides to shift everything to the left a bit. The ladder is light, the sea cool and shimmery beneath her feet.

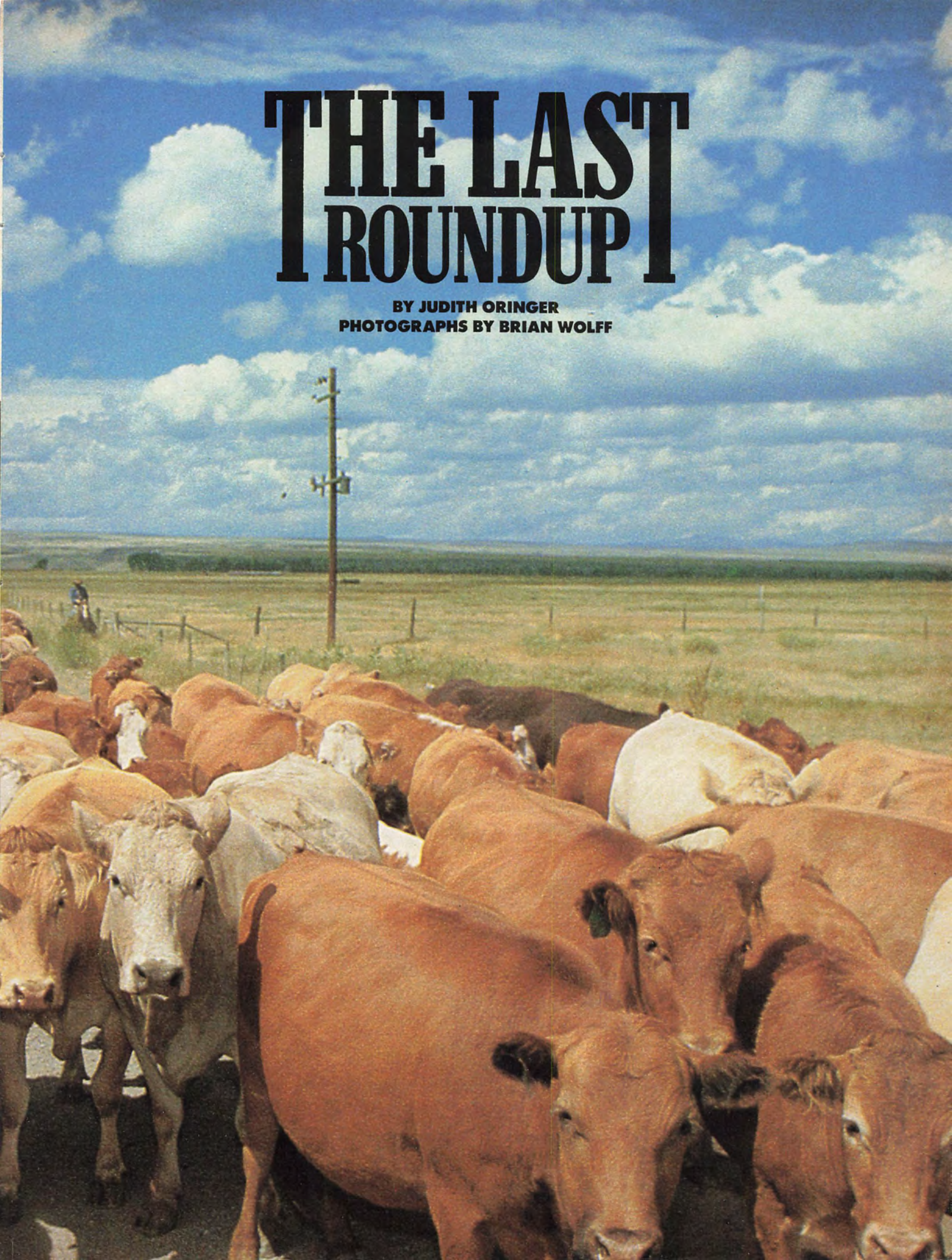
Hair and makeup: Tom DeRosa, stylist: Kathy Hines. locations: Court Sunshine Key Camping Resort, Big Pine Key, Fla.; accommodations: Faro Blanco Resort, Marathon, Fla.; set construction: John Strickland

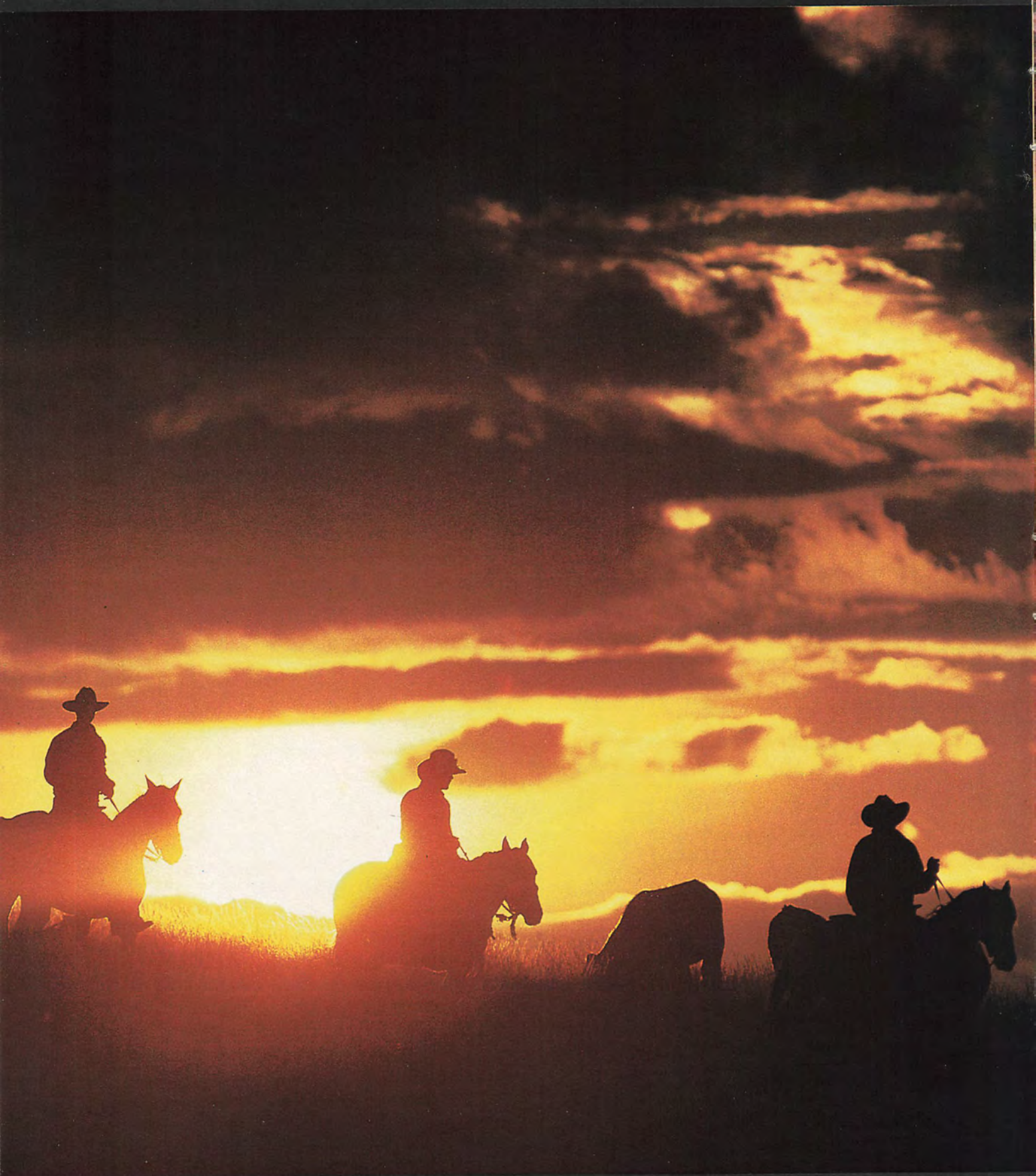


Nearer the horizon, Ariadne sleeps with her door wide to desire. At dawn, she sighs new colors, then showers in evermore. Her nipples tingle in the cool cascade, and she closes her eyes like a bride.

THE LAST ROUNDUP

BY JUDITH ORINGER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN WOLFF





Every spring and fall the MW Ranch, located in Antonito, Colorado, rounds up a diverse group of cowboy enthusiasts and, for a nominal fee, takes them on a week-long cattle drive through the rugged San Juan chain of the Rocky Mountains. The journey is rigorous and decidedly "no frills"; personal possessions are limited to a small backpack.

Bill Diekroger, the dynamic Colorado rancher who organizes the drive, even walks bowlegged like a cowboy. Diekroger runs through indoctrinations covering the proper way to saddle and cinch a horse.

The next step is to master the art of driving some 100 Aquinte cattle and a handful of Watusi longhorns across the mountain range. "The secret is not to drive the cattle, but to drift them," says Diekroger, adding, "you don't force them, you let 'em move at their own pace."

At the end of the day, an old-style

Most people on a cattle drive would agree with longtime drover Cal Hoffman when he says: "I believe in keeping the cowboy legend alive. Maybe I put cowboys on a pedestal, but I don't think their history should be forgotten."

chuck wagon, drawn by a team of horses, provides dinner. Cooked over Dutch ovens, standard fare consists of baked beans, sourdough biscuits, bacon, canned peaches, and strong coffee.

Some of the drovers—as cattle drivers are commonly called—enjoy nighthawking, or guarding the cattle in two-hour shifts. There is always the chance that a cow from another herd will wander in, or that one of the guarded herd will wander out. You quickly learn to make out the silhouettes of the cattle and to pinpoint their lowing sounds. Some people have keen night vision, but others must rely totally on their horses.

Pleasure lies in the extraordinary uniqueness of keeping vigil over a resting herd of cattle in the silence, as the fire dwindles and the night nears dawn.

For more information regarding the MW cattle drive, contact: Bill Diekroger, 19451-19 Fifth Avenue, Hudson, Colo. 80642, or telephone (303) 536-4206.

Almost all Americans hanker for those special qualities that the cowboys of the Wild West embodied: physical strength, self-reliance, and love of adventure, best described as true grit.

T · H · E BIG M · A · N

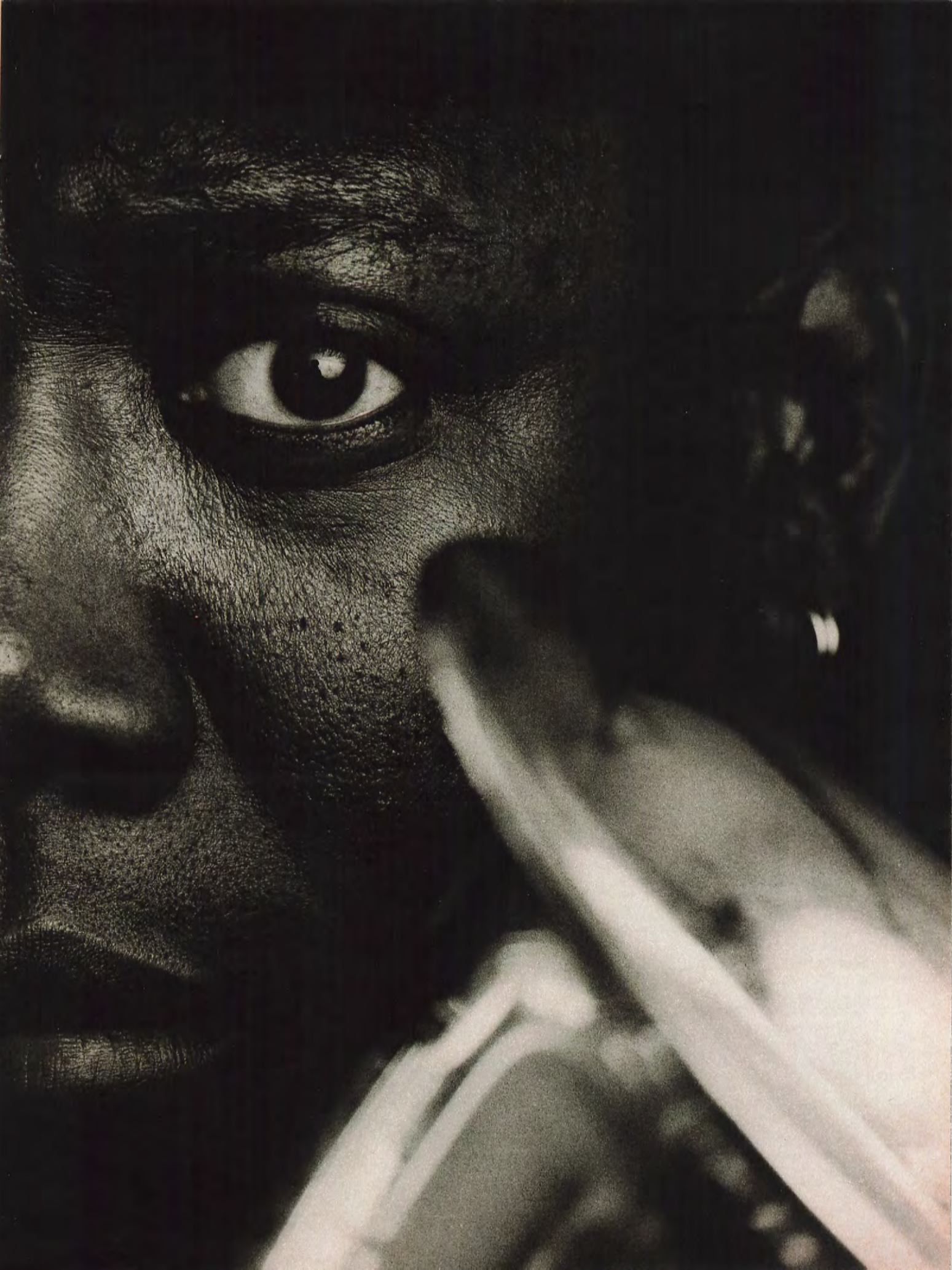
BY ALLAN SONNENSCHEIN

The word had gone out to the condos and hotels in the West Palm Beach, Florida, area: The Big Man was vacationing in town. The word had also leaked out that he just might be hanging out at Celebrations, a popular local night spot, on Wednesday evening. The rumor must have reached everyone in town. Normally a dull evening for partying, the club was packed that weeknight, and heads turned every few minutes toward the opening door in great expectation. As the evening wore on, one could sense a growing disappointment in an untypically hushed bar crowd. But finally, after 11, the door opened and there could be no mistake—not when a six-foot-four-inch, 230-pound black man, with the familiar gold earring in his left ear and saxophone case in his right hand, walked in. Clarence Clemons had arrived.

Clarence Clemons has indeed arrived, but the road to rock superstardom with Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band has been filled with twists, turns, and detours that often led in directions other than to capacity-filled stadiums and concert halls.

Working his way north from Virginia, through Maryland to Pennsylvania, and finally to the Jersey shore, Clemons struggled for nearly a decade, in search of himself. Whatever he pursued during those difficult years—whether it was a stint at semiprofessional football or, for a longer period of time, as a counselor at a boys' reform school—Clemons performed

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID KENNEDY



with the same gusto and enthusiasm he demonstrates today on the stage. But as the years rolled by, Clemons knew that something was wrong. "Throughout those years," he recalls, "no matter what job I had, I always had the horn in the trunk of the car. I was looking for that missing element in my life that would make it complete. I always believed that God had a different plan for me."

The club was really alive and buzzing as the Big Man tried to make his way to his table. A smile never left his face as he was tugged and pulled by strangers' hands. Pens and papers were thrust in his face, and he signed autographs for all. The hip southern-Florida crowd had suddenly lost its cool. They all wanted to go home and tell their friends that they were out partying with Clarence Clemons that night.

Although the choice table had been reserved for Clemons and a few guests, at least a dozen strangers had worked their way to seats there. It was a cacophony of noise, with ten different conversations going on at once and almost all of them directed at the Big Man. Drinks were flowing, and the whole evening seemed to be ordinary until the club band began to play Springsteen songs. Clemons couldn't resist the temptation. He took his saxophone out of its case and headed for the stage. Suddenly it was all worthwhile, as for the next two hours Clarence Clemons did what he does best and loves most—making people happy with his music.

The following day, sitting by the hotel pool, he is asked if perhaps he was overdoing it by performing for two hours after recently completing an 18-month world tour. After all, he is in Florida on vacation, and worse, he wasn't getting paid for his labors. Clemons laughs and shakes his head: "You know, my first paycheck with Bruce was for $15 a week. The dramatic thing about that for me was that I was making a decent salary as a counselor at the reform school. But I wasn't happy, and I quit that job to go and play with Bruce. Believe it or not, I was happier with the $15 a week, doing what I loved, than with the bigger salary. It wasn't money. It has never been money to Bruce and me."

The initial meeting of Springsteen and Clemons in 1971 has become part of rock 'n' roll lore. While Springsteen was becoming a local celebrity and garnering a larger following, Clemons's life was one of frustration. He couldn't cope with the bureaucratic bungling at the reform school, and at home, his marriage was rapidly falling apart. His greatest frustration was that his dream for a career in music was going nowhere. In retrospect, calling the meeting fateful would be an understatement.

Clemons describes the event in near-mystical terms: "I was playing on weekends in a local bar when somebody told me I should go across the street to the Student Prince bar where this guy was playing. As soon as I walked in, as soon as I met Bruce, I saw this whole thing happening. He was looking for something missing all his life to make his music complete, and I was also looking for something. We recognized in each other two missing factors that would make our lives complete. Together we had something happening, something special. It has always been that way." He sat in with Springsteen's band, and whatever hopelessness had been dogging him over the years was lost that evening in Asbury Park, New Jersey. "I had seen my way out. I knew what I had to do."

What Clemons had to do at the age of 29 was to make a monumental decision in his life. To join Bruce Springsteen's band meant that Clemons would have to turn his back on whatever stability and security there was in his life. He would be leaving a job he had held for eight years and a wife and two sons. He received no support in making the decision. "My wife couldn't understand it," he remembers with pain. "She would say, 'Where are you going? You're always chasing these bands.' I wasn't getting support from my wife, and I wasn't getting support from my mom and dad. Family is a very big part of my life, and I thank God my parents are still living and can see how it has turned out."

To join Bruce Springsteen's band meant that Clarence Clemons would have to turn his back on whatever stability and security there was in his life.

Clemons talks about his sons, aged 14 and 18, with great pride in how well they have turned out despite those rocky years. He has always made a point of staying in touch with them, but he also remembers how he felt about his family situation back then: "For a period of time in my life, it was hard to relate to having kids, because I knew I wouldn't be there for them. I had to do this thing. I had to fulfill my dreams. You can see it, you can feel it, you can taste it, and you knew it would come. I was trapped in a situation, and when I broke out of it, I said, 'This is it. I'm going for it.' "

Whenever anyone would try to talk him out of what they considered an "impractical decision," Clemons would always remember that first night with Springsteen in Asbury Park and would know he was hooked: "The night that I met him was the first time I had ever heard him or his songs, but I went in and played and put on a performance like I had been playing with him forever. It's like something we had been doing all the time, although I had never heard the song. And it's the way we do it now. I still can't explain it. It's really mind-boggling to think how this thing works."

Playing with Bruce Springsteen did not mean instant success; in fact, for a while it was very frustrating. Life on the road was difficult with little money. The band members would crowd into a station wagon and drive to different cities in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts. They played seven nights a week, usually as the opening band for other acts. Often the headline acts were not too enamored of Springsteen and the band. It wasn't that the audience thought they were bad, but, rather, that they were too good. Clemons recalls one of the first times he appeared with Springsteen:

"I remember the first gig in York, Pennsylvania. The club needed an opening act for Cheech and Chong and wanted a folk singer. So they hired Bruce, and when he came out onstage it wasn't with a folk guitar, but the electric guitar and all the drums. They weren't ready for it. We played three or two and a half songs, and the manager kicked us off the stage. We got kicked out a lot back then as an opening act. We were a hard act to follow, especially after we would get everybody in the audience going crazy. That's how we finally wound up doing it on our own, playing by ourselves."

Despite all this and other difficulties of life on the road, Clemons had never been happier about himself. He welcomed the grueling pace and lifestyle. He also felt healthier than he had in many years. Clemons had also been a "big man" when it came to partying. Now he cleaned up his act. Inspired by Springsteen's example and his new purpose in life, the long nights of booze and drugs disappeared.

Clemons also believed that he was accomplishing something more than making audiences happy with his music. The band was bringing rock 'n' roll back to its roots.

With Bruce's guitar and with his saxophone they were undoing a trend that had begun in the sixties. In the sixties the electric guitar, with louder and louder amplifiers, dominated, and the background sound of the saxophone, heard in the early days of rock 'n' roll, was disappearing. It simply got pushed aside, unable to compete with the rising decibels of amplified music. And once that had happened, rock 'n' roll lost much of its purity.

The great popularity and success of the E Street Band has influenced newer bands to reverse this trend and return

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much of the rock 'n' roll of the eighties to its roots. The Big Man is proud of his input in this movement: "I believe I played a major role in bringing the saxophone back to its former place in rock 'n' roll. The album *Born to Run,* and its cover of the guitar and the saxophone, was the turning point. After *Born to Run* you started to hear a lot more saxophone. Everybody started playing it."

Even for West Palm Beach, it is an unseasonably hot November afternoon. The Big Man and a few friends are chatting by the pool when a waitress stops by to thank Clemons for an autographed picture he signed for her daughter the day before. Clemons acknowledges her thanks and begins to chat with her a few minutes about her daughter before she leaves. Somehow the conversation turns to a discussion about children and families. Relaxed and among friends, the Big Man recalls growing up in Virginia.

The oldest of three children, Clemons was raised in the strict Baptist household of Clarence and Thelma Clemons. His father owned a fish market, and when Clemons was in the ninth grade his mother returned to college to get her teaching degree. His grandfather was a preacher, and that meant Clemons had to attend church every Sunday. It is one of the few childhood memories he is, to this day, less than happy to recall:

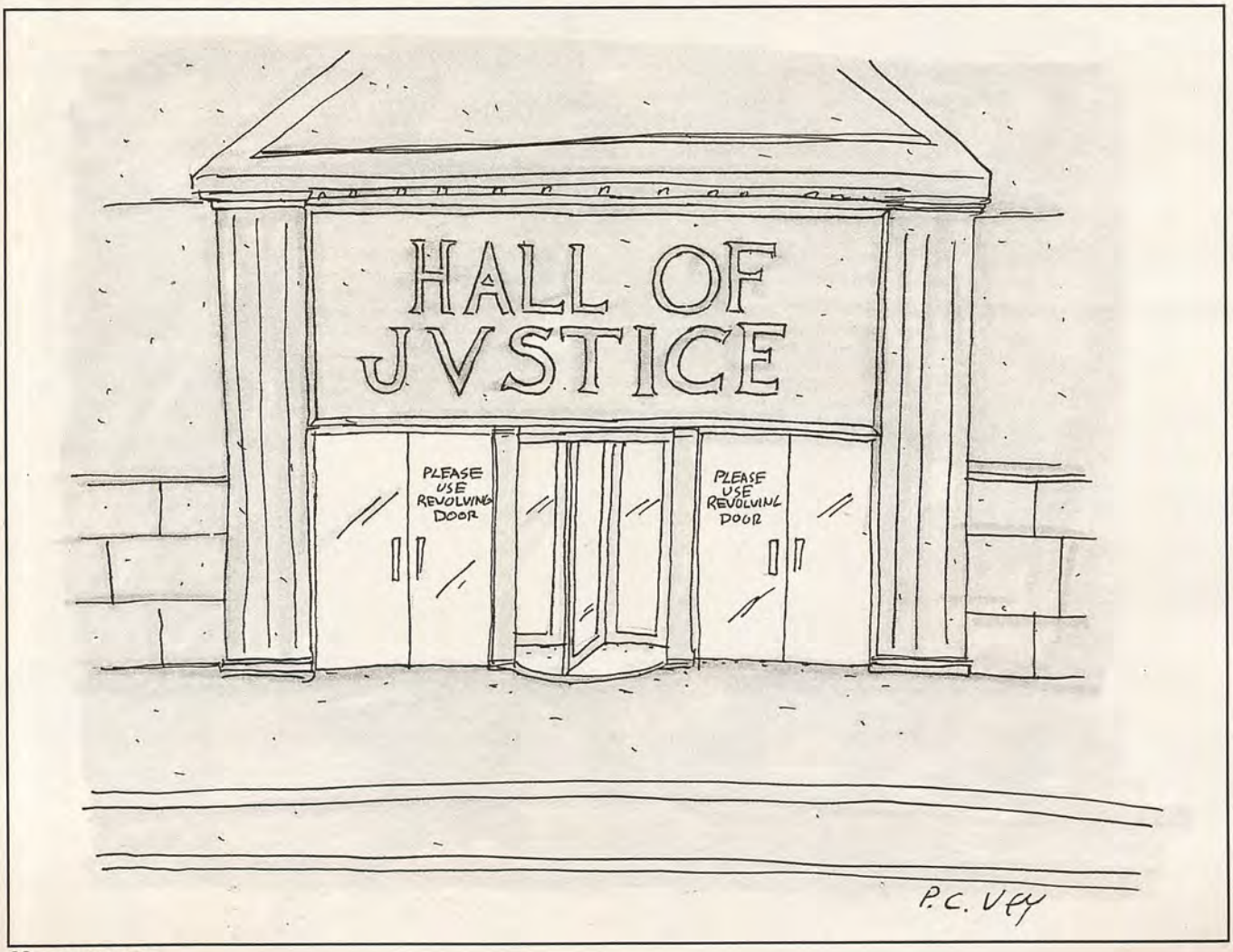
"Man, if you didn't go to church on Sunday, you did nothing all week in my house. Religion was forced on us. We were beat to death with it. So I got confused with my religious beliefs. Then it became blatantly more confusing to me when I started playing clubs. I would see these dudes in the bar at night partying, and I would go to church on Sunday and there they'd be screaming and falling out. I would think, *Hey, something ain't right here.*"

Even though Clemons's father was a man with very little formal education, after speaking to him, one would walk away thinking he was a college graduate. He believed in hard work, and it was a virtue he impressed upon his oldest son. When Clarence wasn't in school he would be out delivering fish from his father's market. When his mother returned to college, and was away from home, as the oldest son Clarence was in charge of the household cleaning and cooking. There was little time for play with such responsibilities, and what little time he had for himself was spent practicing the saxophone his father had given to him when he was nine years old.

Clemons takes great pride in the togetherness in his family. He has told his friends of an exceptionally difficult period of time when he was 14 years old. It was around Easter time when his father's business went bankrupt, and not too long after his house burned down. Although it was the saddest time in his life, his memories of it are filled with great love and warmth for his parents: "After the fire, the only thing we had left was the clothes on our back. I went to work at a full-time job and continued school. But as devastating as things were, we stuck together as a family. My mother and father somehow always got our spirits up."

Music fans also owe a debt of gratitude to Clemons's father, since it was his decision that his son should play the saxophone. While Clemons was not thrilled with the gift at first—only learning to appreciate it after hearing the legendary King Curtis play—he believes his father, with a bit of wisdom, knowingly made the decision of what to buy his son. As he tells it, his father had a lot of foresight: "He knew. He took one look at my grades and said, 'This boy is not going to be a brain surgeon.' " Recently he was visiting his parents, and he said to his father, "Dad, do you remember that saxophone you bought me? Well, that saxophone has finally bought you the trip to Europe you always wanted."

After high school he decided he



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wanted to attend college. Leaving home for the first time, Clemons spent four years at Maryland State College. His father had been right—the Big Man was not going to be a brain surgeon. He acknowledges that he wasn't cut out to be a student, and when Clemons relates stories about his school days, it sounds like scenes out of *Animal House:*

"I went to school on a part-music and part-football scholarship. This was a very small school, and they would arrange your classes around these activities. As I was the only music major playing football, I had to attend a lot of classes where I was the only student. My teacher was an alcoholic. Most of the time he would never show up; other times we would have classes in a bar. It got pretty weird."

Clemons left college without a degree, although he had only a few hours of course work to complete. While in Maryland he met his first wife. He knew back then he wasn't ready for marriage, but succumbed to pressure from his family to go ahead with the planned wedding. There was one person, Clemons recalls, whose advice he should have followed at the time. Strangely, it was the uncle of the bride-to-be.

"We had this bachelor party the night before the wedding. At the party something inside of me kept saying, 'Don't do it.' But I felt I would disappoint too many people. My mom had come up from Virginia, and I felt I couldn't do this to her. Anyway, the next day [my fiancée's] uncle came to pick me up and drive me to the wedding. In the car he said to me, 'Listen, you don't want to marry that woman. I'll give you some money and take you down to the bus terminal. You can go somewhere, go anywhere. I'll make up a story for you. You just don't want to marry that woman.' "

Failing to follow good advice, Clemons went through with the wedding and, with his new bride, moved to Philadelphia. Up North, his music career was put on hold while he took a job loading soda onto trucks. Unhappy doing this, he thought about playing football once again. For a while he played defensive end for a Newark, New Jersey, semiprofessional team, hoping to get into good enough condition to make it eventually in the National Football League. Clemons made the decision to try out with the Cleveland Browns when one of those twists of fate occurred in his life. It not only was to change his plans, it was to change Clarence Clemons.

It was 1968, and Clemons was busy dividing his time between the reform school and playing semiprofessional football—rarely performing his music. Out driving one evening, the motor mounts suddenly broke on his car. The automobile shifted into passing gear and took off out of control down the road. He tried to get out of the car, but it was just going too fast. Traveling at great speed, the car crashed into a giant oak tree. "I heard people say, 'Oh, he's dead,' when they took me out of the car. I can remember fighting with death. You know how some people have said that they have died and come back? Well, I really believe that night I had died."

Having sustained serious injuries, any hopes for a professional football career were over. The injuries which Clemons suffered in that crash nag him to the present day. Before concerts, he often needs a physical therapist to prepare him for the long hours of performance. Often, he can be seen limping off the stage once the show is completed. Yet Clemons is certain that the accident changed his life for the better: "I don't fear death anymore. I don't fear for my life anymore. I'm able to live life calmly. The accident also helped to reaffirm my awareness of spirituality in life. If I had wanted to die that night, I could have. I could have just as well said, 'Okay, I'm ready.' You have a decision you have to make when you reach that point. If you give up, it will be easy. I took the hard way—I lived."

Clemons tells of the accident as the turning point in his life. It returned him to his music and eventually to the meeting with Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band. It also prepared him for his later spiritual awakening as a disciple of Sri Chinmoy, an Indian spiritual teacher who

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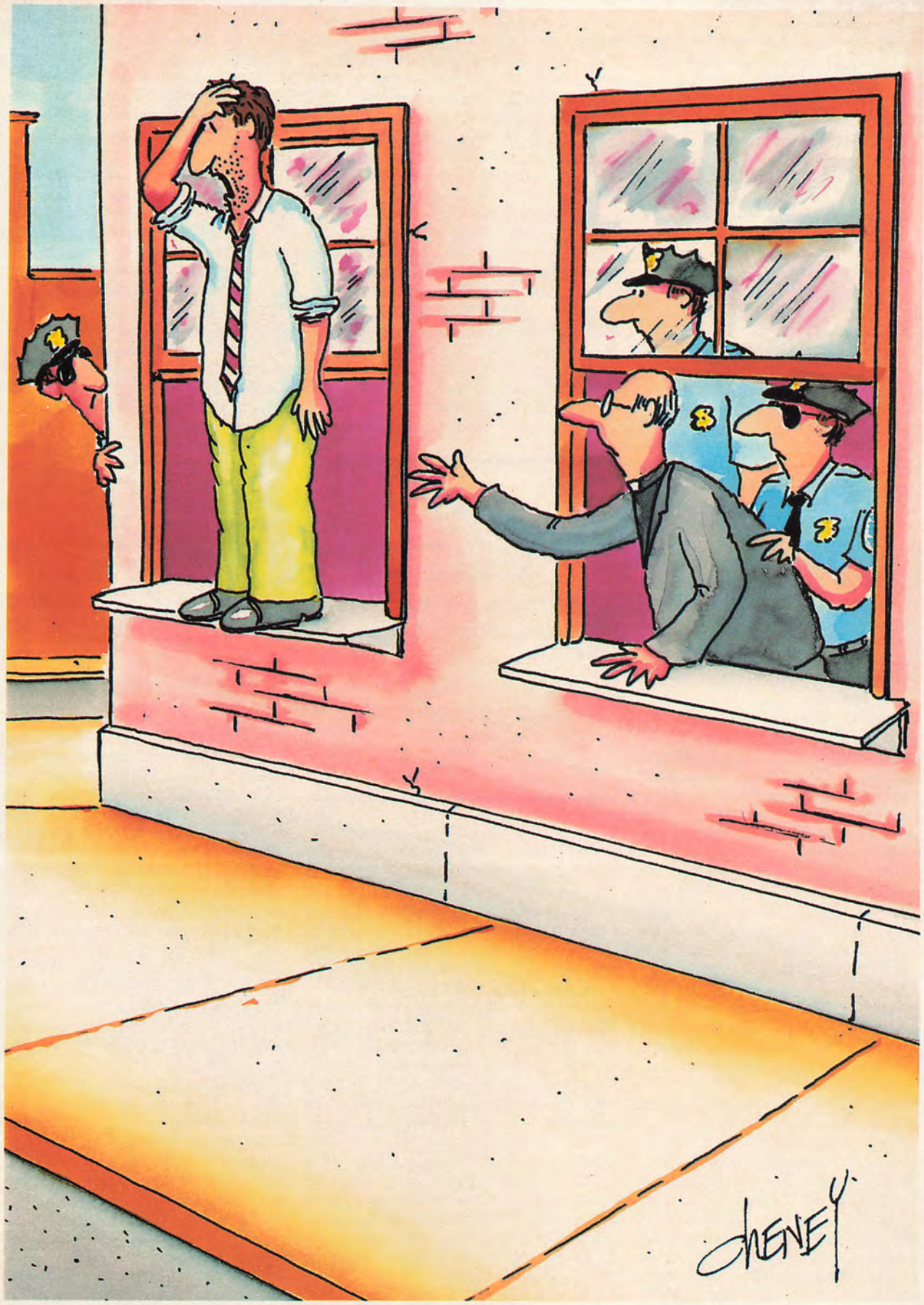

"During my entire life, all I ever heard was 'stupid, stupid, stupid. . . .' I just want to end it."

gave Clemons the name Mokshagun ("liberation fire"), explaining that his purpose in life was to bring light into the world and to destroy ignorance. Through meditation, Clemons believes there have been other changes in his life: "I remember the first time I really meditated. I looked at myself in the mirror and couldn't believe what I saw. I was so clear. I was like brand-new; even my eyes were like diamonds. I started to laugh and couldn't stop because I felt so good. I had found something. I had found peace, and that makes me a really different person."

Statements like this coming from any other person might sound like pure hogwash, but coming from Clarence Clemons, it's the real thing. If there ever was an eternal optimist, if there ever was a person who could turn the most negative event into something positive, it is Clarence Clemons. Only a few years ago he decided to open his own bar called Big Man's West. Being on the road so often, he decided to entrust its management to a person who professed to know the business. When he came back from tour he received the unnerving news that he was broke. Creditors were coming out of the woodwork, and he owed the government a substantial amount of money. In retrospect he recalls he had been warned by Springsteen and others that leaving the club in the hands of someone else was basically a dumb idea.

The warnings proved to be correct, and Clemons was in trouble. Indeed, he recalls that the biggest fight he ever had with Bruce Springsteen was over the opening of that bar. (On the other hand, it was through the generosity of people like Springsteen that Clemons was able to bail himself out of his difficulties.) What is most interesting about this event is to hear him tell how he survived that financial nightmare:

"I think it was by the grace of God that I survived it. I did it by staying positive. I had just got married, and here I was broke. I remember laying in bed at night thinking how much I loved her and that nothing was going to stop us. I remember how I would start saving loose change, and when I had ten bucks, ten extra dollars, I would think, *Wow, this is great*. And through it all I stayed happy and I stayed positive. I survived that like I can survive anything."

The club wasn't a total bust. Clemons put together his own in-house band, the Red Bank Rockers, featuring J. T. Bowen as lead vocalist and guitarist David Landau. With this band, Clemons decided to venture into his first recording session without Springsteen. The album they put together was called *Rescue*, aptly titled considering Clemons's need for money at the time. In fact, the most impressive song on the less-than-successful album is the tune "Money to the Rescue." The music on *Rescue* is a combination of rock 'n' roll and southern soul music, music that Clemons feels was too "black" to be successful. He explains a principle that he learned from that album: "I found out the whole secret to becoming a real big rock star is never be black and sound black, but you got to be black and sound white. Then you got it, you got no problems. I made the mistake of being black and sounding black."

What is interesting in light of those remarks is the phenomenon of overwhelmingly white audiences at Bruce Springsteen concerts. Clarence laughs when somebody tells him that at least 90 percent of the audiences are white. "Ninety percent," he chortles. "How about 98 percent?" Is that because blacks don't accept Springsteen? he is asked. "Look, let me explain something to you," the Big Man replies. "Ninety percent of my audiences are white. You want to know why? Radio. Radio is the culprit. Blacks are not exposed to Bruce and me. Black radio stations don't play our records.

"Black radio stations are rhythm and blues, and white stations are rock 'n' roll. If your records get labeled rock 'n' roll—and Bruce and mine are—black radio stations won't touch it. It makes you angry and frustrated, but there is little you can do about it. It's a strange form of racism by radio stations. The only way that I'm reaching black audiences is through television—MTV and things like that."

> "I found out," said Clemons, "that the whole secret to being a real big rock star is never to be black and sound black, but you've got to be black and sound white."

Clemons has little patience with those people who have decided that rhythm and blues is for blacks and rock 'n' roll is for whites. In fact, he refuses to have anything to do with a "color line" in his business, personal, or social life. "I don't look at people by color," he says, shaking his head. "I'm beyond the color line. If you get hung up on that stuff, you're lost. We all have to look beyond that." Does he have trouble with some blacks because of his views? "I'm not denying my color, my black heritage, but what I am trying to do is help create a better world by doing what I do best."

Clemons is hoping that his second solo album, *Hero*, will overcome some of these problems. Beautifully produced by his friend Narada Michael Walden, Clemons released *Hero* in late 1985. The music is more varied than that found on *Rescue*—ranging from the upbeat "You're a Friend of Mine" to the beautiful and soulful ballad "Christina"—and the album has been critically acclaimed. It has also brought him out of the shadow of Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band. However, Clemons is not planning to go it alone as a solo act. He explains his current situation:

"Every man wants to make his own footprints in the sands of time. Although I'm having a lot of fun with Bruce—it is a thing I love to do—I want to make my own impressions in history. I want to fulfill my own dreams. It is not going to conflict with Bruce, because he understands that everyone should do his own thing. I'm lucky, because I can have my cake and eat it too. I'm not afraid to take chances with my music, because I know I'll always have a steady job with Bruce."

With the indisputable success of his professional career, Clemons was ready for another kind of change in his life. He believed he was ready to settle down and raise a family. While on tour with the band in the early seventies, Clemons met beautiful Christina Sandgren at a concert in Sweden. It might have been love at first sight, but their courtship was anything but typical. It would be another eight years before Clemons would see Christina again. In the years between, one letter was exchanged between them.

Returning to Sweden in 1980, Clemons was determined to find her and ask her to marry him. The two returned to the United States and in 1981 were married. In 1984 they had their first child, Christopher. In typical Clemons terms, he describes their atypical courtship and marriage:

"You got to be ready to want to do it. You got to be ready, and I think that those eight years that we didn't see each other were perfect. She lived her life, I lived mine, and we knew that one day we would be married. We needed this time to grow up. I hadn't grown up at the time of my first marriage. People have to experience life before they do something. You'll always wonder what's out there if you don't. I've grown up. I've been around the world, and I've done everything that's feasibly possible to do."

The sun is starting to set in West Palm Beach. Clemons decides to go upstairs to his room to pack for his trip back to New Jersey the next day. Hotel guests and employees smile and wave to him as he makes his way back to his room. For many of them Clarence's presence has made their day.

His friends chat with him a little bit longer before they leave, when somebody asks out of the blue: "Clarence, what would you like written on your tombstone?" He thinks awhile and then says: "Here's a man that made a difference. Here's a man that lived a life, and his life made that difference."

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PENTHOUSE
A TREMENDOUS OPPORTUNITY

THE WATER TRADE

The Japanese obsession with sexual fantasy spurs their imaginations to create bizarre and inventive romantic extravaganzas.

BY T. D. ALLMAN

You may be too jet-lagged to notice it, but the interminable ride from Narita Airport into Tokyo offers more than an endless gray vista of the Japanese industrial heartland. It provides a glimpse into one of the more colorful corners of the Japanese psyche.

On the outskirts of Tokyo, not far from Japanese Disneyland, you pass what looks like an attraction at an amusement park—and, in a bizarre sense, it is. Built in the shape of an ocean liner, complete with smokestacks, a promenade deck, lifeboats, and portholes, this strange edifice is called the Queen Elizabeth 2.

But this is one cruise ship that never goes to sea.

It is one of Japan's thousands of "love hotels"—the flagship, so to speak, of one of the country's

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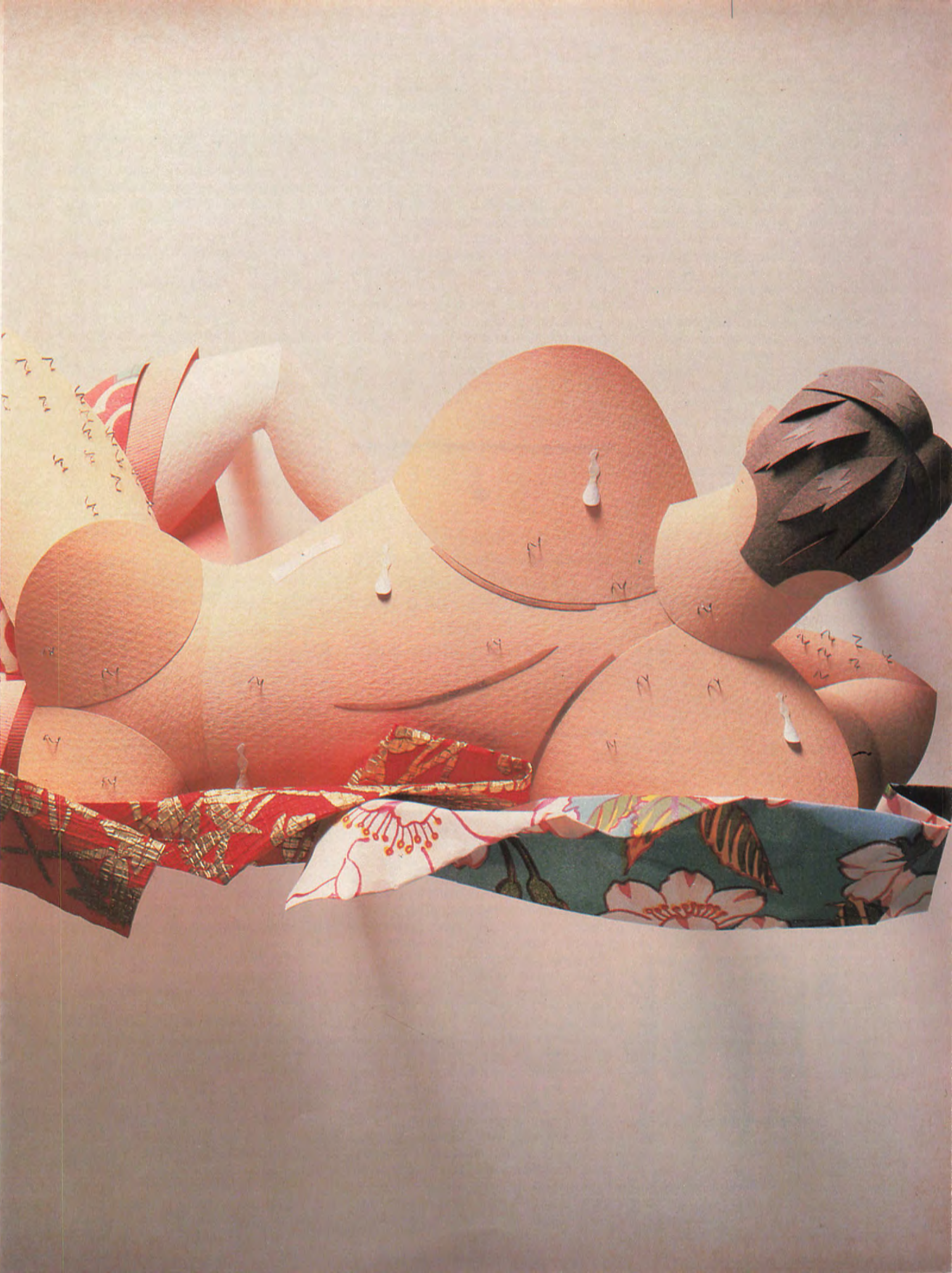

largest chains of love hotels—and in Japan the love hotel is a national institution as well-established, time-honored, and well-respected as the Japanese passion for Kabuki, raw fish, flower arranging, and rock gardens.

At the QE2, the theme of seaborne romance is pursued with characteristic Japanese relentlessness. Couples checking into the hotel are greeted by their "captain," a desk clerk wearing a nautical uniform. A recording of squawking sea gulls accompanies the lovers, some of whom wear yachting costumes for the occasion, to their room—or, rather, their "stateroom," since all the bedrooms follow the nautical theme, too.

But what if bunk beds, naval braid, and the sound of crashing waves piped in through the Muzak are not enough? Suppose one needs something a little more, well, unusual, to get the juices flowing?

The QE2's most famous *chambre d'amour,* the delights of which countless Japanese couples have savored, contains a full-scale model, constructed with habitual Japanese meticulousness, of Queen Elizabeth's coronation carriage.

There is, however, one difference between this vehicle and the one belonging to the British monarch, besides the absence of horses. Instead of plush seats, it contains a satin-sheeted bed.

In bygone times, sexual rendezvous were not nearly so widespread or flagrant in offering their wares. Fornication and its attendant arts and industries were restricted to carefully defined areas in the major towns and cities. Tokyo's official red-light district was Yoshiwara—a bittersweet, self-contained demimonde whose gaiety, sensuousness, and sadness helped inspire both the paintings of Hiroshige and the films of Kurosawa. It was a place where, over the centuries, both samurai and American GIs won love and lost their innocence. The Japanese had an evocative name for Yoshiwara's principal profession and for all the ancillary industries, ranging from night-soil collection to the crafting of elegant kimonos, which it engendered.

They called it *mizushobai,* or the "water trade," because everything in Yoshiwara, from human relationships to the fame and fortune of the most acclaimed courtesan of the moment, was as transient as the shape of the sea.

In a Western-style attempt to legislate morality, the Japanese diet, or parliament, outlawed prostitution more than 20 years ago. In a further effort to regulate public morals in Japan, stringent new antiprostitution legislation was passed in 1984. Yet, as not just Yoshiwara but the whole of Tokyo reveals every night, it is the lawmakers who might have been writing on water.

Far from diminishing the Japanese preoccupation—some would say obsession—with extramural sex, the official statutes seem only to have spurred the Japanese sexual imagination on to new extravaganzas of baroque inventiveness. These days, the water trade is no longer confined to Yoshiwara. It seems to thrive all over the Tokyo megapolis, which, with some 14 million people, has about the same population as Australia. And places like the QE2 seem almost strait-laced in comparison to many of Tokyo's newer and far more exotic night spots.

At other Tokyo bars the hostesses dress up to look like virginal brides, policewomen, nurses, Mata Hari–like spies, or Catholic nuns. The "lonely widow" theme is immensely popular in Japan. But most perennially popular of all are the bars, massage parlors, and love hotels where the practitioners of *mizushobai*—inevitably garbed in knee-length socks, pleated blue skirts, and white blouses—provide fulfillment of what seems to be the ultimate fantasy among Japanese males. This is to seduce a *jogakusei,* that is to say, a virginal schoolgirl.

If sexual cliché is your ultimate turn-on, there is always the jungle room, complete with plastic palm trees, hammock, and gorilla suit.

Though the decor differs at all of these places, it is interesting to note a universal theme—that of forbidden fruit which is tantalizingly close yet inaccessible.

Not that blushing brides, chaste nuns, and unviolated—if not inviolable—schoolgirls even begin to exhaust the Japanese appetite for sexual fantasy. For example, in the Shinjuku district of Tokyo, one can visit a vinyl club. (The girls are wrapped in vinyl bags; the customers feel the vinyl, never actually touching the skin.) Or exchange sexual banter with a girl on the telephone while—behind a plate-glass window—she cavorts nude on a couch. At English (or French or German) "language academies," the Japanese, who are famous for their inability to master foreign tongues, are given graphic demonstrations of the vocabulary items of their choice by foreign, almost inevitably blond, "instructors." At *kissaten nopanty* (bottomless coffee shops), you can order any blend or brew, from espresso to Irish coffee. But few clients ever look down into their cups. The reason: Above their heads is a transparent Plexiglas ceiling where the "waitresses" sit, dressed—or rather undressed—in the manner the name of the coffee shop implies.

If drinking coffee while a girl exposes herself above your head is not your cup of Japanese tea, you can always visit one of the chicken-wire places, where the hostesses stand behind wire-mesh fences. For a fee of 10,000 yen (about 57 dollars), the clients are permitted to reach through the wire mesh with their hands—or any other part of their anatomy they wish—and do what the combination of their instincts, the position of the girl, and the presence of the chicken wire permits.

Elsewhere, the barriers—whether of plastic, glass, or metal—fall entirely. The main attraction at one club in Shinjuku is a kind of indoor cable car in which a nude hostess rides. Volunteers among the audience strip, climb in, and perform with the hostess as the vehicle trains out over the audience.

Shinjuku is undoubtedly the most vital, entertaining, and, at times, downright kinky of Tokyo's business-and-amusement centers. But such places are hardly limited to the equivalents of Times Square. In fact, one has to leave Tokyo and travel 450 miles southeast, to Nagasaki, to encounter the most utterly bizarre sexual environment in Japan, if not the whole world.

There, Ground Zero, where the second atomic bomb to fall on Japan was detonated in August 1945, is now the site of a love hotel.

The delegalization of prostitution in Japan, in fact, has had the same effect it produced in other countries. While *mizushobai* once was carefully regulated and largely restricted to certain well-defined areas of the major towns and cities, it now flourishes in the most anomalous places—ranging from the sites of nuclear explosions to the most affluent and genteel districts of Japan's cities.

In the fashionable Meguro area of Tokyo, for example, where a two-bedroom apartment can sell for the equivalent of a million dollars, the Meguro Emperor Hotel offers its clients a menu of psychosexual options perhaps unmatched anywhere else in Japan.

There is the Mercedes-Benz room, and the teahouse room, and the boating room—where the boat-bed "floats" in six inches of water. In another room an electric hoist silently lifts you out of bed and puts you down in a steamy, relaxing Japanese bath.

Should making love in a bed built like a limousine or being lifted up and down, stark naked, by an electric hoist not be to your taste, you might want to consider the astronaut room, which comes with space helmets and a space capsule.

And for those for whom cliché is the ultimate turn-on, there is always the jungle room, complete with plastic palm trees, hammock, and gorilla suit.

Like the Queen Elizabeth 2, the Meguro Emperor Hotel is part of a nationwide chain of love hotels. Like many Jap-

anese love hotels, it provides its clients with video cameras, so that they can record their trysts and watch themselves, when they get home, on their VCRs.

What accounts for the peculiar, at times truly bizarre, quality of the Japanese approach to what might be called recreational sex?

"The nightlife of Tokyo is completely different from the nightlife of Hamburg or New York," comments Murray Sayle, a veteran foreign correspondent and international television personality who lives in a mountain village two hours from Tokyo, "because the Japanese are totally different from Europeans and Americans. Japan may have the world's most dynamic industrial economy. But this remains a profoundly Oriental country."

Not just Japanese sex life, but the whole of Japanese life does triumphantly rebut the ingrained Occidental assumption that "development," "progress," and "industrialization" are the same things as "Westernization"—that is, that Oriental and other peoples can only advance by becoming like us.

Beginning with the Meiji Restoration in 1867, and particularly since its defeat in World War II, Japan has successfully competed with the West, and frequently bested it, in the contest for technological advancement. But all this has led to no "Westernization" of Japan's soul, psyche—or sexual mores. A frankness about sexual matters and an utter toleration of sexual heterodoxy were characteristics of Japanese life centuries before Japan was industrialized, and they remain so today.

"The Japanese speak so openly and use such words" about sexual matters, a scandalized but perceptive nineteenth-century European visitor wrote, "not because they intend to be vulgar, but because they see no reason to dissemble about such things."

Over the last century or so, it is not the "Westernized" Japanese who have changed. It is we Westerners who now speak much more openly (though hardly with total ease) about matters our great-grandparents, and even our own parents, would not have dreamed of discussing with their own spouses or children.

How is it that Japanese sexual license so successfully coexists with Japan's well-known capacity for social and economic discipline? In attempting to explain how different cultures both accommodate and control the innate human urges, some anthropologists make a sharp distinction between "shame societies" and "guilt societies."

Traditionally, America has been a guilt society of truly obsessive proportions. In that classic American literary guilt trip, *The Scarlet Letter*, for example, it isn't Hester Prynne who is ravaged psychically—even though she must bear the public shame of wearing the scarlet A for

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BISHOP DESMOND TUTU

"I have no political ambitions. I'm my own master, except that I owe allegiance to Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. . . . We can't talk about peaceful change in South Africa. I talk about reasonably peaceful changes."

Let us pray first," said Bishop Desmond Tutu before starting this interview with South African journalist Stovin Hayter. And he proceeded to ask God's guidance and help that only the truth might be spoken.

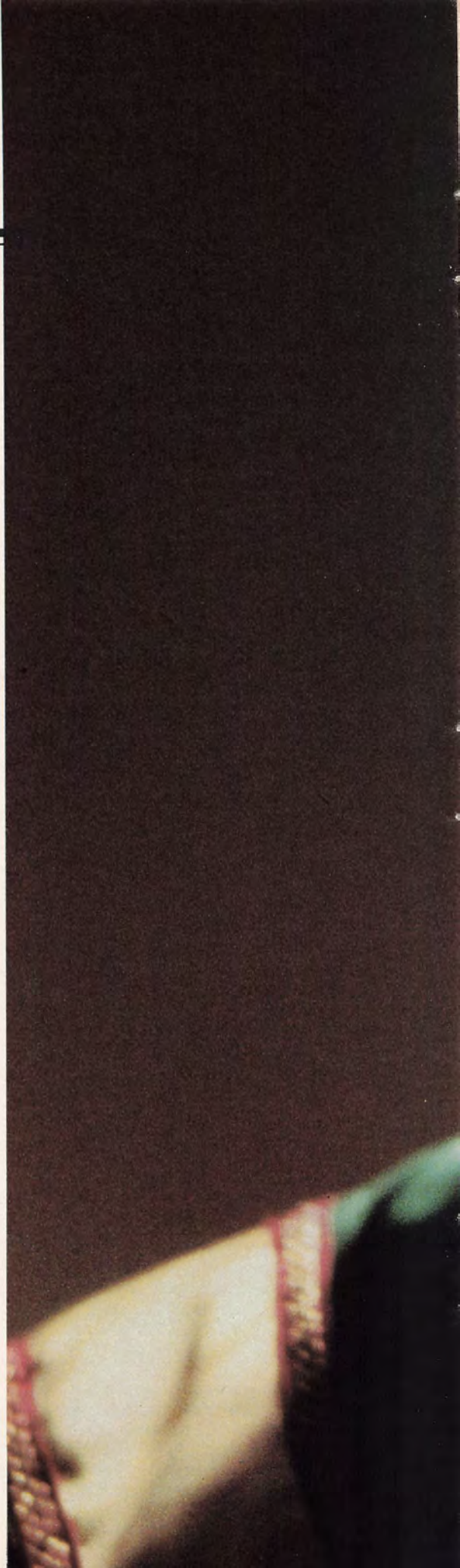
But, as always, the truth is in the eye of the beholder—and much of what the 1984 Nobel Peace Prize winner has to say is hotly disputed by critics inside and outside his beleaguered nation.

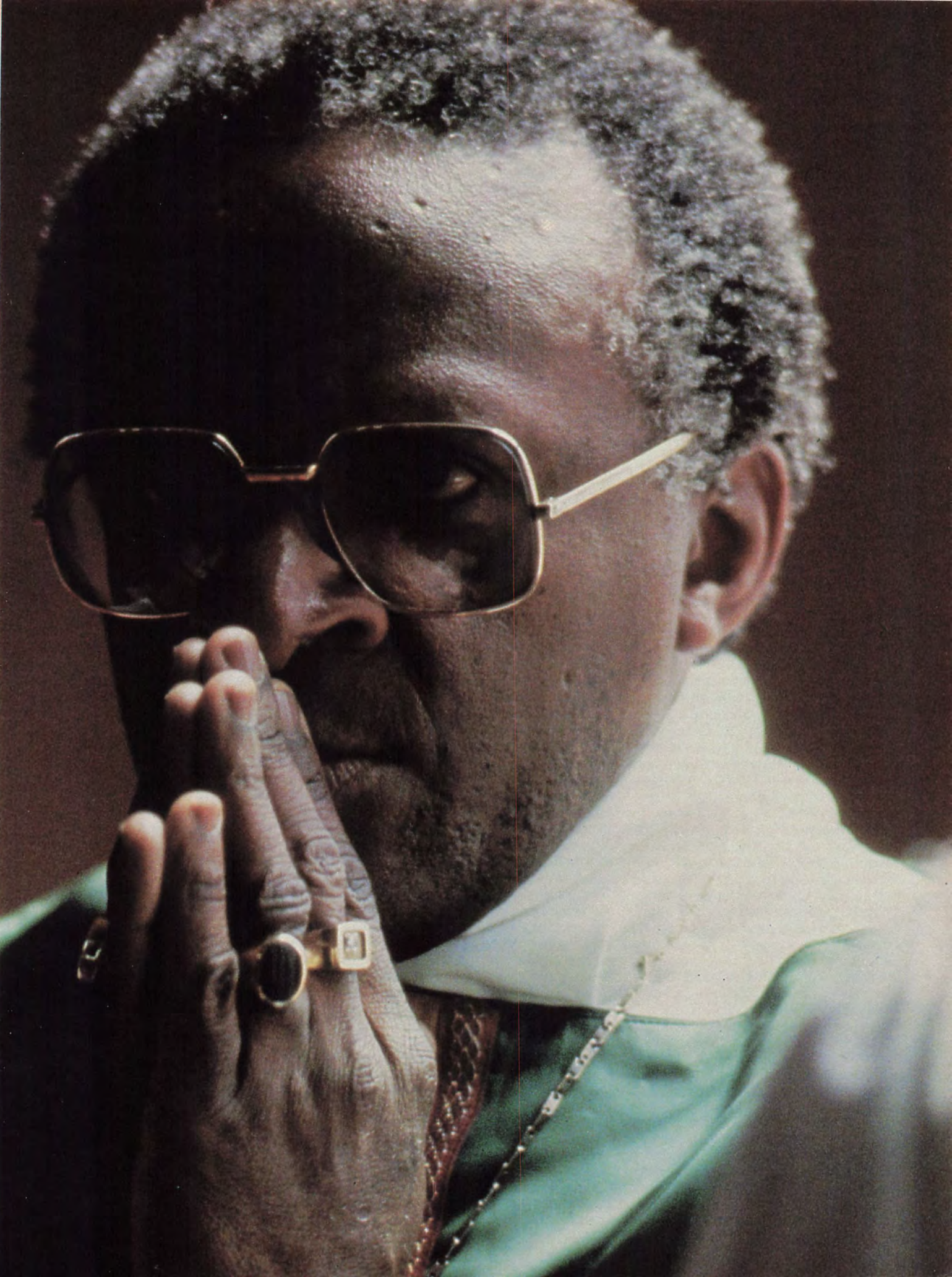
The bishop of Johannesburg, spiritual father to both white and black Anglicans in South Africa's largest city, has campaigned relentlessly at home and abroad against the apartheid system. He has become a symbol to the world of the struggle of black people in that country.

To many white South Africans, however, he is a man bent on destroying their land. They make the point that the bishop is actually proof that dissent and opposition are tolerated in South Africa—as opposed to many of the other countries whose attacks on South Africa have made her a pariah nation. And even within the black community there, many regard him as naive and ineffective.

Chief Mangosuthu Bu-

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK PETERS





thelezi, leader of the Zulu nation, for example, has criticized those like Bishop Tutu who call for other nations to apply economic sanctions against South Africa by "disinvesting" their assets in that country. In the December 1985 issue of *Penthouse,* Buthelezi asserted: "Disinvestment in South Africa is counterproductive, because if the economic situation of black people is worsened, it doesn't resolve the problems."

And in the United States, while many students and others regard Bishop Tutu as a hero, he is not without critics. Patrick Buchanan, who is now President Reagan's chief media adviser, has charged that "whatever his moral splendor, the Bishop is a political ignoramus. Should the Soviet-backed terrorists of the African National Congress [which has been publicly embraced by Tutu] ever seize power in South Africa, the bishop, if he is still alive, would likely enjoy the same accommodations his colleague, Bishop [Abel] Muzorewa, enjoys in 'liberated' Rhodesia: preventive detention."

Other Americans have also found the bishop's view of international affairs puzzling, to say the least. In late 1984, for example, he stunned many observers when he called on a Jewish audience in the United States to pressure Israel to join a boycott of South Africa. Referring to the murder of Palestinians by Christian Phalangists in Lebanon, Bishop Tutu caused his audience to gasp when he said: "After Israel connived in the killing of the Arabs by the gentiles . . . more than a half-million Israelis demonstrated against the actions of their own government."

But the bishop refuses to acknowledge any contradictions or mistakes and regards his disinvestment campaign, and international economic pressure on South Africa generally, as the last resort of a people deprived of every other means of bringing an end to the system they suffer under.

One tragic fact that everyone—black and white—agrees on is that the growing violence must be halted. South Africa has reeled under almost daily killings (over 1,000 people have died since September 1984), and Bishop Tutu has often spoken out against the violence on both sides. After a series of horrific burnings of suspected police informers, for example, he threatened to "collect my bags and leave this country that I love" if it happened again. "I am going to find it difficult to speak up for your liberation," he told a crowd of several thousand near Johannesburg.

Hayter interviewed the bishop in his office, and by telephone, late last year. The interview was subsequently purchased by *Penthouse.* Only days before, Bishop Tutu had told the United Nations that South Africa should be made to face global punitive sanctions unless radical changes were underway within six months. There were four areas in which he said that the South African government could show that it meant business: abolish the migrant-labor system; allow the unionization of black workers; abandon the influx-control system, which determines which blacks may live in the cities and the conditions under which they may do so; and invest significant amounts of money in black education.

But his main target, of course, is apartheid itself. He is adamant that this racial-separation system is at the root of the vicious cycle of violence and that it will have to be abandoned before there is any chance of real peace.

Penthouse: Just to set the scene, what is black life like in South Africa?

Tutu: Well, basically a life of deprivation, of being deprived access to all kinds of things, deprived access to the decision-making processes of the country and, consequently, you always end up getting the rough end of the deal, the thin end of the stick.

Penthouse: Can you be more specific?

Tutu: For instance, in terms of land resources, the blacks—who form the vast majority of this country, 80 percent of the population—have 13 percent of the land, and the 20 percent who are white and have political power, which gives access to all other kinds of power, have 87 percent of the land. You are told where to live, and you live in a ghetto. It hasn't got streetlights, usually, or all the other amenities that people take for granted in a well-planned suburb of Johannesburg—streetlights, tarred roads, pavements, electricity, water-borne sewerage, public libraries, cinemas, swimming pools. All those things people take for granted, they don't have.

Penthouse: What other ways are blacks getting the "thin end of the stick" in white-ruled South Africa?

Tutu: They pass laws that only apply to blacks. They control rigidly the movement of blacks, where you can be and where you can't be and how long you can be where you are told where to be. The kind of schools you send your children to, the kind of education your children get, which is an education on which the government spends an eighth of what it spends on the education of a white child. Black men are also expected to leave their wives and children in rural areas and come to work in towns as migrant workers, where they live in single-sex hostels. One could go on giving a catalogue, but it boils down to the fact that you are treated as less than human.

Penthouse: Are things getting better or worse at the moment?

Tutu: Things are much worse, much, much worse. In the past we were regarded as citizens of this country and it was an undivided South Africa. Even if we were citizens only in name—and what is a citizen if he does not have political power?—we were South African citizens, and whenever you got a passport you were described as a South African. Then the government came along with its policy of the Bantustans, balkanizing South Africa into ten or so of these unviable monstrosities, the spawnings of race bigotry really gone mad.

Penthouse: Why have you called it apartheid's "final solution"?

Tutu: Because that was what gave rise to the horrendous policy of forced population removals, ending up with three million people being moved from their homes. Stable communities were deliberately destroyed, and people were moved and then "dumped." That is a word you don't use with human beings. You dump rubbish, you dump things, and this is precisely what was happening. Children were placed in situations where you knew they were going to starve. And the father would have to leave his wife and children eking out their miserable existence. We were being denationalized, turned into aliens in our own land.

Penthouse: Aren't certain things getting better?

Tutu: How can you say anything is getting better? They talk about reforms, and what do they do? They deal with little things that are of no consequence.

Penthouse: For example?

Tutu: They will say: "Oh yes, we will now repeal out of the kindness of our hearts the Mixed Marriages and Immorality acts," that portion of it which makes sexual relations between whites and nonwhites a crime. They expect us to go on the rooftops and sing hurrahs. But who passed the law in the first place? What really has changed? Bantu education remains firmly in place, which the children are boycotting because they are opposed to inferior education. We have a new constitution, but it was set up to exclude 73 percent of the population of the country. How can you say anything is getting better?

Penthouse: What would be something that mattered?

Tutu: The Population Registration Act, which has caused so much anguish. I mean, you have had child suicides. They have said they will not change the group areas, that blacks must remain in their ghettos and whites remain in their affluent ghettos. They have done nothing about the things that matter—political power. They want us to sit around waiting for the crumbs the master, out of his generosity, is willing to throw us.

Penthouse: What are the political changes necessary for you to say apartheid has ended?

Tutu: Basically, it is being treated as a citizen. As a citizen I must be free to move freely in the land of my birth. Pass laws, influx control, discriminatory education must go. I must be free to live where I want to live. Group areas must go.

Penthouse: Is the present government capable of doing this?

Tutu: I operate on the basis that every-

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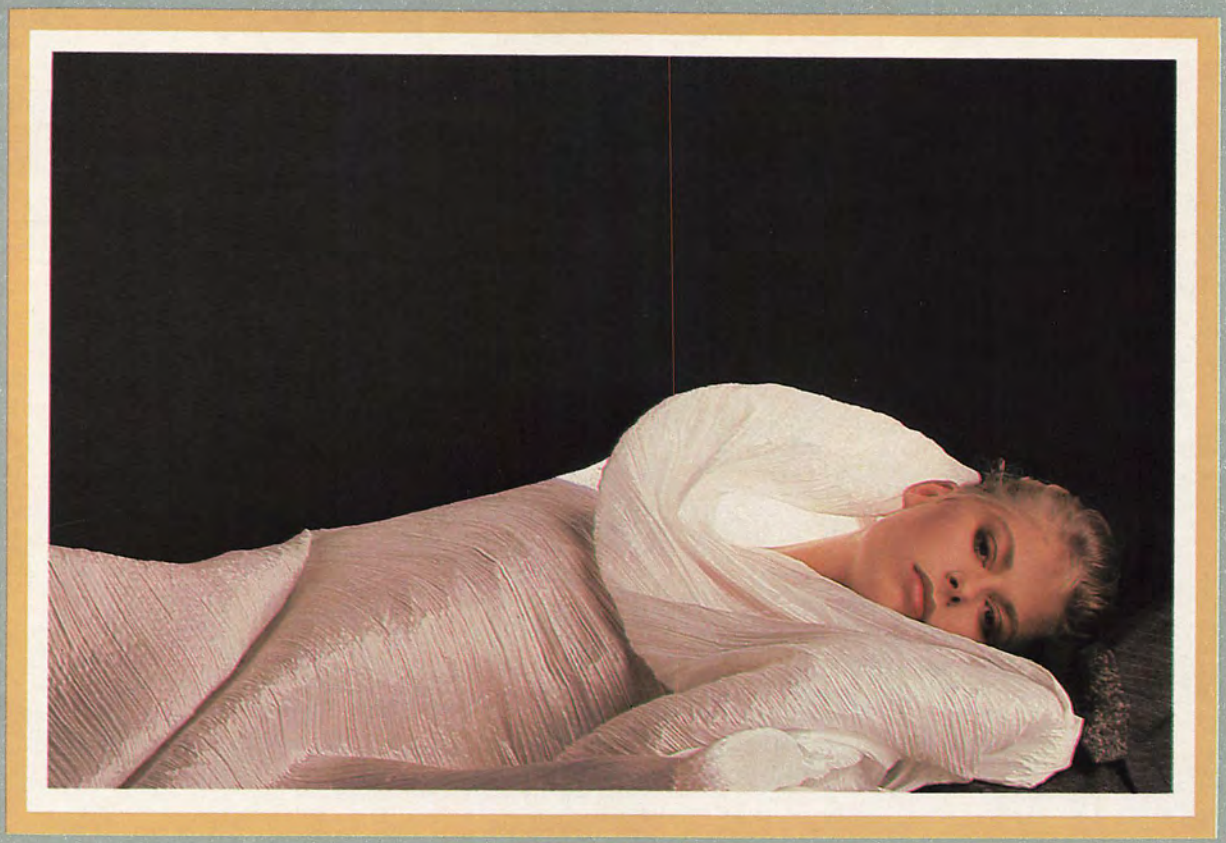
"There is nothing more erotic than the feel of my own warm flesh in the light of solitude."



SUSAN

DANCING BY HERSELF

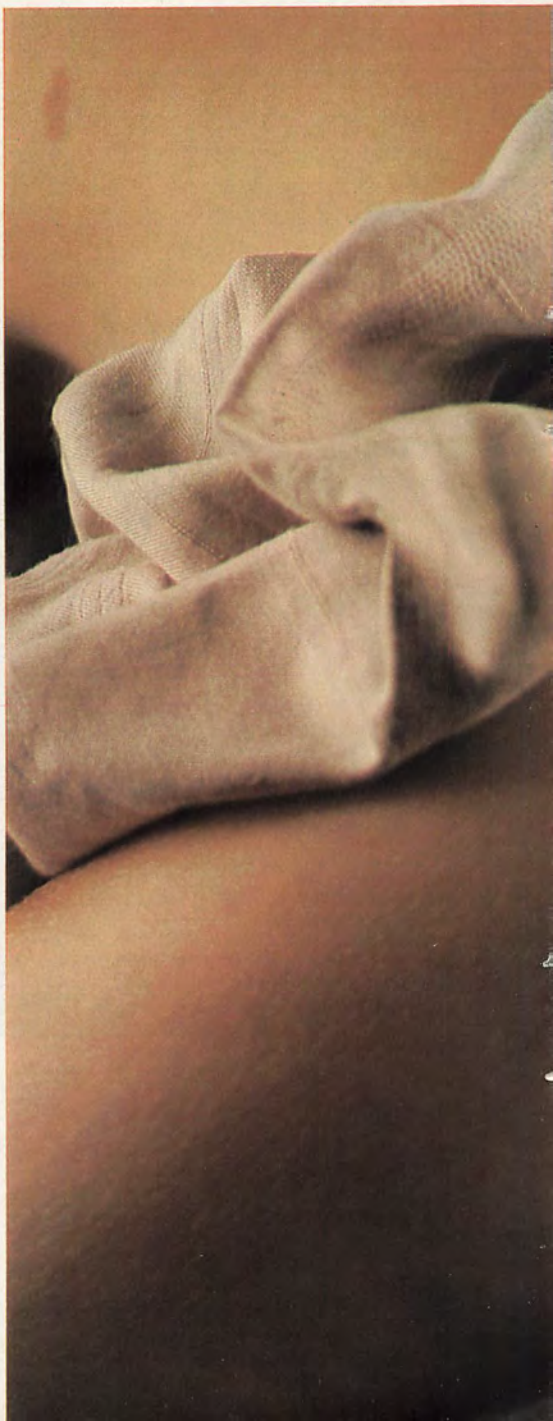
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DIETER SCHMIDT

Susan Gabrielson was not quite 12 when the ballet teacher in Portland took her aside and told her that she had been born to dance. "I don't know whether it was modesty or shyness that kept me from telling him that I had known that all along," she says today. "That was about ten years ago. Since then, I've danced away the nights in more exotic places than I ever thought existed." Since then, too, her girlish body has flowered into measurements that are rare for a dancer of her agility and grace: a captivating 36-23-35. Though her dancing has brought her fame, it is the private moments of her life she cherishes most. "I'm only myself—really myself—when I'm alone," she laughs.

She sweeps her tousled blond hair from her forehead with her left hand, and she smiles. "My favorite moments, the moments when I move most freely, are those dreamy minutes when I'm waking up."

The man in her life is also a dancer. "Robert and I dance well together. We've been to Berlin, Milan, and Osaka with the same company last year. But our best dancing is done far from the stage," she says, glancing toward the lush folds of her sheets.

Susan does not believe that she will dance forever beneath the lights. "There is more to living, more to the world," she sighs. "Dance should reflect life, not consume it."



"You see, there is nothing more erotic," Susan says, "than the feel of my own warm flesh in the light of solitude."

Susan admires Nureyev, who has crossed from the stage to acting. "To me," she says, "movies are dreams, and dreams are things from which we wake. I'd like to be in one someday. Then, I imagine, that would be it. I could return to the countryside near Portland and stay in bed for days on end, dancing wickedly by myself."

MISS SUSAN GABRIELSON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

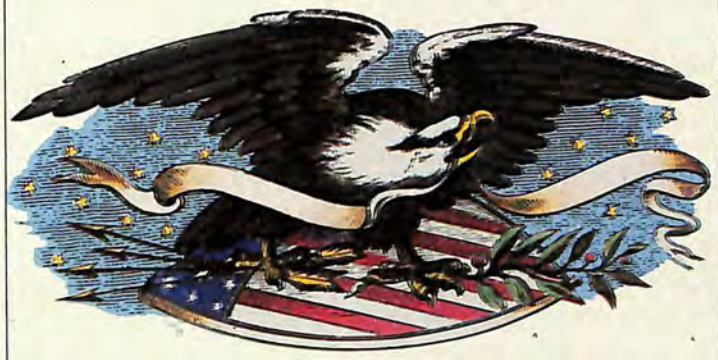
"The new VA administrator's personal relationship with Attorney General Meese is likely to become a liability rather than an asset."

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Major General Thomas K. Turnage, the newly appointed administrator of the Veterans Administration, faces a myriad of problems—not the least of which is to establish his credibility as a spokesman/advocate for his constituency, America's veteran population and the widows and children of deceased veterans. This credibility will have to be earned by word and deed. It is not enough that General Turnage is a veteran of World War II and the Korean conflict. He will be judged, and quite properly so, by those he is expected to represent. As the third VA administrator in five years, Turnage has his work cut out for him. There are simply no easy answers to the many questions that confront the VA in an era of shrinking budgets and deficit-reduction efforts.

General Turnage, who had been the director of Selective Service since 1981, may live to regret his abandoning that quiet, backwater bureaucratic sinecure for the rough-and-tumble world of veterans' politics. Here, his California connections and personal relationship with Attorney General Edwin Meese III are likely to become liabilities rather than assets. And there is little in Turnage's career to indicate a strong capability to manage, lead, and direct a large-scale, diverse, civilian bureaucratic organization. The VA is not the California National Guard. (And the general's attendance at a Harvard University program for senior managers in government hardly constitutes adequate preparation.)

Revolving-door government has produced, in the VA as well as the rest of the government, the worst of all possible worlds: political appointees who don't stick around long enough to learn their jobs and, more importantly, to gain the loyalty of their subordinates. As a soldier, I'm sure General Turnage has heard the adage, "Loyalty is a two-way street." That is, it goes up and it goes down. In Turnage's case, this means that he will have to be loyal to the President and his henchmen as well as to his own "troops"—the veterans—if he is to succeed. This will not be easy because the budget-cutters and deficit-reducers who surround the President have no particular loyalty to veterans.



The VA administrator's job is one of the most difficult in the federal government. Most of the government departments and agencies largely run themselves in the sense that they provide money and tell others what to do; however, because the VA actually delivers services to its constituents and handles cases, appeals, and requests on an individual basis, it requires a hands-on management system which must operate nationwide. In such a system, the morale of its employees is central to its success. Here, we believe, General Turnage will undergo his most severe test. If VA employees come to believe that Turnage is uncaring about them and the veterans they serve, the next three years will surely be a time of torment and bitterness.

To avoid some of that bitterness, we believe that the Reagan administration and General Turnage need to make their rhetoric consistent with the facts of their plans to meet the needs of the veteran population. For example, they extol the patriotism of the veterans of World War II, Korea, and Vietnam and reaffirm the nation's commitment to provide these men and women with a health-care system "second to none" on the one hand, but on the other they propose that in fiscal year 1987, 57,354 fewer veterans receive inpatient treatment and 1.1 million fewer outpatient treatment.

The savings from these measures are estimated to be *three times greater* than those required under the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings Deficit Reduction Act. These budget proposals overlook, or rather omit, the fact that approximately 440,000 veterans eligible for VA health care were turned away in 1985, according to the VA's own data. This shocking fact should be utterly unacceptable to any American citizen, but especially to those fortunate veterans who do not have to rely on the whims of the VA for their health-care needs.

In much of the literature about the Vietnam War, the term "survivor" is frequently used to describe its veterans. It is an appropriate term, yet it has obscured the extent of the sacrifice of the *apparently* unwounded survivors. Their scars, like those of World War II and Korean veterans, don't show; nonetheless, they are real. These men and women, who "but for the grace of God" were fortunate enough not to have been mortally or morbidly wounded on the bloody beaches of Tarawa, in the long thin line withdrawing from the Chosin reservoir in Korea, or during the withering fire of the Tet Offensive at Hue, have been insulted by Reagan's budget proposals.

Instead of referring to them simply as "veterans," or describing them in terms of their service tenure, those who prepared Reagan's budget have chosen to call them "low-priority veterans." Now in their advancing years, many of the low-priority veterans, sick with the debilitating illnesses that characterize those years and with incomes barely above the poverty level, are coming to the Veterans Administration for care. Those who propose that we turn our backs on these so-called low-priority veterans dishonor this nation.—*William R. Corson*

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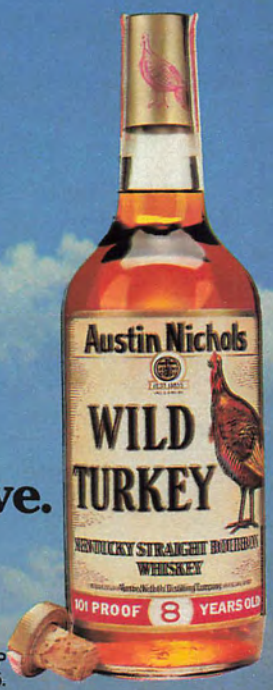

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"Reagan's drive against press leaks may actually be making things easier for spies, because the government already has too many people classifying too much information, whether or not it is truly sensitive."

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY TOM WICKER

The author is a political columnist of *The New York Times* whose "In the Nation" column appears twice a week and is distributed to hundreds of newspapers in the United States and abroad. He is the author of 12 books, the most recent being *Unto This Hour.* He has also written for *The Atlantic Monthly, Columbia Journalism Review, Harper's, The New Yorker,* and *The New Republic.*

A REAL SPY SCANDAL

Suddenly last winter, the government seemed to be infested with spies. In a five-day period, four people were arrested and charged with handing over U.S. secrets to China, the Soviet Union, even Israel.

Not long before, an FBI agent was indicted on charges of spying for the Soviets, and a CIA secretary was arrested for passing information to her Nigerian lover. Together with last summer's Walker family spy case, these events—all serious security breaches and perhaps cumulatively an intelligence disaster—must have many Americans wondering why the government can't protect its secrets.

On December 5 of last year, however, the Reagan administration demonstrated a different concern: preventing government information, whether sensitive or not, from flowing to its own citizens.

That day, at the demand of the Justice Department, Samuel Loring Morison, a former civilian intelligence analyst for the Navy—not a spy but a whistle-blower—was sentenced to two years in prison, under provisions of the Espionage Act. His "crime"? He had released classified photos to a British military magazine that attested to a Soviet naval buildup about which Morison thought the American people ought to know more.

Within weeks, moreover, the administration also proposed to check up on government employees with a lie-detector program so indiscriminate that Secretary of State George Shultz publicly stated his intent to resign if security officers tried to strap him to the infernal machine. President Reagan was forced to exempt Shultz from the test, but lesser officials and employees will not get off so easily.

Neither the Morison precedent nor promiscuous polygraphing, security experts say, will have more than minimal effect on real spies seeking real secrets. But both will greatly enhance the government's ability to conceal any information it wants to keep from the American public and greatly hinder efforts by the press to serve that public's right to know.

How? Just stamp "classified" on government documents, whether secrecy is warranted or not, and the threat of criminal prosecution under the Espionage Act—the Morison precedent—will be a potent deterrent to whistle-blowers and leakers. Samuel Morison, after all, did not pass information to a foreign power and was not charged with doing so. Defense witnesses said he did not damage national security, and the prosecution could not establish that he did. Certainly, his intent was the opposite.

Yet he was charged, convicted, and sentenced—the first time a conviction under the Espionage Act had been sought or obtained for what was clearly a whistle-blower's action. The Morison precedent thus turns a law against spies into a jerry-built official secrets act—although Congress has consistently refused to pass such a law, which would be aimed

not at spies but at preventing and/or punishing the *public* disclosure of information.

And while lie detectors may not be very accurate or effective in practice, the threat of having to take such a test and the real possibility of failing it (positive results are often a reflection of nervousness rather than guilt) will be another strong weapon against government employees going public, as Morison did. He never tried to conceal what he'd done; but most whistle-blowers do, in fear of losing their jobs.

That the government's purpose in the Morison prosecution was to shut off leaks to the press, regardless of whether real security information was involved, is not in doubt. When Morison's lawyers advocated probation for their client, Assistant U.S. Attorney Michael Schatzow replied that unless Morison was sent to prison, other government employees would "think that what he did was not very serious, that the court does not think it was very serious, and that it is okay to do it."

Schatzow also decried with false logic the idea that the case threatened the press. The leaked photos had been "published by the *Washington Post* and the TV networks, and nobody has prosecuted them," he said.

No—because the identity of the leaker was known. But suppose that in some similar case it was *not* known who had released classified information?

The government would only have to demand that a publication or broadcaster, or a reporter or editor, identify the source of the leaked material. If that person, or persons, refused to do so, they could be ordered to by a court; if they still refused, they could be jailed for contempt.

So the Morison precedent is a double-edged sword. It threatens both whistle-blower and reporter with imprisonment, not for espionage but for serving the public's right to know.

Not only Congress has refused to adopt that kind of policy by passing an official secrets act, even the Reagan administration has rejected a proposal for such a law—offered, predictably, by William J. Casey, the CIA director. He would have made it a crime for a government employee to release classified information that "reasonably could be expected to damage the national security"—purposely fuzzy language covering just about anything.

The administration's cooler heads turned down that proposal, under which a leak about, say, Casey's stock-market wheeling-and-dealing might be "reasonably expected" (at least by him) to damage national security. But they more clearly rejected Casey's inept method than his bad idea.

"If you're going to do something like that," an unidentified official told the press, "you don't do it as an obscure provision in a CIA authorization bill," as Casey had proposed.

Translated, that means that Congress is too sensitive to the public and the press to let an official secrets act slip through. If the administration wants that kind of legislation, it would have to gear up for a major congressional battle, one it might well lose—and with it, perhaps a good deal of political clout.

But why should the President's men take that kind of risk now? What neither the administration nor Congress would do openly, the Justice Department and a federal court, in the Morison case, have done indirectly. To the extent the administration wants to use it, it already has an official secrets act without benefit of legislation—and even if it doesn't use it, the *possibility* of its use will silence a lot of whistle-blowers who aren't eager to join Sam Morison in the slammer.

Ironically, the drive against leakers may be making things easier for spies. That's because the government already has too many people classifying too much information, whether or not it is truly sensitive, and too few security officers to clear, with sufficient competence, the millions of government employees who require access to all that classified information.

Believe it or not, *millions* is right. In June 1985, 330,000 people were cleared for "confidential information" (many in defense industries), 3.5 million for "secret," 600,000 for "top secret," and 100,000 for "sensitive compartmented" information. Applications for new clearances were coming in at the rate of 200,000 a year, and government employees were being rechecked, on the average, only about every 17 years—instead of every five years, as supposedly required by law. That's one good reason it's so hard to catch "moles" like Larry Wu-Tai Chin, a trusted CIA translator for 30 years, who was convicted of spying for China. After 15 years at the agency, Chin passed the only lie-detector test he was given.

But the effect of the Morison case probably will be to *increase* the number of documents and the amount of information the government classifies—so that it can be held a crime to make any of it available to the press and the public. That, in turn, will mean more government employees requiring clearances—which means even fewer will be frequently and properly rechecked. Moles will be glad to hear it.

It's by no means clear that the security agencies have the tools to dig out moles and effectively guard government secrets from spies; the Reagan administration seems determined to focus, instead, on its campaign against leakers. That makes a crucial matter of Samuel Loring Morison's appeal, which undoubtedly will reach the Supreme Court and ought to be supported by every publisher and broadcaster in America.

For if his conviction is not overturned, the administration can—and I believe will—continue the clearest challenge to freedom of the press and the public's right to know since Richard Nixon's injunction against the Pentagon Papers in 1971.

WATER TRADE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

adultery. It is her lover and the father of her bastard child, the Puritan parson, who is tortured by guilt, even though his crime remains concealed and—until he publicly reveals his culpability—he suffers no public shame at all.

In Japan the cultural obsessions are, as they always have been, reversed. Japanese life is full of subtle taboos which, to the ceaseless bemusement, and frequent horror, of the communally minded, relatively outer-directed Japanese, we *gaijin* (Occidentals) violate constantly, simply because they are as meaningless to us as our traditional guilt-ridden priggishness is to the Japanese themselves. Yet for a Japanese to disregard these mores would be unforgivable—the cause for total embarrassment and shame.

Or to put it less abstractly, there is simply no reason in Japanese culture why someone should *not* indulge his fantasies of chicken wire and vinyl. So long as he acts out his fantasy in the proper place, at the proper time, he has no reason to be ashamed of it—and certainly no reason to feel guilty about it at all.

The preoccupation with paraphernalia, too, is characteristic of Japanese culture, not just the *mizushobai* subculture. At least since the Meiji Restoration—when, after centuries of national isolation under the shogunate, or hereditary prime-ministerial dictatorship, the Japanese threw open their doors to the outside world and began the massive, but selective, assimilation of Western technology and manners—the Japanese have delighted in making Occidental invention serve Oriental need.

"There is a peculiarly Japanese obsession with the software of sex," says Minato Asakawa, deputy editor in chief of the Japanese edition of *Penthouse*, explaining this phenomenon.

Finally, there is the fact that fantasy is a prominent feature of many different levels of life in Japan, not just in the realm of sex.

"Millions of Japanese own complete sets of golf clubs and whole wardrobes of golfing clothes," notes Murray Sayle, "who never have and never will set foot on a golf course." For such people the paraphernalia of golf is of far greater importance than chasing a little white ball around the Japanese countryside. For them, the golfing life may be limited to a putting green or driving range, in downtown Tokyo or Osaka, no larger than an American backyard. But the software of golf provides a quick, safe, and affordable escape from the regimentation of corporate life.

Like many peoples, the Japanese—especially when they go out for the night, and after they have had a few drinks—like to sing. But in Japan this almost never happens the way it would in a German beer hall, an English pub, or an American bar. For one thing, the communal, conformist Japanese almost never sing in groups.

Instead, in some little dive not much larger than an American phone booth, where at most a half-dozen regulars fill all the stools around a tiny bar, the *mama-san* puts on a tape and hands one of her customers a microphone. The tape plays the orchestration of a pop song. But there is no voice track.

The man with the microphone takes a sip of sake as the violins and saxophones begin to play. Then (though he speaks no English) he begins to sing "My Way." For a brief but treasured moment he no longer is a tiny cog in the giant Sony, Mitsubishi, or Toyota machine. He is what he is when he puts on his golf gear or takes it off, or when he puts on the gorilla suit—not just an individual, but the master of his fate, a star, Frank Sinatra!

> The sex service industry now caters to Japanese women with the same inventiveness it has always used to fulfill the fantasies of Japan's men.

Japan remains preeminently a man's country. But one consequence of the growing numbers of OLs ("office ladies," or female corporate executives) is that what Minato Asakawa calls the "sex service industry" now caters to women with the same inventiveness it has always used to fulfill the fantasies of Japan's men.

At Hercules—a host, as opposed to hostess, club—the employees all use professional names like Thor, Jupiter, and Apollo. They wear togas for their female customers, though with a paradigmatically Japanese twist. The togas have special clasps which allow the customers to remove them without difficulty. At Caesar, another host club in the Kabuki-cho neighborhood of Shinjuku, the employees wear tuxedos. Here the harassed OL, for ten or 15 thousand yen, can escape the pressures of corporate success for an evening and fulfill her fantasy of a tryst with a Japanese Julio Iglesias. At other host clubs, the men dress as cowboys or impersonate romantic movie stars.

Meanwhile, the water trade pursues its quest for the ultimate turn-on as obsessively as Japanese industry pursues its quest for the ultimate export. One of the most popular new services offers fulfillment of what might be called the "television sports-car commercial" fantasy. For a fee of about one hundred dollars, a sexy girl driving an equally sexy foreign automobile (usually a Mercedes or BMW; in Japan only pimps drive American cars) picks up her customer at a place of his choosing.

Then, as in the fade-out of every successful automobile advertisement, man, girl, and car accelerate romantically into the night.

The result of such sexual permissiveness—paradoxical only by our Western standards—no doubt is to strengthen that essential discipline in Japanese life which helps explain not only Japan's immense trade surplus, but so much else of that country's success as well.

Why walk out on your wife, why tell the boss to go to hell—why opt for an "alternative lifestyle"—when even your most baroque urges can be satisfied, so long as you work hard enough and long enough to pay for them?

For an American in Tokyo, a foray into the world of *mizushobai* thus offers a glimpse not just of the occasional kinkiness, but of the essential orderliness of Japan and the Japanese.

The hostesses—and hosts—may preside over orgies. But many of them are union members, their pay, hours, and professional hygiene meticulously regulated. Even in the wildest sections of Shinjuku, violent crime is nonexistent by American standards (and utterly unthinkable against foreigners). Streetwalkers are virtually unknown. (Prostitution, unlike bottomless coffee houses, topless boxing, and "language academies," is, after all, illegal in Japan.) Use of drugs is even more rare than visits to a psychiatrist.

And for all the availability of sexual stage props, one kind of sexual fantasy fulfillment—military—is simply not to be had in Japan. The outcome of World War II seems to have permanently purged the Japanese of any fascination, political or sexual, with uniforms and related paraphernalia. However bizarre his nocturnal amusements, you can be sure the Japanese libertine you encounter tonight not only will be nonviolent, but will have turned back into a dutiful husband, loving father, and loyal employee by morning.

We Westerners spend years and fortunes trying to "integrate" our lives. But the Japanese seem to do just fine by making their lives deliberately nonintegrated—by never dreaming of wearing the gorilla suit at the office, or the business suit in the love hotel.

Could it be that here, too, not just in the manufacture of motor cars and stereo sets, we Americans have something to learn from the people who have learned so much from us?

Pet of the Year PLAY-OFF

Many are called, but — alas — few can be chosen. Here, culled from dozens of the sexiest women in the world, are the finalists in the 1985 Pet of the Year Play-Off. To remind you of the spectacular attributes of this Quartet of Beauty (as if you could forget!), we're reviewing their unique talents in this special Play-Off pictorial. Now, as usual, it's your turn. You've got to choose one of these lovely lasses as the first among equals — the 16th Annual Penthouse Pet of the Year. We'll make her reign extra special by awarding a veritable bonanza of bounty to the lady of your choice — hundreds of thousands of dollars in cash, prizes, and gifts. Each one of these finalists has a healthy, lusty competitive desire to ascend to the throne when it's vacated by reigning Pet of the Year, Cody Carmack (above). Magnificent Mindy ... the exotic Fasha ... and the two Angelas ... they await your pleasure. And we'd say that puts you right in the catbird seat. Pounce by picking your favorite and sending her name to: Pet of the Year, Penthouse International, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.

MINDY FARRAR
November 1984

The gorgeous 37-23-34 figure might suggest all the bounty of the heartland, but Kansas-born Mindy Farrar has swung full throttle into the glamour of her adopted L.A. — and, she hopes, into possession of the coveted Pet of the Year title. She's carried her heartland values into the big city. "I'm old-fashioned enough to believe women aren't equal to men and should let them take the lead." But we'd bet this charmer is leading lots of men around by the nose.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

FASHA
April 1985

With delightful abandon, the lithe, long, and lovely Fasha describes herself as an unabashed "sex maniac." Her happy childhood in a warm Italian family has made her secure enough to enjoy her sensuality. Our 34-22-34 San Bernardino hedonist will never be accused of playing it safe, although one might be tempted to ask her to play it again. "I like making love in public places where I might get caught." And we'd love to be the one to get caught with her.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

ANGELA MINEO
December 1984

Fast cars and leisurely foreplay head the list of Angela Marie's favorite things. That gives you some idea of the exuberant lifestyle of this brash and beautiful Las Vegas 20-year-old. A tad precocious, Angela is already an AKC-registered breeder of Pekingese puppies. She loves the thrills of the human version of puppy love, too. "After the initial excitement wears off, I'm ready for someone new." One goal that doesn't waver: being chosen Pet of the Pets. Says the 36-24-35 Angela: "I'm full speed ahead no matter what I do."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER

ANGELA NICHOLAS

August 1985

Second to none, Angela, surname Nicholas, is a first-rate beauty with a delicate, animated presence. The 34-22-34½ Pet of the Year prospect won a dance scholarship to N.Y.U. at the ripe old age of 17, and she's been footloose ever since. But she stands firm on her taste in men: "I like men who are strong and know what they want." Around Angela, knowing what you want would be easy.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BOB GUCCIONE

Gulliver could see
everything. He could see right
into the soul of Vietnam.
And there was one terrible, violent
night that he could never forget.

SAND MAN

FICTION BY NICHOLAS PROFFITT

The old man was seated on a wooden table,
his scrawny legs spread wide in a V, his ankles lashed at
the corners with loops of synthetic cord.
He was naked and a knife, the kind the Americans
called a K-bar, had been stuck through his
scrotum, down low and away from the testes where the
skin was loose and wattled like the skin on the
neck of a chicken. The point of the blade fixed the old man
to the table as surely as a pin held an insect
to a collector's board. It was not as painful as it looked;
it was the *idea* of it that hurt so.
The old man wept quietly, with as much dignity and as
little movement as he could manage. His eyes

PAINTING BY KUNIO HAGIO

were shut in a moist squint and his mouth worked, but he made no noise; a victory of sorts.

Even so, pain and terror rose like twin vapors off his sweat-slicked skin, giving up a metallic scent as tangible, as real, as the fishy odor of *nuoc-mam* that came through his dilated pores and mingled with the stink of the thin dribble leaking from his rectum to produce an acrid musk, a miasma that filled the hut like a foul fog.

An American with hair the color of fine beach sand, so closely cropped that it resembled a skullcap, watched from a corner. His long face, gaunt and yellow, the hue of ancient parchments, was bunched with distaste. He squatted Vietnamese-style, back on his heels, his feet flat, his rump barely off the floor. He held a submachine gun by its pistol grip, his elbow propped *en pointe* on his thigh. He wore loose-fitting black pajamas and sandals made from old tires.

A few feet from the American stood an unusually tall Vietnamese with his arms folded across his chest, a chest broad and bare but for a single bandolier. His back rested lightly against the thatch wall and his face was empty and impassive, shut tight as a graveyard gate.

Another Vietnamese half-stood, half-sat at the table, one foot on the packed-dirt floor, one buttock on the table. He watched the old man's face closely, taking his pleasure there, smiling genially and waggling the handle of the knife with a playful finger. A dozen more Vietnamese, all heavily armed, lounged outside, watching over a squalling woman and six quiet, wide-eyed children. Now and then, one of the men would poke his head in the door for a quick peek, then pull back to brief the others.

The silence in the hut's single room was ruffled only by the old man's croupy breathing. It was a suffocating silence that gathered strength with every heartbeat. It created an ear-popping pressure, like that at the fringe of a typhoon, the kind that drove more sensitive animals mad and could do the same to men if it went on too long.

The American was first to fidget, first to concede that there was need of some kind of relief. His agitated face held the conviction that if this tableau were not soon broken they all could spend eternity precisely like that, forever locked in place. But just when he seemed about to speak, the tall Vietnamese gave a brief nod and the man at the table grasped the knife firmly by the handle and worked it free. There was surprisingly little blood.

The tall Vietnamese pushed away from the wall and came at the old man, moving languidly, without haste, a creature confident of its quarry, a cat advancing on a crippled bird. As he approached the table, his empty face changed, the blank page first dissolving, then reconstituting and filling with a miscellany of emotions: admiration, sympathy, even affection.

"It is time, old one," he said softly, soothingly. "It is time for you to talk to me. You have shown great courage today, but there is no need, no reason at all, for you to endure any more. No one could ask more of you. But it is time for you to talk to me now."

The old man continued to cry silently, but he opened his eyes, looking to verify the new note of kindness in the quiet voice, alert to any sign of salvation.

"Tell me first about this strange room you have under your house and how it came to be there," the tall man said, nodding at the large hole in the center of the hut floor where a set of crudely hacked steps descended into darkness. The hole had been hidden with plywood topped with dirt. It had taken the Provincial Reconnaissance Unit less than a minute to find it beneath the family's sleeping mats, and only a few minutes more to bring up the large earthenware urns full of cooked rice, the B-40 rockets, the bangalore torpedoes, the worn canvas knapsacks stuffed with medical supplies.

The old man did not answer right away. He was looking down between his legs in morbid fascination, assessing the damage. He seemed vaguely reassured by what he saw there. He looked back to the tall man, careful not to let his eyes meet those of his tormentor, his *savior*, lest it be interpreted as disrespectful. "It belongs to the other men," the old man said in a tremulous voice.

"Tell me about the other men," the tall man crooned.

"The other men come at night," said the old man, his voice steadying. "They say they are going to make a place under our house, a place to put things. They say if we make trouble about this they will kill our buffalo so that we cannot work our fields. They say that if we tell of the place under our house they will kill us, too; they will cut off our heads so that our spirits will wander and never find peace."

"How many of these other men come?"

The old man answered quickly, almost eagerly, his resistance jettisoned as though he could not imagine now what had made him cling to it so tenaciously, so foolishly. A wise man did not fear that which was out of sight when there was something to fear right in front of him. He shrugged thin, tired shoulders and said, "Sometimes one or two, sometimes five or six, sometimes more."

"How often do they come?"

"Why, whenever they please, of course," the old man said with a bravado unthinkable only a few moments before, clearly amazed at the question, a silly question.

The tall man gave no sign of being offended. "And how long do they stay?" he asked.

The old man shrugged. "Sometimes

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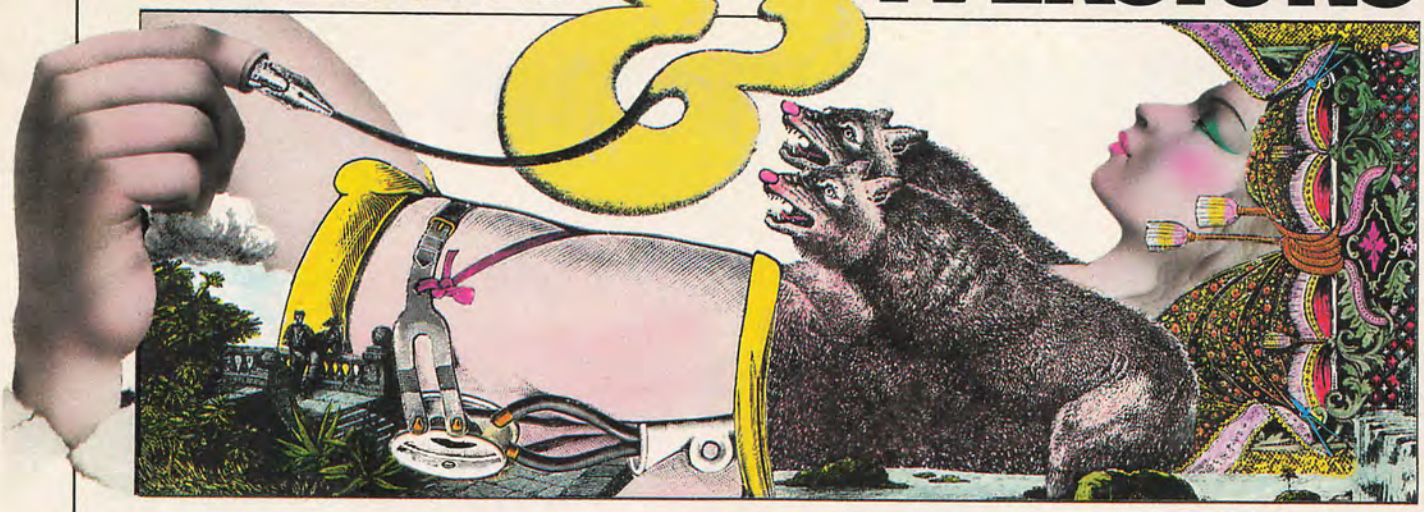
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



FRAILTIES AND FOIBLES

During its telecast of the Super Bowl, NBC blocked out one full minute to let viewers go to the bathroom.

BAD KARMA

Pierre Cardin was hired by Soviet authorities to design a special line of clothing for that nation's workers which will "express the spirit of France in the Soviet Union."

HIGHS AND LOWS

A Richmond, Virginia, doctor told the IRS he did not file tax returns for three years because of a "severe depression" caused by "personal and business problems."

MODERN LIVING

An octogenarian couple married for more than 50 years, were evicted from a nursing home in Mississippi after they demanded that they be allowed to sleep together.

An appearance by actress Susan Sarandon on the "CBS Morning News" was canceled after a Florida affiliate termed her appearance "sacrilegious" because she is a single mother.

Some business executives now use an electronic pager that sounds a false signal during boring meetings. Announcing that the signal means an important call, those wearing the beepers then leave to have a drink.

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

WRETCHED EXCESSES

Prisoners in Brazil, to dramatize their complaints about prison overcrowding, held lotteries in which the winners were executed "to make more room" in the cells.

A Valley Stream, New York, man was arrested for demanding sex from a woman as a reward for returning her lost cat. (From Robert Messina, Lake Grove, N.Y.)

Senator Edward Kennedy's personal bodyguard was arrested after trying to enter a Senate office building with what police said were two submachine guns, a pistol, and 146 rounds of ammunition.

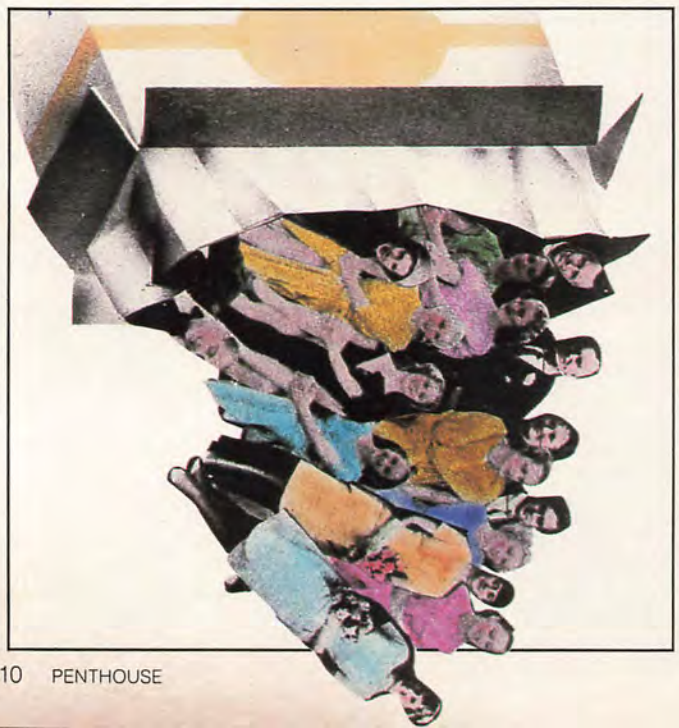
One of the hostages seized last year in the dramatic hijacking of the TWA jet that later wound up in Beirut demanded that the airline credit him with 11,000 miles under its "frequent flyer" program. (From Michael Lorton, Washington, D.C.)

Carnival workers in Baltimore dangled a fellow employee by his ankles from a crane and held him chained for two days without food or water as a way to "motivate" him and "cure his lazy habits."

WORST NEW PRODUCTS

A San Francisco jeweler offers a toilet seat of 24-carat gold, with a rim lined in white mink and the seat underside encrusted with 312 valuable jewels. Cost: $250,000. (From James Ulan, Longmeadow, Calif.)

A Brooklyn, New York, doll maker offers a line of "Baby Jesus Dolls," which come with halos that glow in the dark and a blue blanket called "swaddling clothes," and are available in "Anglo, Hispanic and black models."



LIFE AT THE TOP

During a visit to New York City, former Philippine first lady Imelda Marcos reportedly spent $2.5 million on a shopping trip, including a two-and-a-half-hour tour of Bloomingdale's.

LIFE OF THE PARTY

A literary awards dinner in Sydney, Australia, degenerated into a near-riot after a leading politician gave a boring speech that was interrupted by booing and catcalls. Following that, one publisher, accepting a prize on behalf of an absent poet, said that the prizewinner "would want to praise his publisher," and—interrupted by even louder booing—proceeded to do so. Then a woman publisher became so raucous, someone took the microphone to suggest that "somebody stick a bread roll in her mouth." The prize-winning poem was read, but was interrupted by another publisher, who yelled that its beauty had given him an erection, which he attempted to demonstrate. The dinner broke up shortly afterward.

WISHFUL THINKING

Officials of the Bay Area Rapid Transit system in Oakland, California, removed posters showing a bikini-clad model after a woman station agent filed a sexual-harassment charge, claiming that the posters inspired passengers to make sexually suggestive remarks to her.

CLASS ACTS

An Oregon medical examiner was threatened with dismissal after it was discovered that he was selling pituitary glands from bodies that were being housed in the morgue to raise money for office parties.

Australian defense officials recently ordered that all of their tank guns be waterproofed by the use of condoms.

RAMPANT ACHIEVERS

A group of six Harvard University freshmen organized a business called "Sperm Busters," which guaranteed delivery of contraceptives anywhere on campus from 8 P.M. to 2 A.M. The service offered its "Freedom-Fighter Regular," a popular 75-cent condom, or the $1.50 "God, I Need It Now" special, an all-new, all-lubricated, silky-soft, see-through condom to be delivered in four minutes or less. University officials ordered the business closed on the grounds that Harvard specifically prohibits students from running businesses out of the dormitories. (From Victor Boggio, New York, N.Y.)

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"God gave women shopping for one true reason. To have an orgasm. If you want to watch a woman have an orgasm, go over to Saks Fifth Avenue and watch when she says, 'Charge it.' "

—Joan Rivers

KNOCK ON WOOD

Tennis star John McEnroe says that he is frustrated because he has been unable to learn how to play guitar after four years of trying.

NEW WORLD RECORDS

A Davenport, Iowa, radio announcer was suspended after playing the song "Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer" 27 times in less than four hours.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Dreams & Diversions" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Dreams & Diversions, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

BISHOP TUTU

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

body is a saint until proven contrary. I still believe that they have enough intelligence in their heads to realize that their best interests are served when there is justice.

Penthouse: Do you think that President P. W. Botha is sincere when he says that he wants change?

Tutu: I assume that a person is a gentleman, and therefore I take him at his word. But anyone with power—it has nothing to do with color—will do all he can to retain that power. The thing is how they retain power. They retain it at the expense of the humanity of other people.

Penthouse: Do you believe that we are seeing the beginning of a civil war, with the Army occupying townships and daily violence?

Tutu: The civil war started long ago. We have South African fighting South African. It is a civil war of low intensity. What is frightening is the possibility of it escalating into full-scale bloody strife.

Penthouse: Are black people so angry that they will soon reject nonviolent leaders like yourself?

Tutu: Oh, but that is obvious. You remain a leader as long as you have the confidence of the people, and usually it is because you are delivering the goods, or they think you have the capacity to deliver the goods. But as time goes by you jettison a leader who doesn't deliver. My own surprise is to discover that they still accept our leadership when we have nothing to show for our nonviolence.

Penthouse: Is peaceful change still possible?

Tutu: Well, we are in the business of trying to insure that the level of violence and bloodshed is kept as low as possible. We can't talk about peaceful change. I talk about reasonably peaceful changes. The South African situation is violent and the primary violence is the violence of apartheid. I would say, however, there is an outside chance of bringing significant change peacefully.

Penthouse: Since you were awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, you are perceived around the world as the chief peacemaker in South Africa. How do you feel about that role?

Tutu: It is an awesome responsibility. You find that you are moving against the current a great deal and end up being caught between two forces, those who think you are too moderate and those who think you are too radical. So you end up being chewed up.

Penthouse: Your opponents say a priest should stay out of politics. What do you say to them?

Tutu: That is only said by people who benefit by an unjust dispensation. Do you ever hear victims anywhere in the world say that?

Penthouse: Why have you asked the United Nations to pursue a policy of disinvestment in South Africa?

Tutu: There are three ways you can change a political situation you don't like: You can vote the people out of power, but blacks can't do that because they can't vote. You can overthrow it violently, but we are trying not to do so. And you can use peaceful ways and strategies instead of violence, and we call on the international community to help us with a peaceful strategy to persuade the government that it is time they went to the conference table.

Penthouse: Many whites believe that you want total economic war declared on the country. What is your reaction?

Tutu: It's up to them. You are saying that we don't need to have sanctions, but we must bring changes. We can't sit around and have our three-year-olds killed by the police while people expect us to have equanimity. We can't sit around and have other people decide for us where we should live. I don't want to see this country destroyed and could have long ago called for sanctions. We went to the government five years ago, pleading—if you do one, two, three, four, I will be the first to say give government a chance. They thought they could ride it out because the international community was dragging its heels, as it still does. Mr. Reagan, Mr. Kohl, Mrs. Thatcher are Botha's greatest allies. He knows that they will protect him from his vicious policies.

Penthouse: Are blacks aware that they may suffer the most with disinvestment?

Tutu: They believe that. They were asked, "Do you know you will lose jobs?" They have answered by saying that if that is how we are going to bring change in this country, what is the point of being a slave in paradise? White people think we have such a wonderful time. Would they change places with us?

Penthouse: Do you think the struggle of black people in South Africa is comparable to the civil rights struggle of black Americans?

Tutu: There are certain similar features that make it comparable: People are discriminated against on the basis of color, becoming victims of injustice, oppression, and exploitation. Blacks in both countries have generally used nonviolent methods to fight this, and the ministry has played a significant role in the leadership of the struggle. But there is a very important difference. In America blacks were claiming rights that were guaranteed to them under the Constitution. The law of the land was on their side. Here the constitution is against us, and what we are struggling for are fundamental human rights.

Penthouse: Have American whites acted differently from their South African coun-

"I take it you're not in the mood?"

terparts toward civil rights struggles in their respective countries?

Tutu: Martin Luther King knew that many in America would be appalled and outraged when they saw police attacking defenseless people, nonviolent people, as did Gandhi in India. He knew that in England there would be a [white] constituency that would be morally outraged. But in South Africa we don't seem to have that moral minimum standard.

Penthouse: Are you saying that white people are insensitive to the sufferings of blacks?

Tutu: I don't think they get appalled. Shouldn't they have been appalled by 69 people being killed at Sharpeville? Shouldn't they be appalled that many hundreds have been killed? Children are being put in jail. Where is the moral outrage?

Penthouse: But many people *are* appalled.

Tutu: And then do what? It's nice being appalled in the comfort of your home and feel morally outraged. It's no skin off your nose. The moral outrage I am talking about is one that makes a government sit up and take notice, like the Vietnam War.

Penthouse: Do you think the multinational companies in South Africa are trying to end apartheid?

Tutu: Well, they have suddenly become a lot more vocal.

Penthouse: Why do you think that is?

Tutu: We are not very suspicious creatures, but we note the coincidence between their sudden awareness of political and social responsibilities, and the step-up overseas in the pace for disinvestment, and the action of those banks which pulled the carpet from under the rand.

Penthouse: Do you think it is a fair comparison when people say that black people in South Africa are materially better off than in countries of northern Africa?

Tutu: People don't say things that are fair. People say things that score points. The answer is very straightforward: I am not a Mozambiquan. I am not a Zambian. I am not a Nigerian. I am a South African, and I think the fairest comparison is with my fellow South Africans.

Penthouse: Is there any African nation that can serve as a model for South Africa?

Tutu: Botswana is a land regarded as one of the few genuine multiparty democracies. It's interesting that the world did not notice when [Tanzanian] President [Julius] Nyerere stepped down without any upheaval. If there was a coup in his country, we would not have heard the end of it. It happened also in the Cameroons. These things are not played up, but played down. You only play up the horrible things.

Penthouse: Tribal conflict is a problem in many African nations. People fear that this will happen in South Africa. Can it be avoided?

Tutu: There isn't any guarantee that I can give. However, people have very short

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CHARCOAL MELLOWED FOR SMOOTHNESS

historical memories. There is no tribalism in the United States, but one of the first things that happened after their independence was the Civil War. There's no tribalism in Northern Ireland, and look what they are doing there. It is the government that has tried to play up tribalism. We do have factional fights, but the people who fight are people who live under very unnatural conditions.

Penthouse: Are you saying that the issue of tribalism in South Africa is not real?

Tutu: I don't say it's not possible that large groups that know they have a numerical strength might not try to exploit that. But our history has been one where we have made great play of the fact when people ask what you are, in fact trying to find out what tribe you belong to, people say, "I am an African."

Penthouse: Can you allay the feelings of many whites who believe one day blacks will take terrible retribution on whites in South Africa?

Tutu: You can't give them any guarantees, because what guarantee can you give them? Even if you put it into a constitution, whites have shown that even so-called entrenched clauses are not worth the paper on which they are written. I think they have to look at the things that have happened. You had a bloody struggle in Kenya—you had the Mau Mau—and you would have thought that the last place whites would have been able to survive in after independence would be Kenya. Yet Kenya turned out to be one of the most stable places in the world. Look at Zimbabwe. Hasn't Mr. Mugabe done one of the most extraordinary things in his first government when he appointed two whites to his cabinet? He spoke of the policy of his government as reconciliation, rehabilitation, and reconstruction. Remarkable.

Penthouse: If there was a black government in South Africa, would you still speak out on injustice?

Tutu: I've done so. Last year, speaking in Nairobi, I referred to the fact in many African countries there is less freedom than there was in colonial days. I can't say something is evil because it is perpetrated by whites, then suddenly the same thing is not evil because it is perpetrated by blacks. That is why I do not actually belong to a political organization.

Penthouse: But haven't you supported the United Democratic Front?

Tutu: I have been a patron of the UDF and been in the National Forum, but basically I think one has to to be able to maintain what is called a critical distance, so that you can always say, "Thus says the Lord."

Penthouse: What do you say to people who claim that you want a Marxist government in South Africa?

Tutu: I am not employed by any political organization. I have no political ambitions. I care about this country and I'm my own master, except that I owe allegiance to Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. The things I say are based on his teachings. I have said I do not like capitalism. I would like to see a compassionate sharing, maybe a socialist kind of dispensation.

Penthouse: What is your vision of what you would like South Africa to be like in ten years?

Tutu: In a nutshell, I would like to be able to see a government where P. W. Botha could very well be state president and Nelson Mandela prime minister, and where we can make appointments to government based entirely on ability. It might take some doing, but when we look back we would ask, why were we so crazy for so long? Can you imagine the energies that would be released—energies that are presently locked up either in trying to defend something that is fundamentally undefensible or in opposing that system? Look at all the army units that are in the townships. These are man and woman hours which could be spent far more profitably in other things. People would be living where they could afford to live. There [still] would be the discrimination that came from wealth, education, and culture, but we would be asking, why did we impoverish ourselves so much, and not just materially? Apart from having spent so much money on defense, on police, we have impoverished this country by depressing the black community's earning capacity, and therefore its spending capacity, by artificially low wages which initially appeared cheap, but in the long run proved very expensive.

Penthouse: Does your hope for the future include blacks and whites living side by side?

Tutu: Can you imagine the enrichment that would come to many white people if they had known at close quarters someone like Steve Biko, Albert Luthuli, Robert Sobukwe? What makes a man of that type tick so that after 25 years he can still say he is not prepared to accept release on conditions that are unacceptable to him? What kind of person is that? And we can help to exorcise from one another the things that distort our humanity, because at the present time our humanity is distorted by hatred, animosity, and suspicion.

Penthouse: Yet are you optimistic about the future?

Tutu: As a human being, I just say, "Look at these guys. Do they have any sense at all?" And as a human being, I feel hopeless sometimes. But as a Christian I hold on to the belief that this is God's world and He is in charge. It may not always seem so. One also believes in the resurrection of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and I end up being a prisoner of hope. Sometimes I hold on to that by the skin of my teeth.

FROM THE EROTIC TO THE EXOTIC

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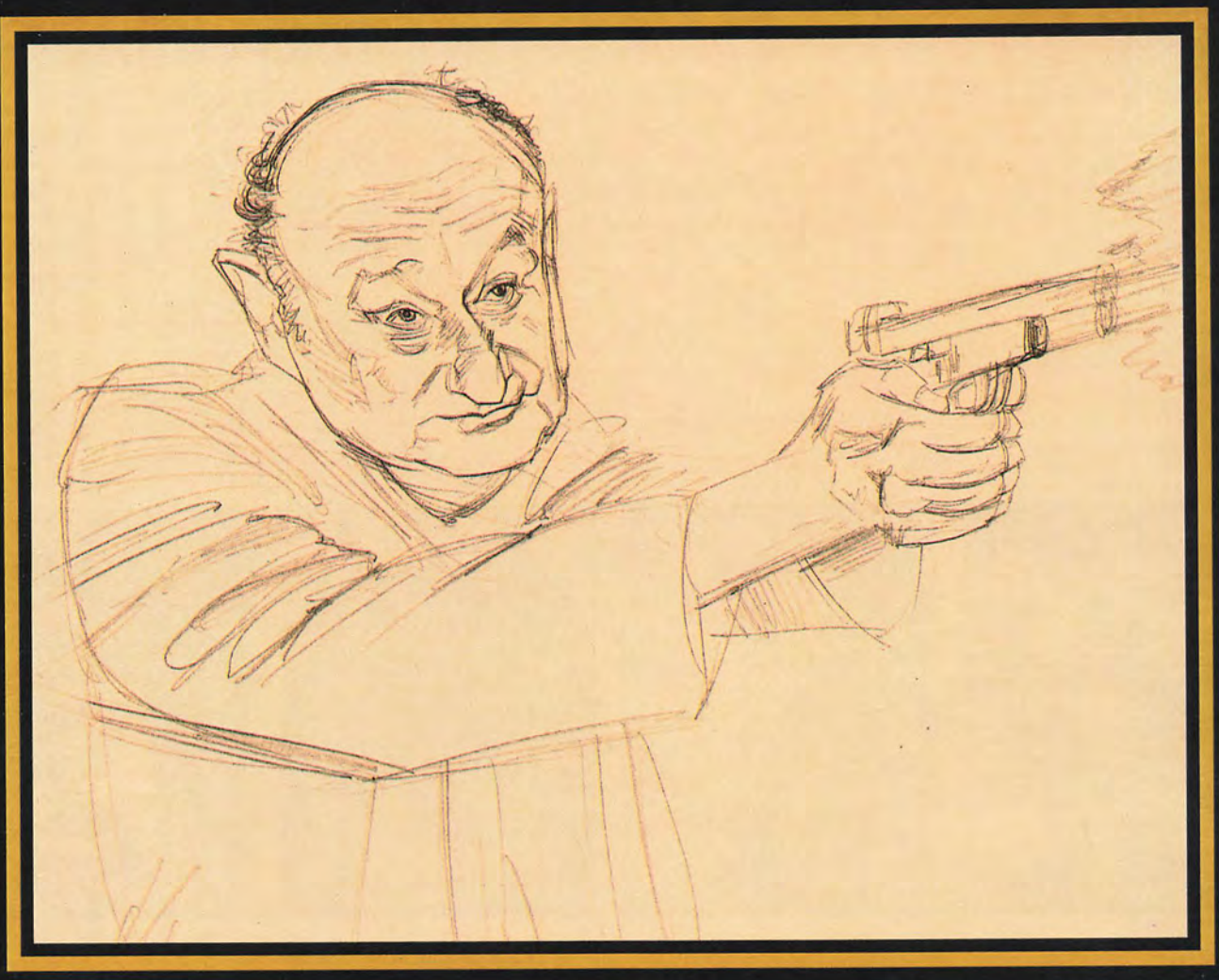
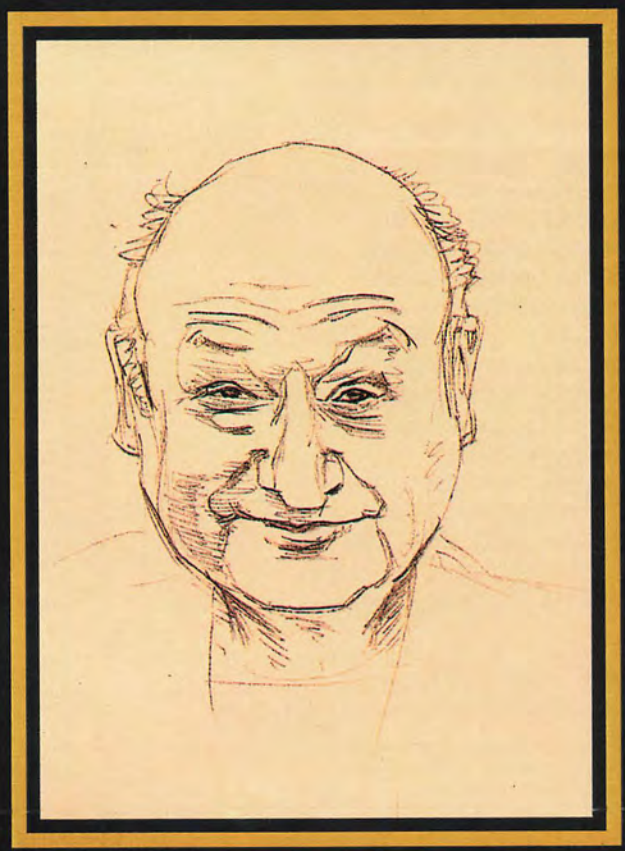




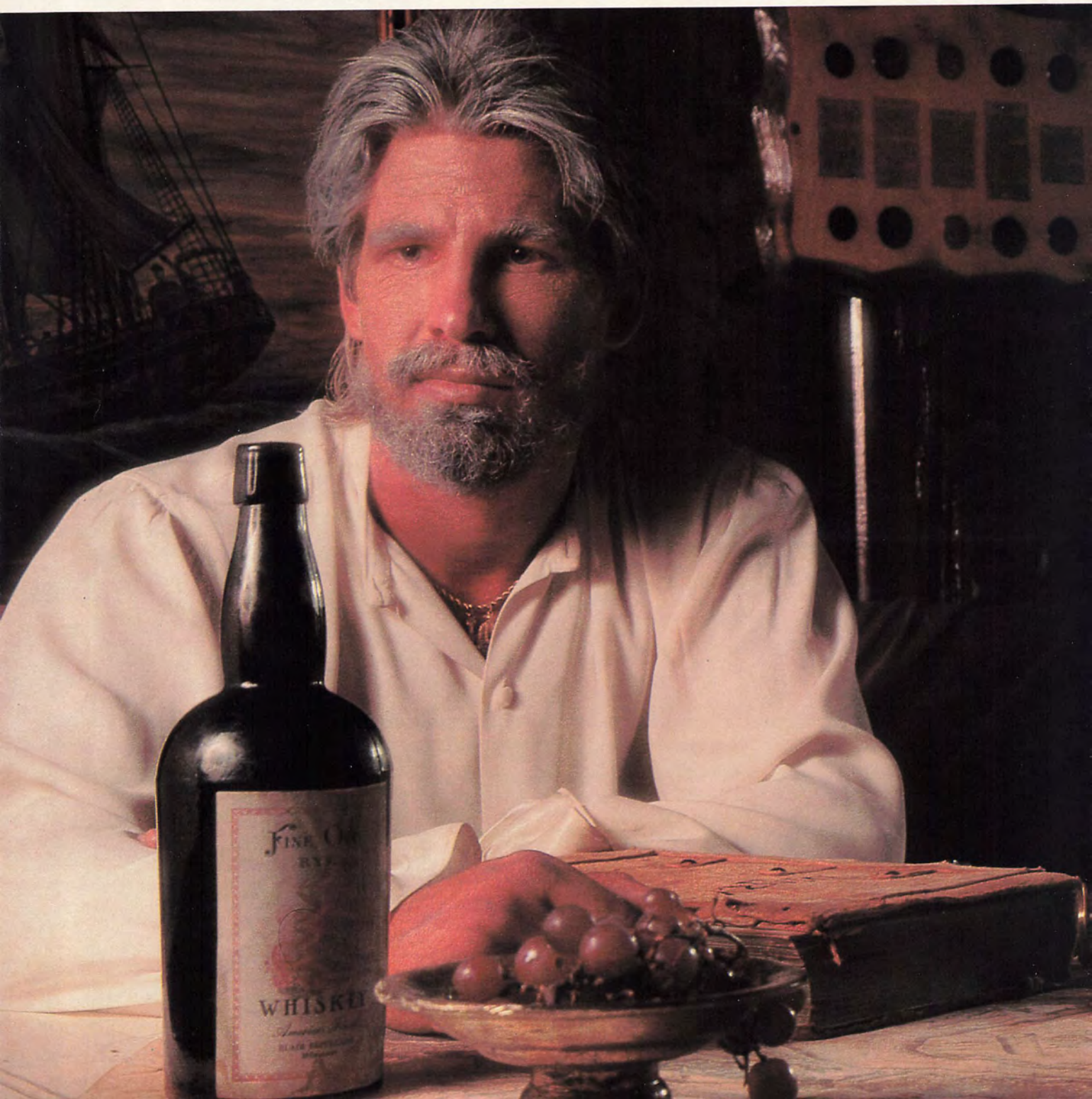
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 38

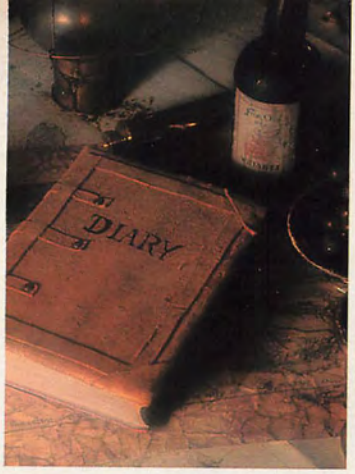
When "Miami Vice"'s ratings start to drop
Tubbs and Crockett will have to stop
'Cause we'd much rather watch
Cuomo and Koch
Putting "New York Vice" back on top.

OUT OF THE MISTS OF MEMORY

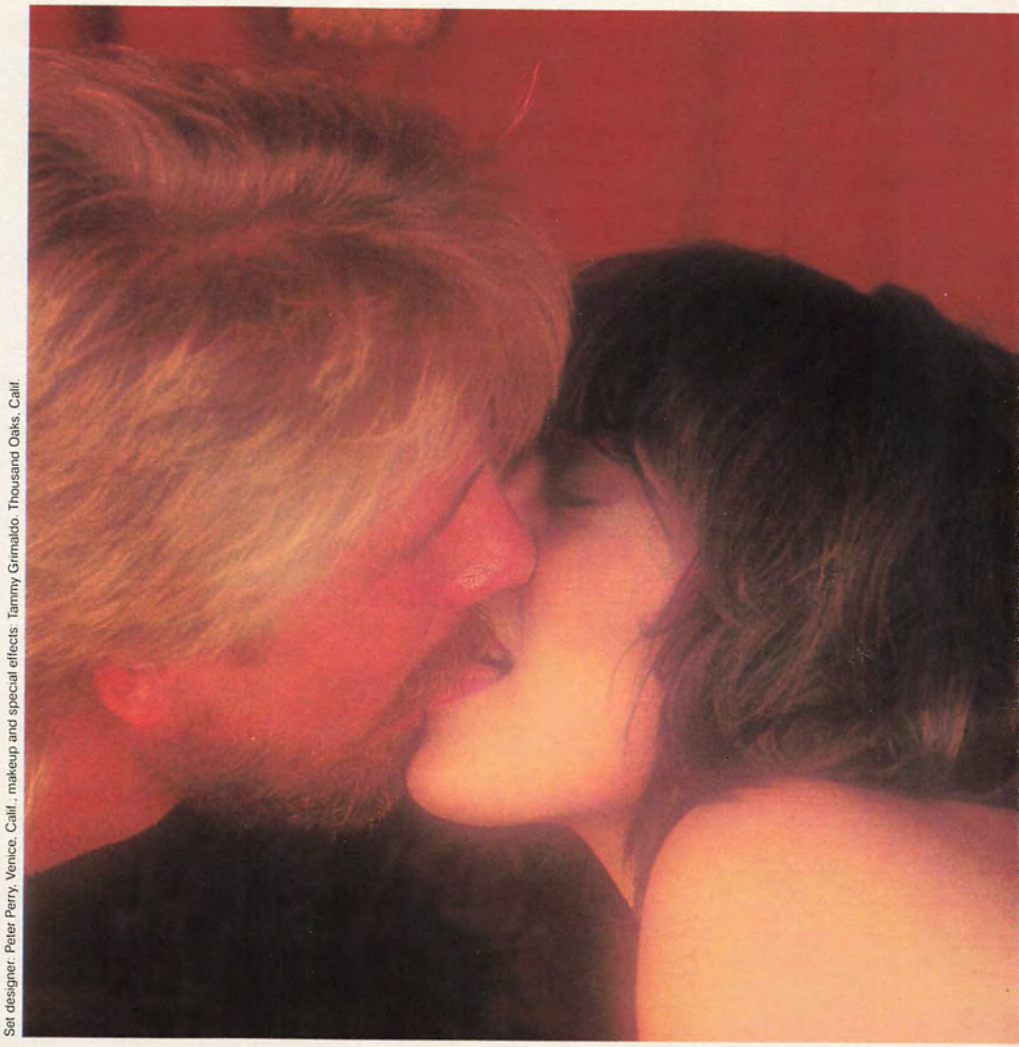
This book and this bottle and a thousand remembrances of the Hatteras breeze; and, as ever, the wave of one memory swelled to overwhelm the rest: Louise. The faint, summery, violet scent of her still drifted through the air—in wind, in calm, in breezes such as this. He sometimes found himself thinking of her, longingly, and feeling the need that always lingered. The years had vanished, but her image and the violet scent remained.

PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARL WACHTER



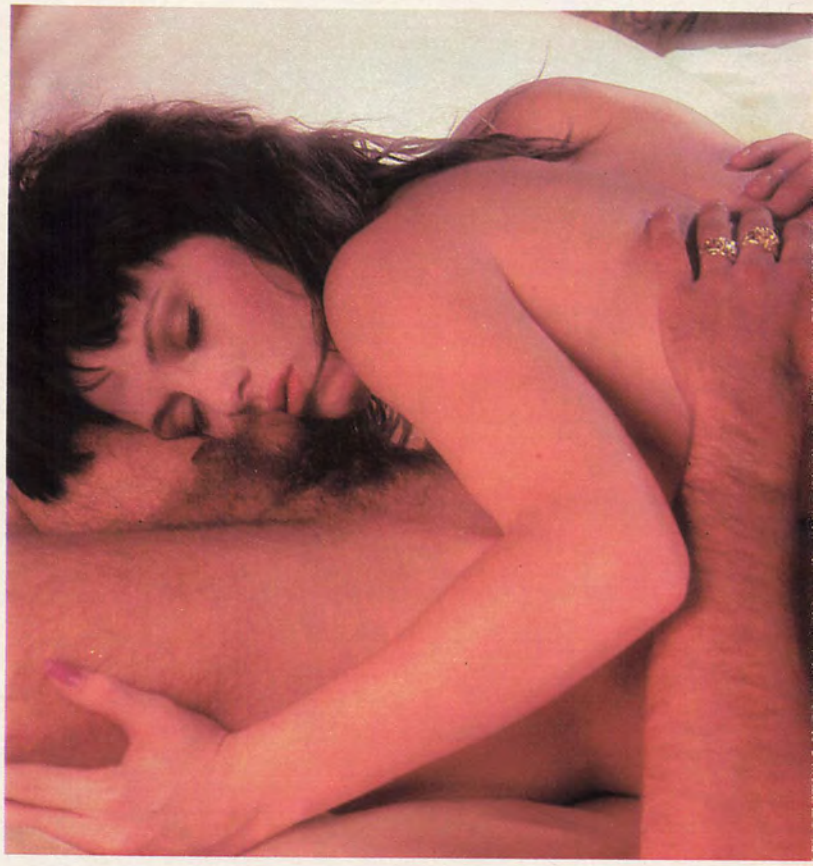

DIARY

There had been a fiery kiss, their first beneath the sail; and there had been a caressing gust from the east.



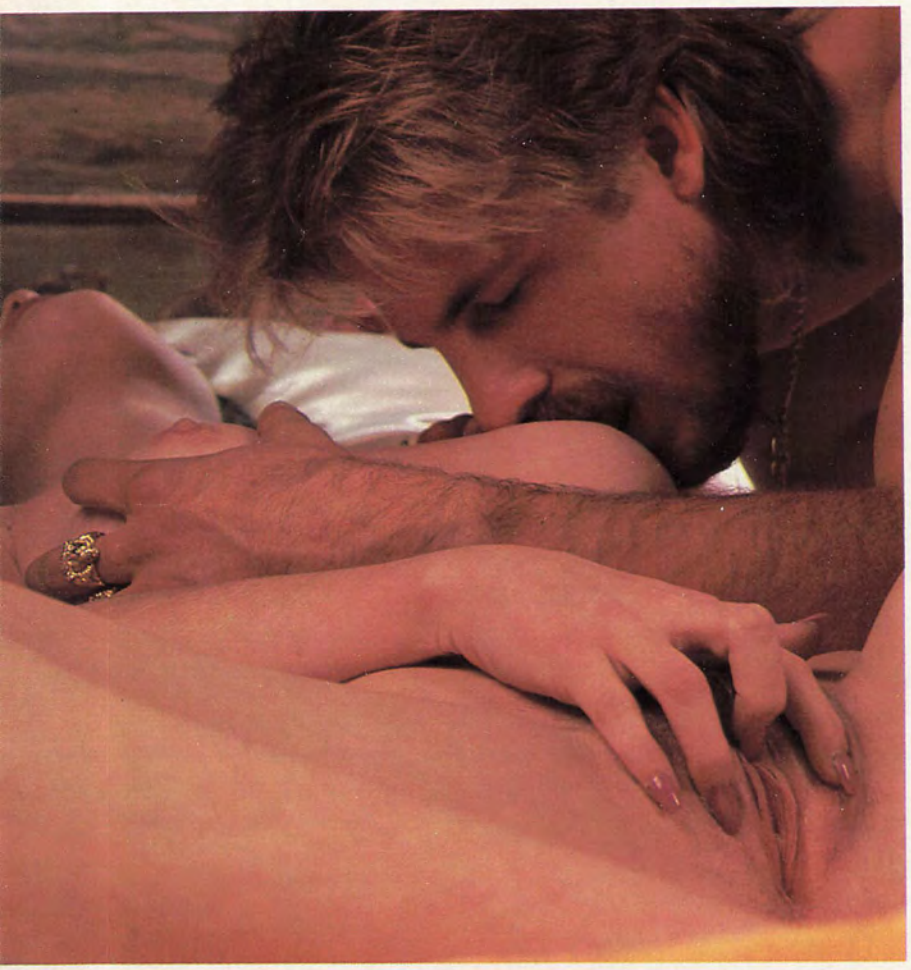
Set designer: Peter Perry, Venice, Calif.; makeup and special effects: Tammy Grimaldo, Thousand Oaks, Calif.

Each was free to embolden the other—free to play in the turbulent harbor of their passion.

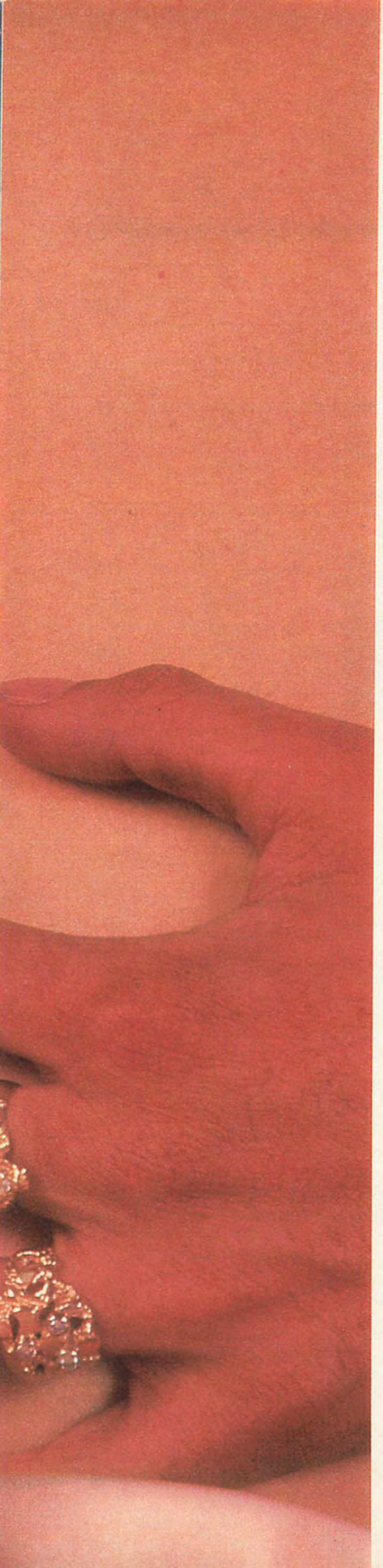


More wild eddies and chill currents than were in all the world's seas had swept through them on that day when all talk ceased.

Her breast that day was the sweetest treasure that God had made, and her moan was a gale in a sigh.



Once, a world ago, in a breeze such as this, they swore their love and meant it, but the sails had billowed and borne him away.



There's a relentless, pummeling pace endemic to porn, as if the producers had a "let's get it over with" attitude.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

SLUT STRUT
Heidi A.
(Cinematrex)1½
What I liked most about *Heidi A.* (subtitled "The Erotic Misadventures of a Total Slut") was the character of Heidi herself, as played by Patti Petite. The idea is lifted from Joan Rivers, of course—her Heidi Abromowitz character is a woman totally into raving, I'll-fuck-mud sluthood. This happens to be refreshing in this tape because Patti's so sexy, and because she outduels every male she meets on the sexual battlefield—a welcome change from the male-triumphant theme of most sexvids. What I didn't like about *Heidi A.* was the low-rent acting, thin plot, and cartoony characterization of the rest of the actors involved. Once again, adult entertainment takes a great idea and churns out a mediocre product.

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH
Christine's Secret
(VCA)1½
With this lovely, sensual tape, Candida Royalle has finally delivered on promises only hinted at in the earlier installments of her "Femme" series, *Femme* and *Urban Heat*. *Christine's Secret* is the culmination of a lot of erotic experimentation and sexual inventiveness that Royalle, an ex–porn starlet in her own right, has been toying with since she took control and put herself behind the camera.

One of these experiments was the bringing together of music video and smut. While *Secret* is not as direct in this coupling as *Urban Heat,* there is still a sensitivity about the soundtrack that is far ahead of most adult films. Another Royalle trademark has been her attempt to find a different sort of pacing than the relentless, piston-shot pummeling that seems to be endemic to porn, as if the producers had a "let's get it over with" attitude. *Secret* is dreamy, prolonged, luxurious—more like a woman's lovemaking than a man's. While this may infuriate viewers accustomed to 90-minute nonstop sexual marathons, it is a relief for the couples who want a tape that will bring them along slowly and not rush them, immersing them step-by-step in a warm bath of sex. One of Royalle's main virtues is that she knows how to make women look good. Here the lithe, nymphlike prettiness of Carol Cross as Christine is given a treatment that transforms her from a fringe starlet into an erotic princess.

Christine's Secret: *a warm bath of sex.*

The story of *Secret* is secondary, concerning a lovers' retreat in the country and the various couplings that go on there. The main sexual sizzle is provided by Cross and the hugely hung Jake West, who disappeared from the adult-film scene as fast as he arrived. All told, this is a fine effort, with my only reservation being that I wish it had been shot on film instead of tape.

FLYING CHAUCER
The Ribald Tales of Canterbury
(Entertainment World)1½
Hyapatia Lee works so little, and works so well when she does, that it's a good rule of thumb to buy anything with her name on it. *The Ribald Tales of Canterbury* has the stupendously sexy Hyapatia's name all over it: She wrote the screenplay, appears in it in all her glory, and her husband, Bud, directed it. It turns out to be one of the best porn films of the past few years, and also one of the weirdest.

This is a full-costume epic, with characters and plot elements straight out of the poem by Chaucer. (In a screamingly funny blunder, the original source is attributed in the credits to the "novel" by Geoffrey Chaucer.) The costumes and sets have a lavishness unheard of in adult entertainment, and the doublets and corsets are all the more fun when they come off. Somehow, Hyapatia and Bud have coaxed excellent performances out of a troupe of familiar porn players, an astonishment equaled by the high quality of the writing itself. The olde English regalia and the plot are played straight, and when coupled with hot, hot, hot hard core, it's hilarious, novel, and fun.

Hyapatia has achieved a sturdy B-movie feel in this tape, and that's been done only rarely in the annals of adult entertainment. You might want to buy this tape for novelty value alone, or for Hyapatia Lee, the most beautiful woman in porn, or because you're an English professor who wants to wow his graduate seminar. This tape is a must.

THE VEGAS IDEA
Show Girls
(Essex)1½
Show Girls is a glossy, glitzy, high-budget production number, in a style similar to its subject matter: the chorus girls in a Las Vegas revue. Like a big casino revue, it doesn't have much of a heart; instead, surface substitutes for substance. Joanna Storm and Stacey Donovan are up in front here, and they are stunningly beautiful women who approach oral sex like some other women approach Saks Fifth Avenue. But you don't really care what happens in their characters' lives. There's a lot of false drama surrounding the "show girls" and their effort to mount a big show. What you really want this tape for is the flesh, the flash, and the fantasy.

THE POON IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD
The Poonies
(Vivid)👢
Usually Ginger Lynn's presence is enough to brighten up any tape, but in *Poonies*, a dull-witted knockoff of Steven Spielberg's *The Goonies*, she has too many forces working against her. Chief among these is the director, who calls himself Bruce Seven, apparently in tribute to his IQ. "Going through the motions" is Seven's approach to adult entertainment, and his all-too-numerous tapes are formulaic, mean-spirited, and empty. In this one, Ginger and her girl gang must save their

Poonies: *dull-witted knockoff.*

clubhouse, the Poondocks, from a kidnapping/eviction plot. It's adult, all right—people fuck on this tape—but is it entertainment?

PRIVATE DICK
Blonde Heat
(VCA)👢👢
Adult entertainment has always tended toward parody, partly because of an inherent irreverence and partly because adult filmmakers are too dumb to think up plot lines themselves. I liked Dave Friedman's *Blonde Heat*, a send-up of *The Maltese Falcon* that's subtitled "The Case of the Maltese Dildo." It is a good-hearted takeoff on Bogie's greatest film and everyone seems to have had fun doing it, beginning with the surprising duo, Seka and John Leslie, who kick off sexual pyrotechnics right at the start.

These are two war-horses of adult film, and it's great to see Seka back in harness. Her body is as creamily supreme as ever, even though her face has taken on a little of the sharpness that comes with time. "I'm still a big star," Seka says, parodying the Sunset Boulevard mindset. "It's the cocks that got smaller." But this is John Leslie's film, and though you can spot some gray hairs on his temples, he does well as a shamus in search of a magical erotic antique. Leslie careens both through the action and past Friedman himself (as Glutman), still banging away after all these years. We never get to actually see the fabled Maltese dildo, but we do get to see plenty of great bodies making love, and that's what the real search is for anyway.

STAG TAPE
Sweet Surrender
(AVC)👢👢
Sweet Surrender is straight raunch, with no chaser of plot or subtlety. It is a stag tape for when the boys want that power-ahead piston action—slam, bam, and no thankyous to clutter up the action. Sheri St. Clair gets a chance to show off her perfect body and flash a smile with both sets of lips, all the while proving that you should have a bed with a bounce. The "plot" is hackneyed CIA bullshit, but why worry about that? The producers of *Sweet Surrender* sure didn't, sticking instead to straight formula. Even though the video values are technically perfect, this tape is really nothing more than the sex act, endlessly repeated.

Surrender *is the boys' choice for straight raunch.*

MELODY MAKERS
Harmony Burlesque Video Series
(Harmony)👢👢
Bob Anthony's Harmony Burlesque, which began its long and lewd life in Times Square as the Melody, is the last bastion of true, old-timey burlesque bawd in Manhattan—and perhaps the nation. The raunchy and randy Harmony dancers are captured on tape for those of you unable or unwilling to get to Times Square. Just because it's billed as "old-time burlesque" doesn't mean it's not as hot as hell: These gals give new meaning to the words *floor show*. Watching the tapes gave me a feeling of nostalgia for orgasms past, for the Times Square that is now doomed to disappear under the developers' juggernaut, and for the old Melody itself. I've fantasized over many of the dancers, including the great Candy Staton, since the first day I saw them. For a complete list of the videos available, write to: Harmony Video, 1507 New York Avenue, Huntington Station, N.Y. 11746.

RATING KEY

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👢👢👢 Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
👢👢👢👢 Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.

SANDMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

only a short time. Sometimes a long time. And sometimes they stay all night, until the sky turns the color of a bonze's robe, a monk's robe."

"And what do they do here when they come?"

"They eat our rice and our *mam* and collect taxes from us!" the old man said, indignant at the injustice, the very thought of it. Then, in a more subdued voice, he said, "And some nights they gather many villagers together in one house and talk to us."

"What kind of talk?"

"Such talk! *Troi oi*! All about *liberation movements* and *struggle groups* and *historical contradictions*! A simple man like myself can make nothing of it. They say that the men in the government are bad men, and that these bad men have given our country to the foreigners and that the foreigners want our rice and our rubber and that one day the foreigners will have taken everything and then they will leave and there will be nothing left for our own people." The old man stopped abruptly, cast skittering eyes toward the American squatting in the corner, and flashed his wan, placating smile again; a scattershot smile, sprayed imprecisely in the American's direction.

"What else do they talk about?" the tall Vietnamese asked softly.

"*Oi*, such confusing talk!" The old man shook his head in rueful apology for his lamentable ignorance. "I am only a simple farmer. I know nothing of such things. I do not know what I am supposed to make of these things they speak of, or what I am supposed to do with them."

"Do you believe those things you *can* understand?" the tall man asked, no threat in his tone. In fact, he seemed amused, although he did not smile.

The old man pursed dry lips and shook his head sagely, nobody's fool. "They tell us they are our friends, but they threaten to kill our animals, and us too, if we do not give them everything they want. They say they want to help simple farmers like myself, but then they say they want to take my third son to help them fight the government. My third son is only fourteen. Even the government's army does not yet want him, and the army is very greedy and always hungry for more soldiers. I tell the men who come at night that I need my son to help with the harvest. They say that they need him more, to help them with *their* harvest, the harvest of our freedom."

"Noi len di." Speak louder.

The command came from the corner where the American squatted. The old man had almost forgotten the American. He had been so mesmerized by the understanding manner of the tall Vietnamese, by the hope the gentle voice held out, that there had been no one else in the hut, in the world, but the two of them.

The American spoke again, in English this time, to the tall Vietnamese. "Ask him why he didn't go to the government soldiers in the village for protection."

When the question was translated, the old man opened his eyes and, careful not to let them stray toward the American, answered in an accommodating, louder voice: "Even though there are many soldiers here, the other men still come at night. When night comes the soldiers hide in their forts and do not come out until daylight. The other men come into the village and do as they please. They ask for rice and *mam* and you dare not say no. Then you dare not report to the village chief or to the soldiers about the giving. Then maybe the giving is found out later, and then you become VC in the eyes of the government."

A self-pitying whine had crept into the old man's voice. His grievances stacked up and he forgot to be afraid, forgot to hide behind his simplicity. "That is the trouble, I say!" he complained querulously. "At night the other men come. In the daytime the Saigon soldiers come. The Saigon soldiers visit the families who have relatives with the other men and frighten them so the families will invite them to one big feast after another. If you are really poor you must borrow money to buy food and drink for them, because if you do not they can cause you trouble. During the daytime we feed the soldiers. At night we feed the other men. We have nothing left to feed ourselves!"

"Are you decent?"

JERRY FALWELL, ANDREA DWORKIN, et. al. VS. THOMAS JEFFERSON, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, et. al.

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Editor & Publisher

R. Guccione

The American spoke, again in English, to the tall man. "We're wasting time, Dang. Get him back on the track."

The tall Vietnamese nodded and asked the old man, "Do you know where these other men are during the day?"

The old man hesitated, then, fully committed now, said: "Yes. My son has told me. Twice the other men have taken him to their camp for more talk; to *educate* him, they say, for the day when they will take him from me. Their camp is in the Swamp of the Spirits. A bad place."

"Trai cua ho cach day may cay?" the American asked. How far away is their camp? He stood with a fluid movement.

Never before had the old man heard a foreigner speak his language so well, with every inflection, every tone in place. He was as astonished as if he had met a dragon on the path to the paddy, one that could speak the human tongue. The old man answered the strange creature's question, but gave his reply to his countryman. "Five, maybe six kilometers."

"Phia dong, phai khong?" asked the American.

"Yes," mumbled the old man, again giving his answer to the tall Vietnamese. "To the east."

The American came close and the old man could smell his foreign smell. He had seen Americans before, but he had never been so close to one. On the rare occasions when the American soldiers came to his village, the old man kept clear of them. The children had told him, with much giggling, that the Americans had hair on their arms, like monkeys, and the old man, looking for a safe, neutral place to put his eyes, now saw that it was so.

The American took a map covered in acetate from a case, unfolded it, and spread it on the table.

The old man showed him, keeping his eyes glued to the lines and squiggles of the map. He had begun to tremble once again, a reaction that shamed him but one he was powerless to control. He was afraid he would faint from the smell, from the *closeness* of this foreigner. He feared the closeness more than he had feared the knife, even more than he feared the other men. In fact, had it not been for this American with his pale eyes and pale hair, hair the color of harvest rice bleached white by the sun, the old man would have been unable to distinguish between these men and the others. These men dressed and acted just like the other men. And just like the other men, they had the sour smell of death about them.

The American asked many questions about the map, and when he was finished he gave the old man a small, polite bow and said in a proper tone of respect: "I thank you for your help, Uncle, and I am sorry for all of the trouble we are causing you." Then, in English and to no one in particular, he said softly: "I hate this fucking job."

They took the old man with them when they left, making a show of it, herding him with loud curses and threats to one of two waiting helicopters, unmarked and painted black. Then both machines lifted off, headed west to make the rest of the villagers think that the PRUs were returning to their base in the province capital.

Ten kilometers out, they set down next to a small stand of banana trees and offloaded the old man and a single PRU nursemaid to watch over him. Then the helicopters lifted off again and circled back, flying contour, hugging the ground, and taking care to stay out of earshot of the village.

The old man had told them that the Vietcong came into the village almost every night now, and it was vital for the PRU that they come this night too, that the enemy keep to the pattern. If the VC found out that a Provincial Reconnaissance Unit had interrogated the old man and had taken him back with them for further questioning—and they would find out the instant they returned to the village on another proselytizing mission—they would move their camp, and the intelligence that had led to the old man would be wasted, just one more job for the Embassy House shredder. One more blown mission.

They had the pilots insert them into a narrow strip of heavy jungle about two hours' walk from the trail that linked the old man's village and the Swamp of the Spirits. The black helicopters, looking for a place to land, could find no break in the sea of treetops, so they hovered over the

"Those don't seem to be working. I'm going to have to give you a real *Oriental prick."*

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canopy like mutant hummingbirds while the PRU lowered themselves into the verdant swells on ropes.

Once aground, the men hacked their way to the edge of the tangled growth, slung sandals and ammo belts around their necks, and slipped into the network of canals that webbed the Mekong Delta rice lands like cracks in a shattered windshield, wading through the mud-colored, chest-high water. It was easy going, it was quiet, and it left no track.

They made good time. They would have made even better time if they had not had to climb ashore every half hour or so to rest their arms, their muscles trembling from holding weapons above their heads.

Using the canals, they spent less than 30 minutes on firm ground before interdicting the path, and when the scouts had pronounced it free of foot traffic and booby traps, the men sank into the chin-high foliage along its edge and began to go over their weapons to make certain they were dry. Only then did they bother to remove their leeches, the once-thin black strings now grape-colored and swollen.

The tall Vietnamese named Dang checked the hang of the sun and spoke in a low voice to the tall American, whose name was Gulliver: "We have one hour of light left. How do you want to do this? An X and the usual way?"

Gulliver shrugged and smiled. "It's your team, Dang, not mine. How do you want to do it?" They spoke in English, the language they most often used around the other members of the team, the language of leadership.

Dang did not smile back; Dang never smiled. But there was a teasing note in his voice. "You are a terrible adviser, Sandman. You never advise."

Gulliver smiled again and said, "My policy is to advise only when I think my counterpart needs my advice."

"And did your counterpart need your advice with the old one back in the village?" Dang asked in the ironic, slightly mocking tone he so often used, the tone that should have been accompanied by a smile but never was.

Gulliver grew serious. "Maybe. I didn't think what you did back there was absolutely necessary. The old man would've told us what we needed to know without all that business with the knife. The Special Branch report said he wasn't hardcore VCI."

Dang shook his head and said in mild rebuke: "*Everyone* is part of the Vietcong infrastructure one way or another. The old one was afraid of the other men and we had to make him more afraid of us. There was no time for the easy way. But you knew that. Were you not thinking of the consequences of yet another mission failure? Did you not push me to hurry him along?"

"Yes, but after he began to talk, not before. Once you got him going it looked like he'd never stop, and we didn't have time for Nguyen's Nutshell History of the War. But it was *after* he started talking, Dang, not before. And *I* didn't tell anyone to stick a damn K-bar through the poor fucker's nuts."

The tall Vietnamese shook his head again. "Ah, the lines of distinction you Americans like to draw. As if they will save your troubled souls."

"Fuck you," Gulliver replied without anger.

Gulliver watched as Dang positioned an X-shaped ambush, admiring the way his counterpart arranged mines, rifles, and machine guns to spin a murderous web of interlocking fields of fire. Dang was the finest field commander he had ever worked with, Vietnamese or American. If the other side had more like him, they were all in for a long, sad war.

While Dang finished deploying the ambush, Gulliver got on the radio to give the team's coordinates to the fighter pilots sitting at the ready in their planes on the tarmac at Binh Tuy, their own radios tuned to the PRU's classified frequencies. In the event tactical air support was needed, Gulliver had the authority to scramble the jets with a single code word.

> The Sandman left as he had come. Once outside, he knelt at the river's edge, intending only to wash the knife and his bloody hands, surprised to find that he started to cry instead.

He also radioed the coordinates to the black helicopters, which now waited on the ground back where they'd left the old man. If it went bad and a hot extraction became necessary, he wanted no mix-ups whatsoever.

Dang was back a few minutes later, shaking his head in disgust. "This team of ours is worthless, Sandman. They must be told how to do everything!"

Gulliver grinned. "You say that every time out. This is the best PRU team in the Delta, and you know it."

Dang spat. "Then you had better memorize the writings of Comrade Ho Chi Minh, my friend. It will be required reading under the new government."

While Dang moved up, scouting for a spot from which to launch the "snatch 'n' snuff," vanishing into a bush near a sharp bend in the trail, Gulliver pulled on a black knit cap, used a camouflage stick to paint up, and found a place for himself at the cross hairs of the X. He chambered a round into the Swedish K, cursing himself for not bringing his 12-gauge duckbill instead. Just because the agency's cowboys thought that the Swedish K and the Uzi fit their image was no reason for him to carry one. Such toys had their uses, but for close work in heavy bush the duckbill was better. You could clear a landing zone with a duckbill. All shotguns were banned by the Geneva Convention, of course, but then so was everything else connected with PRU work. Besides, the people he was going to use it on had never signed the Geneva accords.

Gulliver checked the luminous dial of his steel Rolex. Time to lock 'n' load. He reached inside his pajama top for the waterproof bag taped to his ribs and shook out a handful of pills. He popped them into his mouth and washed them down with a sip from his canteen. Then he nestled into his hiding place and waited for it to happen.

Lying in wait, all ears and eyeballs, the speed slowly taking hold, the dark settling slow and soft over him like a black silk parachute, Gulliver felt loose, felt fine. This was the part of it he still loved: the bushcraft, the hunt, the setting of the trap . . . the *professionalism*. Here under the black parachute he could imagine he was back with the Special Forces, back before the dirty tricks, before the cowboys took over. At times like these he was a soldier again, not some goon for the spooks. And the PRU team was no longer a motley collection of misfits and renegades, but his old montagnard striker team, loyal and brave. Though he was going to have to kill someone in the next few hours, and though he did not love that part of it and never had, this was as close as he could get to honest soldiering anymore. This was the only part of it that could still make him feel clean.

Gulliver could feel his heart speed up, fueled by the flow of adrenaline through its valves. His temples began to throb, pulsing in and out with every breath, and his cranium felt as if it were ballooning, expanding to make room for his mushrooming brain. His every nerve and organ seemed to jump, adjusting to new realities as his senses expanded, turning into calibrated antennae that magnified every sound, every sight, every smell. Gulliver grinned a skull-like grin. The pills were kicking in.

Gulliver had long since convinced himself that there was legitimate reason for the pills. They did not dull the motor skills, but rather fine-tuned the senses to an extreme pitch. They gave a man his own personal radar, even as they rendered him sufficiently incoherent in case of wounding or capture, turning him goofy just long enough to give the rest of the team time to switch to an uncompromised plan. Each PRU wore a syringe of morphine on a chain around his neck for the same purpose, along with a small tin of cyanide capsules for emergencies. But Gulliver knew there was another, better

"Just a minute. I think I've found the tightest crack in the world."

reason for taking the pills. Later, when he came down from them, he would not remember the killing.

In a final triumph of will over chemistry he cleared his mind of its accumulated garbage, took a deep breath, held it, and exhaled slowly. Again. A third time. Then he relaxed and let the pills, a mix of Benzedrine and Dexamyl, take over.

With a clarity that was almost painful, Gulliver's ears pulled in the thousand or so rustlings and scurryings that filled the silent jungle with a cacophonous, earsplitting din: bats with wings as loud as carpet-beaters against the thick clotted air, clubfooted insects stumbling like drunks across the littered jungle floor, waterfalls of rank sweat cascading down his face in a hissing spray, rappeling spiders hitting the bottoms of their drops with a bang, the drone of mosquitoes overladen with their cargoes of malaria and dengue and hemorrhagic fever; the rude geckos, chittering monkeys, cranky kraits, obstreperous vipers, antsy ants. Gulliver's eardrums thrummed like a plucked guitar string. He could even hear the labored breathing of the 100-foot-tall sack trees, *Antiaris toxicaria*, wheezing as they worked to produce the poisonous sap the VC would someday use to paint the bamboo stakes at the bottoms of their punji pit traps.

And his *eyes*! His eyes were twin telescopes, infrared Starlite scopes. His pupils were a foot, a *yard* in diameter. He had Superman's eyes! The black parachute slowly dissolved and the light came so bright, so intense, he had to squint against it. He could see everything! He could see *through* everything, *into* everything, right through to the core of the earth, right into the soul of Vietnam, right into the black heart of the war itself. For one brief moment, Gulliver felt that he was on the brink of some momentous insight. But he had been on the threshold of such breakthroughs before, and this time, as always, nothing came of it. His pinwheeling eyes were out of control, keeping tabs on everything, *seeing* nothing. They refused to settle on any one thing long enough for him to focus.

The only thing Gulliver could not hear, could not see, for all his pulsing antennae, for all his chemically induced sensors, was the team lying in ambush. He and Dang, despite his friend's professed scorn, had trained them well.

There were seven of them, coming by the book, in single, silent file, with proper, prudent intervals. Their fine trail discipline would have done credit to a Special Forces A-team. The Sandman himself might have trained them. They were good, very good, but they never had a chance.

Afterward, Gulliver remembered that much anyway. His boosted senses had picked them up a long way out, in spite of their wonderful technique. He knew how many, how far off, how the poor doomed bastards parted their hair. He just *felt* it. The pills were wonderful.

As for the rest of it, he could only assume that it had gone down the same as any other snatch 'n' snuff. No sweat.

Dang would have let the first few go by, their sandaled, whispering feet passing only inches from where he crouched in his bush. He would have waited for the cadre leader, the one carrying the map case stuffed with manifestos and directives from COSVN, the Central Office for South Vietnam, the VC high command. When that one rounded the bend, momentarily out of sight of the others, Dang would have popped up and hit him full in the face with the Mace. The aerosol nerve agent was Gulliver's idea, brought with him from Special Forces, who, in turn, had taken their cue from the stateside police. It cut down on the chances that an errant gunshot would prematurely spring the ambush or alert any other enemy elements in the neighborhood. Dang would have simultaneously used his free hand to deliver a numbing chop to the cadre's cartoid nerve and would have had his man tucked snug in the bush before the next man in file came around the bend. There were times when proper intervals were not so prudent.

> The tall Vietnamese gave a brief nod, and the man at the table grasped the knife firmly by the handle and worked it free. There was surprisingly little blood.

That was the snatch. The snuff sometimes meant that the snatch was executed on the spot, or a little later perhaps, after a field interrogation. It depended on the mission.

His man in hand, Dang would have triggered the ambush. Those not killed outright in the lethal X's first fusillade would have been polished off with a single shot behind the ear, or maybe a K-bar dragged across the throat. The Air America choppers, the same two black Hueys that inserted them, would have swooped in a moment later to fly the team and its prize home, back to the province capital and to the Embassy House. Home and in the rack by first light.

The next day, after he had slept off the crash from the pills, Gulliver found that it had indeed gone just so. There had been no PRU casualties and no VC survivors aside from the cadre, who had been turned over, along with his map case, to the National Police Special Branch and to the interrogators of the Provincial Interrogation Center. The old man had been ferried home as soon as the operation was completed, safe and sound save for a nasty case of blue balls.

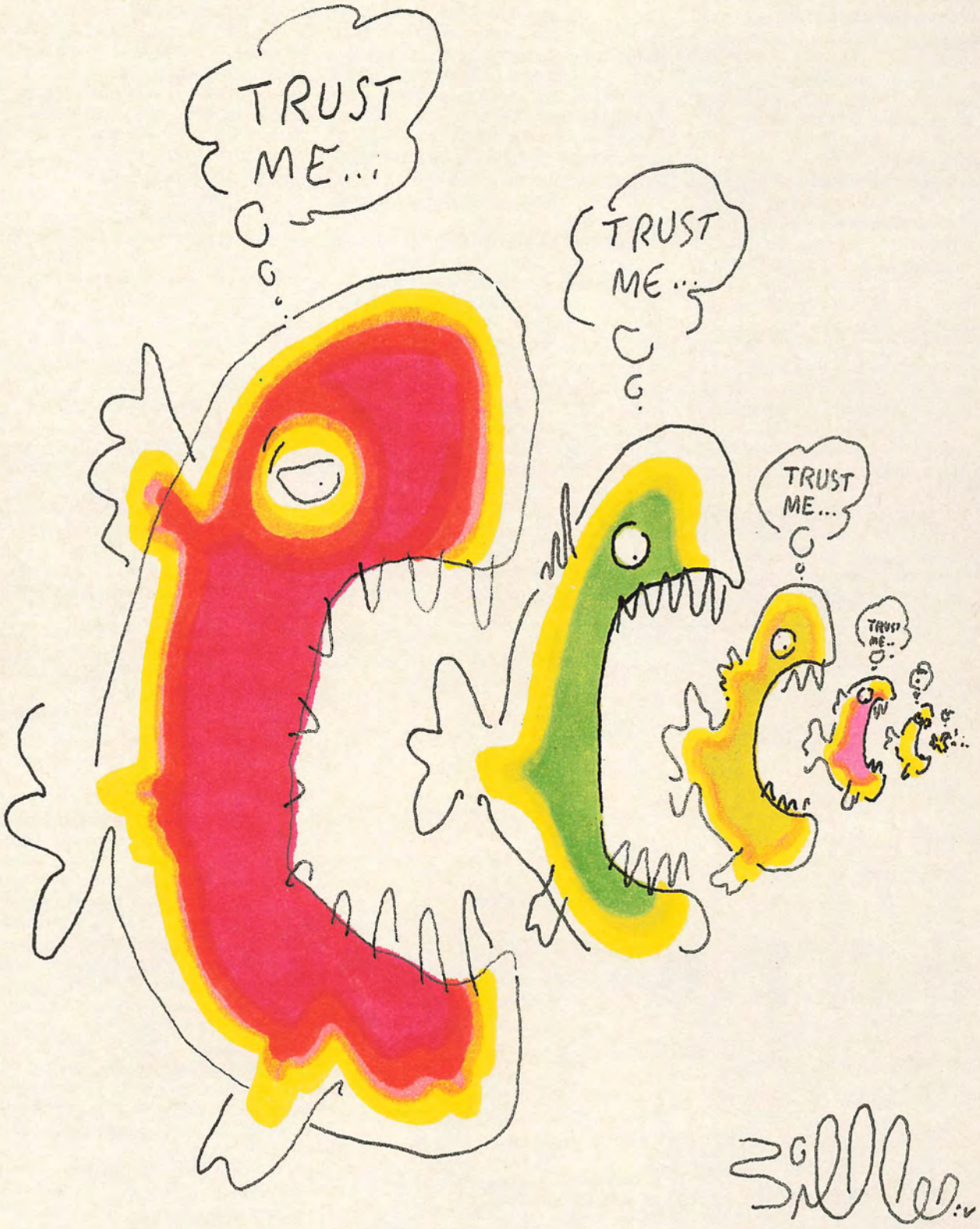
For Gulliver, the details of what had happened during the ambush itself were fuzzy. The pills had made them fuzzy and the pills would keep them fuzzy.

The pills didn't always work, of course. There were odd moments that had crystallized, that he still remembered as vividly as if he were in the instant of living them. There was one night in particular, a wet monsoon night, one that came back to him every monsoon season, triggered by the sound of rain on a roof. It was a night when the Sandman broke into a one-room, tin-roofed shanty on the bank of the Perfume River in Hue; a night he had taken the better part of an hour to creep over six sleeping children so that he could murder their father in his bed.

He had a hand clamped over the target's nose and mouth and was pulling his K-bar across the man's throat, the blood coming like spray from a faulty fountain, when he looked over and saw a boy of about ten watching. The child did not move, did not make a sound. He lay curled in a ball, skinny knees pulled up to his chest, his palms pressed together to make a pillow between his cheek and the sleeping mat. His black eyes were large and liquid in the gloom while the rain beat on the tin roof and filled the shack with a drumming ran-tan.

Gulliver did not move either, *could not* move. He stared back helplessly, holding down the still-bucking body of the boy's father while he waited for the spasms to subside. The two of them—the man in blackface, the boy with the black eyes—watched each other for an eternity, neither of them moving, neither making a sound. Gulliver could see a pulse hammer in the child's throat even as he felt it slow, then stop, in the father's throat. There was a soft sigh, barely audible over the night sounds of the sleeping family and the rain, as a last lung-load of air escaped through the scarlet vent that the Sandman had opened. Then both the father and the son slowly closed their eyes and did not open them again.

The Sandman left as silently as he had come, despite a trembling he could not control. Once outside, he knelt at the river's edge, intending only to wash the knife and his bloody hands, surprised to find that he started to cry instead. And then to vomit. He wept and heaved at the same time, doubled over with nausea and despair, one hand clutching his stomach, the other his heart. The K-bar slipped from his grip and sank like a stone in the Perfume's sluggish current. The rain came down in hissing sheets, pocking the river's surface, washing away his war paint. It ran down the gutters of his face in greenish-black rivulets, leaving only his tears still in camouflage.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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

seconds, she shrieked in a trembling orgasm. Her heavy bucking, combined with the milking sensations in her smooth cunt, quickly brought me to my own shuddering climax.

Several of my fantasies were fulfilled that night, and I can't wait until my next leave.—*Name and address withheld*

SERVICE CALL

It seemed like just another service call, I thought. Someone's motor had stopped in their swimming-pool filter. It was an overcast day with a nice cool breeze, mid-July. I knocked on the door. The most beautiful girl I had ever seen answered. She had long blond hair and electric-blue eyes that could have lit a room. All she was wearing was this long T-shirt that barely covered her ass. She said she was sorry but she had just gotten out of bed. It was one in the afternoon. That nice cool breeze got her nipples so hard. I had instantly fallen in lust with her, and it was going to be hard to concentrate on the job at hand.

I pried myself away from her and forced myself out to the pool. I had just gotten my tools laid out and had started to tear into the motor when it started pouring down rain. Working with electrical appliances in the rain isn't a good idea, so I found shelter under the porch canopy. She came to the back door and insisted I come in out of the rain to keep from catching a cold. I followed her to the living room, and what a view I had. She had put on some shorts to go with her T-shirt, but they couldn't conceal her tight little ass too well. I almost creamed myself before I even sat down. We shot the bull for a few minutes till it stopped raining, then I plodded back outside.

After a while, it started raining again. I made a mad dash for the canopy again, leaving my tools out in the rain. Now that I had been rained on twice, my clothes were soaked.

Again she found me loitering under the canopy, and it took little persuasion to get my sad ass to come in out of the weather. The rain looked like it was going to last awhile, and I was prepared to settle in for the duration. This time she led me into the laundry room and asked if I wanted her to dry my clothes while we waited for the rain to stop. I readily agreed, and she went and found a robe for me to put on. I changed quickly and gave her my clothes. She threw them into the dryer and led me into the living room.

This time she sat next to me on the couch. I found out a bit more about her this time. Her name was Chrissy, she had just turned 19, and obviously was as horny as I was. Her father had been transferred here a few weeks ago, and she knew no one. She knew nothing about swimming pools, something I would gladly give her lessons in. I mentioned to her that I felt uncomfortable sitting with only a robe on, and she said she would make me feel more comfortable.

With that she pulled off her T-shirt, revealing tits that were in desperate need of sucking. I leaned over and started biting and sucking on her rosebuds. She started moaning softly and pulling at my robe. I worked my way down to her shorts, which came off easily, and found no panties underneath, turning me on all the more. I tossed her shorts and my robe aside and began my assault on her delicacies. I teased the insides of her thighs with my tongue, purposefully avoiding her pussy. I worked my tongue in slow circles closer and closer to her pussy. She was begging me to eat her. Finally I couldn't resist. I dove in and sucked on her cunt till she had two orgasms. I put my finger in her cunt while I licked her clit. Her body started shaking uncontrollably with her third orgasm.

Now it was my turn to receive some oral delights. She pushed me back onto the couch, started kissing my toes, and worked her way up. Reaching my crotch, she started sucking my balls and stroking my cock with her hand. She slowly licked the head of my cock, making circular motions while jacking me with her hand. Then she took me deep in her mouth, swallowing all of my cock. After about five minutes of some excellent cocksucking, Chrissy climbed on top of me. She lowered that sweet pussy of hers down, engulfing my cock. She was so tight, I thought I might drop a load right there. She started bouncing up and down on my cock with a fury that's hard to imagine. I held on to her bouncing tits while she fucked the shit out of me. I couldn't hold out for long at this pace, but I was determined to have her come one more time. With a tit in one hand and her clit in the other, I started massaging her to her fourth orgasm while she fucked me outrageously! She arched her back and fell into my arms as her orgasm thrashed her body. Moments after she regained her composure, she started fucking me again in the rapid-fire style she had before. It didn't take long for me to reach the peak, filling her with hot come.

We rested for a while. It had been over two hours since we had started, and it was still raining. I got dressed in my now dry clothes and put her on my service list for the next day. I've been glad to service her and her pool for a long time now.—*Name and address withheld*

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EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

Hard Times

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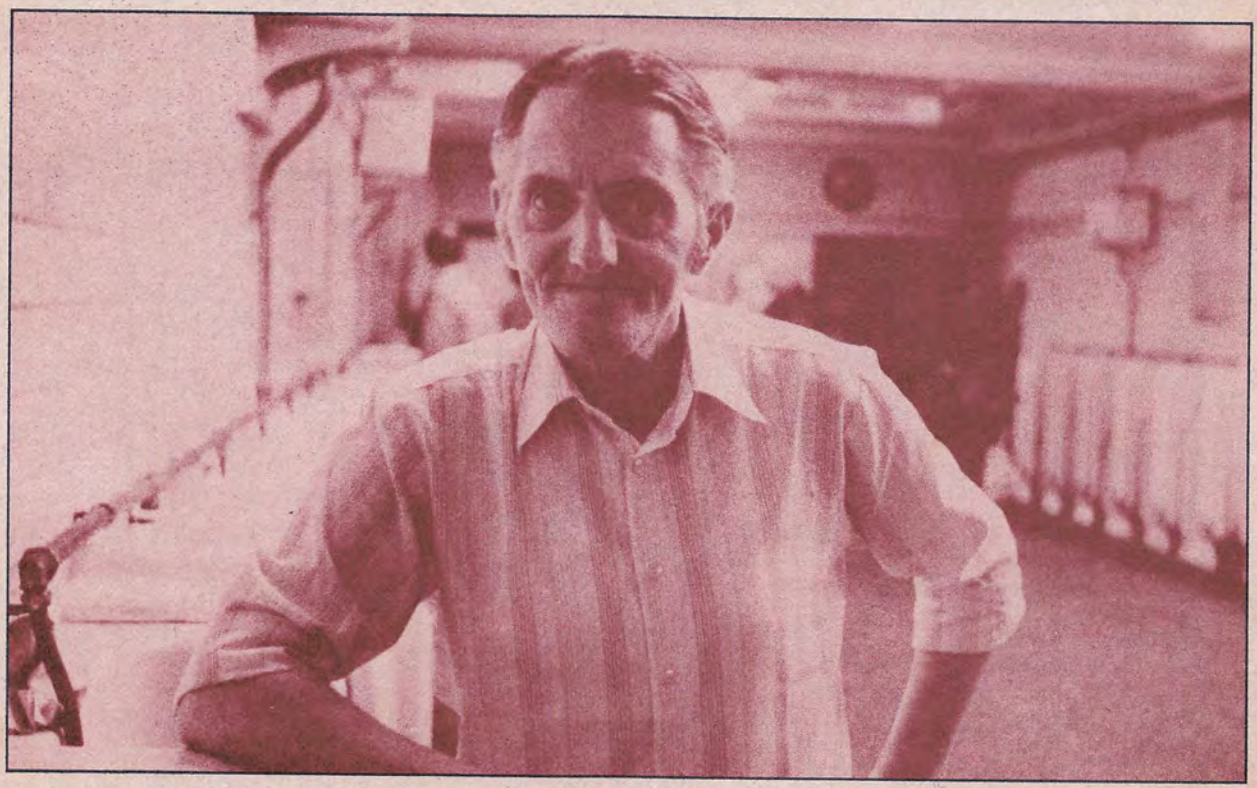
ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 5, NO. 5

21 YEARS IN THE TOILET



For 21 years, Derek Gillan has made his home in a London subway bathroom. It seems that when his wife cast him out of the house two decades ago, he spent the night in the subway bathroom. Derek found that evening so pleasant and peaceful, he decided to make it his permanent residence, leaving the humble abode only twice a year to buy clothing. (*National Examiner*—submitted by C. F. Buckley III, Colebrook, N.H.) *Clothing makes the man.—Editor*

REACHING OUT TO FALWELL

A computer programmer, unhappy over the way he felt television evangelist fund-raising programs take advantage of poor people, decided to teach Jerry Falwell a lesson. For eight months, the Atlanta man made approximately 500,000 calls to Falwell's toll-free tithing line (1-800-368-3801), hanging up as soon as the phone was answered. It is estimated that the nuisance calls cost Falwell $500,000. (*Globe*)

Too little . . . too late.—Editor

HE TRIED TO EAT HIMSELF TO DEATH!

It was a sad day when a svelte, 180-pound Giuseppe Giangaspare came home from work early one day, only to find his girlfriend, Giovanna, in bed with another man. While Giovanna begged forgiveness, Giuseppe felt he couldn't go on living. He recalled: "I thought about shooting myself, poisoning myself, or taking an overdose of drugs. Then an idea came to me—I worked as a chef, and I could kill myself by eating." Dedicating his days and most of his nights to eating, Giuseppe ballooned to a hefty 650 pounds—an impressive gain of 470 pounds in less than three years. A typical daily diet for Giuseppe, not including snacks, was five chickens, four pounds of meat and cheese, and 30 desserts. (*National Enquirer*)

Sounds like a case of Giuseppe going back to his first love.—Editor

MURDER BY SPIT

Twenty-eight-year-old John Richards was arraigned on charges that he attempted to murder four Flint, Michigan, policemen by spitting on them. Richards, a confirmed carrier of AIDS antibodies, was being arrested for driving with a suspended license when he allegedly spat on and tried to urinate on the officers. (*Detroit Free Press*—submitted by Bruce J. Robertson, New Berlin, Wis.)

Maybe he was urinating in self-defense.—Editor

A Teenage Cannibal

A 16-year-old English youth, believing he was a werewolf, failed in an ax-wielding attempt to hack a woman to pieces. The fortunate woman was wearing a thick sheepskin coat which was able to blunt the force of the blows, but the bizarre teenager bragged to his friends that the attempt was only a trial run. He swore that the next time there was a full moon he would kill his victim and eat human flesh. The prosecutor said that the youth had a reason for his nocturnal mayhem: "He said that he had seen the full moon and didn't think that people should be out at that time." (*National Enquirer*)

Ask a stupid question . . .—Editor

BIGFOOT BABY FOUND

A researcher at the Peking Institute of Science revealed that a bigfoot baby was found in the Himalayas. When discovered, the infant was between five and 18 months old, three feet six inches tall, and 72 pounds. In a short period of time, the female child has grown 13 inches and more than doubled her weight. Should she grow to maturity, researchers estimate the thickly fur-coated child will be seven feet tall and weigh 900 pounds. One scientist described her face: "Only her face is bare of hair. And she has the most remarkable eyes I have ever seen on man or beast. They are like deep, black pools with tiny glints of red. It is almost as though some primeval fire is burning in her head." A recent update from the Chinese clinic reveals the child is doing well, eating her meals, and growing. (*Weekly World News*)

Sounds like she's not the only one who has a fire burning in her head.—Editor

SPONGES FROM OUTER SPACE

"If and when intelligent aliens make their presence known," Professor Ronald Bracewell announces, "they may turn out to be sponges." What would E.T. sponges look like? According to the professor, the aliens would be similar to the less-exciting sponges found on earth, but would have evolved under circumstances on different and distant planets into intelligent life forms. The professor has great optimism for the brave new world of sponges: "Each one of these creatures would be a mastermind that would sit like the head of a corporation in a boardroom." The masterminds would also be in control of those less intelligent, training them to do all the work. (*National Examiner*)
E.T. wanna foam home.—Editor

BURIED ALIVE!

Ninety-three-year-old Daphne Telemann was visiting her doctor at a West German clinic when she suffered a heart attack. Her physician pronounced her dead, and within a few short hours her body was rushed to a cemetery for burial. Gravediggers heard Ms. Telemann pounding on her coffin, but decided to go ahead. A few weeks after the premature burial, her son, whom authorities could not notify of his mother's "death," arrived back in town. He rushed to the cemetery to pay his final respects, where he overheard gravediggers joking about his mother being buried alive. He had her body exhumed and later said: "Her eyes were wide open. Her fists were bruised and cut from pounding. Clumps of hair were actually clinging to her fists—good God! She pulled out her own hair." (*Weekly World News*)
Who said gravediggers don't have a sense of humor?
—Editor

BIZARRE PANTY BANDIT

It was a shocked and frightened Jeffrey and Olivia Hill who opened the door to their house one Sunday night. They were greeted by a bizarre intruder toting a rifle and dressed in Mrs. Hill's lingerie. While the Hills were away on vacation, the weird intruder took over their house, leaving notes about Sally Field and President Reagan pasted to the kitchen cabinets, rearranging furniture, and putting food in the medicine chest. But perhaps the greatest indignity suffered by the Hills was that the weirdo, who was eventually overpowered by Mr. Hill, would change into Mrs. Hill's underwear at least a dozen times a day. (*San Francisco Examiner*—submitted by Tad M. Okumura, Oakland, Calif.)
Difficult to comment until we get a good look at Mrs. Hill.—Editor

Time Traveler

There's big trouble in the Nelson household. Walter Nelson, 67, of Kidsgrove, England, fell into a coma after bumping his head in a moped accident. When Walter awoke ten weeks later, he was certain that he was 33 years old and that the year was 1952, not 1986. The Nelson family is at its wit's end trying to convince him that Queen Elizabeth has not just ascended the throne, and that Dwight Eisenhower is not running for president of the United States. Things are hardest on Mrs. Nelson, who says: "He doesn't even recognize me, because I married him when he was 45." (*Weekly World News*)
Now we begin to understand.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

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PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE

"Hey, wow, the kids will eat it up."

VANTAGE

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GAMES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154

1977, Bubble Yum had to deny that its gum contained spider eggs, and the next year McDonald's had to counter rumors that Big Macs were being filled out with worms as a protein supplement. (The fact that worms cost more per pound than beef didn't dissuade the rumor spreaders.) The same fast-food chain had to buck a 1977 story that it was donating a percentage of its profits to a Satanic cult, and a later story that it had to discontinue a certain type of plastic coffee stirrer because cocaine users found it made the perfect coke spoon.

Then there is—or was—"Pop Rocks," a candy from General Foods that effervesced in the mouth. In 1977 a rumor spread that a child died after he swallowed an entire package and then took a drink of soda—his stomach exploded. (This was analogous to the tale about the sea gulls that exploded after pranksters fed them Alka-Seltzer.) In a rare touch of specificity, it was said that the child in question was "Little Mikey," the boy in the Life cereal commercial who "will eat anything."

General Foods took out a full-page ad in the Sunday *New York Times* (February 4, 1979; cost: $18,240) denouncing the rumor. They pointed out that a package of Pop Rocks generates less gas than half a can of soda pop and could produce nothing more than a healthy burp. Still, they stopped making Pop Rocks a couple of years later. (And the Quaker Oats Company, manufacturers of Life cereal, confirm that "Little Mikey" is fine: The actor, John Gilchrist, was three years old when the commercial was filmed in 1971, and at last report was a very-much-alive teenager.)

One of the most widespread modern folktales is the one about the cement-truck driver delivering a load of wet mix to an address near his home. Since he's so close to where he lives, he decides to stop by and surprise his wife. He finds a Cadillac convertible parked out front. He goes up to the bedroom window and sees his wife making love to his boss inside. He empties his entire load of cement inside the Caddy, filling it completely. This one has been traced back to Denver, in 1960, and as far away as Bergen, Norway, in 1973.

Heard of another modern legend? We'll give a free, one-year subscription to *Penthouse* if you're the first person to send us a new folktale that we use. Send the latest story that happened to your girlfriend's dentist's brother-in-law to: Legends, *Penthouse* "Games," 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.

Answers:

1. They found the sweater draped over her tombstone.

2. Because her husband ran off with his secretary a few days ago and left a note instructing her to sell the car and send him the money. Variation: She's carrying out the request in his will to sell the car and give the proceeds to his mistress.

3. A note, presumably from a disgruntled factory worker, saying: "You rich SOB—so you finally found the rattle!"

4. They were souvenir baby alligators from Florida flushed down toilets when they grew too big. The tale appears in Thomas Pynchon's 1963 novel *V.* By 1975 the refinement had been added that the alligators were albino-white and totally blind.

5. The waiter returned a little later carrying a hot platter. When the silver lid was removed—there inside was "Roast Rosa."

6. A. The cigarettes he thought were under the carpet. B. "My pet canary is missing. Did you happen to see him while you were here working?"

7. The police found a man in her bedroom closet, cowering in shock in a corner and trying to stop the flow of blood from his right hand, which was missing the tips of two fingers.

8. "Get out of the house immediately. We've traced the calls and they're coming from the upstairs extension!" (Tellers of this tale usually don't worry about the technical problems of calling a telephone from an extension of the same number, or the actual procedures of call tracing.)

9. She had impaled herself on the gearshift knob.

10. They are told that the bill has been paid by Reggie Jackson—the man in the elevator. Jackson is already tired of being asked about the incident. "I've heard the story a thousand times," he told a reporter. "I would never own a dog in New York. It would be cruel. Whatever you've been told isn't true."

Anyway, it makes a good story, as writers for "The Bob Newhart Show" recognized. In one episode they had a black man board an elevator with a Great Dane named Whitey. Brunvand wrote to Newhart to ask about the episode. "All I can recall about the show," Newhart wrote back, was that "when the large black man told the dog to 'Sit, Whitey!' it was one of the largest laughs we ever got." In this case the television writers were probably inspired by the legend—and, in turn, fed the legend.

ANSWER TO CLOCK PROBLEM. In the April Fools' column, we asked, "How many times do the hour and minute hands of a clock cross each other in 12 hours?" If you start counting apparent coincidences (1:05, 2:10, 3:15, 4:20, etc.), you'll come out wrong. The correct answer is 11, not 12. If you don't believe it, try it for yourself. For the record, these are the *exact* times when the hour hand and minute hand cross: 1:05:27, 2:10:54, 3:16:22, 4:21:49, 5:27:16, 6:32:44, 7:38:11, 8:43:38, 9:49:05, 10:54:33, 12:00:00.

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

what had happened. After dinner I went straight to bed. During that night Wendy tried very hard to turn me on and make love to me, but I refused and told her that I was just too tired. I also used the same excuse for the next couple of nights. Finally, when the next night came, Wendy told me that she didn't care if I was too tired to do anything and that she needed to be made love to very badly. She also reminded me that we used to make love at least five times a week and now we didn't because of me being too tired all the time. She also added that she hadn't had sex for about a week at that point and that she wanted it very badly.

Well, that night I tried to forget about what had happened, but it just didn't work. I made love to Wendy like it was my first time, while she awkwardly made love to me like a wild animal. I could tell that she wasn't satisfied with our lovemaking, because she was very restless throughout the night, and at one point I heard her crying when she thought I was asleep.

Xaviera, I feel cheated, used, and lied to by my wife. I hope by your hearing my story that you may be able to give me some answers, advice, or help in some way. Thanks.—G. B.

It seems that you have managed to collect a lot of expensive accessories: a beautiful home, a fancy car, and I don't know what else. You have also acquired a lovely wife. When you come home from work, you unwind by loving her in much the same way as you love your car. When you put your car in the garage for the night, you switch it off and maybe cover it with a dust sheet, so that when you need it again, it's gleaming and beautiful and ready to go. And you think about your wife in the same way. You go off on a business trip, and you expect her to wait for you in a state of suspended animation. When you get back, you insert the ignition key (your fingers in her vagina), you switch her on, stick her in gear, and in no time, you're in the fast lane.

Now you say that you "feel cheated, used, and lied to" by your wife—but why? Is it because you feel that she doesn't conform to your specifications, or is it because you want her to be, like your house, "brand-new"?

Why were you so shocked when you tiptoed in on your wife—and, for that matter, why did you sneak in anyway? Does the idea of women making love to each other disgust you, or were you simply jealous? How would you have reacted if she had been with another man? I get the feeling that if you had found her masturbating, you would have reacted in the same way.

I suspect that the reason you failed to mention all this in your letter is that you haven't really thought about it. For two

days in your hotel room your mind was blank, and you didn't start thinking about anything till you were having dinner with your wife.

Women are human beings, not fancy bits of equipment to be kept on a shelf until needed. Your Wendy is obviously not only a beautiful woman, but a highly sexed one and very much in love with you. She needs to receive love as well as give it, as is shown by her behavior when you returned from your trip.

Most men find the idea of two women in bed together a sexual turn-on, but whatever your feeling is, you owe it to your wife to talk about it. Marriage means sharing your problems as well as your good times. So why don't you go out, fire up the Porsche, drive into town, buy another bunch of roses and a bottle of champagne, and bring the whole lot back to Wendy. Discuss your hang-ups without getting angry, and then forget about your feelings of insecurity; take her to bed, and make love to her properly.

MISTER AND MISTRESS

I am a married man, 41 years old, and am involved with a young woman 20 years old. I know that is probably an old story to you, but mine seems to be more than a bit complicated.

My marriage really began to come apart about two years or so ago. Since then, my wife and I have not had sex together. We have no children, but our families insisted we stay together. I met my girlfriend, Julie, about six months after my marriage got cold. Julie is everything a man could dream of. She's slender, blond, and shapely, with long beautiful legs and a 36D bust that doesn't need a bra to stand out nice and firm. She's good-looking and as horny as can be.

She lives one block away from our house, which is convenient. Once or twice a week I'll skip lunch and leave work an hour early, and ball with Julie before going on home. We also manage to get together now and then on weekends, and at other times. She loves sex. Also, she has three girlfriends who love sex as much as she does, and she doesn't mind if I get it on with them. I was surprised at that. But she doesn't seem jealous. I have had more sex in the last year than I have had in almost 20 years of marriage. Sometimes we have threesomes, and Julie asked if I would like to make it with all four of them on my birthday. This is all like being in heaven for me.

My marriage is a lost cause, and now we have gotten serious about a divorce. Our families seem as if they will accept it. The problem is Julie. I have thought about moving in with her, and even had some thoughts about marriage. She doesn't seem too keen on the idea. I think she sees other men, but I have not said anything about it because I have no reason to regard her as my own. I like her, and we have good sex together, but I am beginning to suspect that she may not

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like me so much if I am single again. That sounds odd, but after a lot of thought I have concluded that is the case.

I have seen your books on her bookshelf, so I wonder if you have any suggestions. She seems to think well of your opinions. I am even thinking of staying married for the sake of my relationship with Julie. Does our relationship have any chance of surviving if I end my marriage?—J. S.

The bachelor male who dates a different girl every night and finally, reluctantly, is "caught" and persuaded into matrimony, is and always has been a typical and respected figure in our society. The female equivalent, however—the single girl who treasures her freedom equally and likes to date a lot of different men—is still slightly suspect.

Despite women's lib and movements for sexual equality, men still seem to think that all every woman wants is to exchange this ideal state of freedom for the chance to become a devoted slave to one man: to cook his breakfast, mix his martinis, and keep his house neat, till death or divorce do them part. Of course there are women who want to get married, but there are many who don't, and it sounds as if your Julie is one of them. As it seems that marriage to you means that every decision made by you and your wife is subject to an overriding vote from the committee of your joint families, I think she is making the right choice.

I would suggest that before you contemplate rushing into marriage with Julie or anyone else, you stand back and take a good look at your present wife and your marriage, and try to figure out why it went rotten. Remember, it takes two people to get divorced. Julie may not mind whether you are married or single, but if you start proposing to her every time you see her, this may well scare her off.

MR. FIX-IT MAN

I am a 27-year-old female, very happily married. I have a beautiful child and a great husband. My husband's job takes him away from home for months at a time. I am very happy with my husband and never wanted anyone else. I would not even go out to dinner or bars without my husband.

In our neighborhood, we have three fix-it men. One is a teenage guy who thinks he is hot shit. No. 2 is 21 years old, but very nice to talk to, and he always has a smile. No. 3 is the one I am worried about. He is 30 years old, married to a really young lady, and they have two children. But for some reason he is not at all happy.

No. 3—I'll call him Al—has come over whenever I needed something fixed. Since we do not tip the guys, I offer them a beer. He usually sits and talks with me while he drinks it. Our talks are about his wife and children and my husband and child. We talk about almost anything except sex.

One night when my husband was out of town, the doorbell rang at 9:45 P.M. I was in my nightgown and robe, and I went to answer the door. It was Al. He needed a friend to talk to, so I offered him a beer. I told him to go into the family room while I got dressed. He told me he wouldn't keep me that long, though he was quite upset. So I stayed in my nightgown and robe. I got a beer for myself and joined him. We talked and talked and had more beer. It was midnight when he told me that he was crazy about me. He said I'm a real fox and every time he sees me he wants me. Then he told me it must be terrible not having my husband home a lot, and he suggested I needed some loving and he would like to be the one to give it to me.

I told him, "No!" *He said that within two years from that night, we will have made love. I was shocked and told him he had to go as I had to get up early the next morning.*

The other night about 7 P.M., one of the kitchen appliances broke. I phoned for a repairman, and it turned out Al was the one on call that night. He came over in about 20 minutes and did the repairs. I offered him a beer, and we both sat down and talked. Then Al leaned over and kissed me deeply as he stroked my hair. I truly enjoyed it. So we kissed again, and he ran his hand up my blouse and cupped my breast. Boy, was I turned on—and by the look of things, so was Al! Then he told me that he wanted to make love to me. I really wanted to, but I couldn't. I really don't think I could face my husband if I did that, and I don't want to risk hurting our wonderful marriage. (Al is really very much like my husband, and that is what attracts me to him.)

I sure hope I can hold out, as my husband is due to go on a four-month-long business trip. I know he is faithful to me, because he travels with four other married men. They go to the same places, and my husband shares a room with one of the other guys.

Do you have any idea exactly what is going on with me, and why? I feel like I have no one to talk to, and my head is reeling from all this. I read Penthouse *all the time, and I think you would understand me. What would you do if you were in my place?*

Please hurry and help me—I need your advice.—M. H.

If you were to ask a marriage counselor, or a priest, or a rabbi, or in fact any respectable member of the community for advice on your problem, the answer would almost certainly be the same from all of them: *"Don't do it."* I suspect that the reason you write to me is that you hope my answer will be: "Yes, go ahead and fuck the guy." And you even ask me what I would do in your place.

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If you have been reading this column regularly, you already know what I would do. When I am apart from my man, we have an agreement that we do what we like, although strangely enough we are both jealous and possessive people. Occasionally there's a problem, but we find that after almost five years we are still in love in that same silly, idyllic way that we were in the beginning. But that doesn't mean that it is going to work for you.

You have four alternatives:

1. Don't fuck with Mr. Fix-It, which means don't chat with him in your nightie, don't kiss him, and don't even touch him, because you obviously can't trust yourself, let alone him.

2. Fuck him, but before you do it, write and tell your husband what you intend to do and ask him if he minds. If he hits the roof, you are in the shit for even wanting to screw around, so that is perhaps not the wisest course.

3. Fuck him and tell your husband afterward. That is just as risky as your second alternative, for the same reasons.

4. Fuck Mr. Fix-It and don't tell your husband *or anyone else.*

This final alternative is workable as long as it remains a secret. If it is a one-shot deal, there is probably no harm in it. The problems start when he (or you) comes back for more. It develops into an "affair," the neighbors know about it, and your child might notice that there seem to be two daddies.

Now, the cause of all this trouble is, of course, your husband's long absences. I would suggest that you talk it over with him without telling him who it is you fancy. Who knows what your husband gets up to on his business trips, and if there is an unspoken agreement, it can well work.

I am not going to advise you to follow any specific course of action, but at least you now know the risks. Remember the old proverb: It is no use crying over spilt milk . . . or sperm.

CREDITS

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Michael Wray photographed "Paper Houses" with a Contax RTS camera and a 25mm Ziss Vistagon lens, and an Olympus OM4 with a 24mm Ziss Vistagon lens. The pictorial begins on page 45. Our love set, on page 118, was photographed by Carl Wachter with a Nikon F2 camera, a 43-86 zoom lens, and Kodachrome 64 film.

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"The Hook," Kentucky Fried Rats, and Other Modern Folklore

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BY SCOT MORRIS

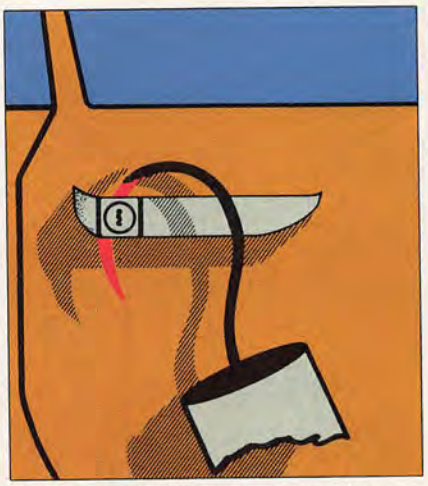
A recent letter from Jan Harold Brunvand concluded, "Have you heard of the guy in New York who had a fluorescent tube from his office to get rid of, and he carries it on the subway with him, intending to dispose of it at home? People on the crowded train started holding on to it as a support post, and he just left it with them when he got off. That's true, I am told, but then I'm told that about hundreds of stories."

If the story *is* true, Brunvand is the man who would know. A professor of folklore in the English Department of the University of Utah, he is the recognized authority on "urban folklore"—those stories that most people have heard as true accounts of real-life experiences, but that turn out, on closer inspection, to be modern legends.

They include such tales as the one about the woman who gave her dog a bath and tried to dry it off by putting it in her new microwave (ultimately cooking it from the inside out); the aphrodisiac powers of green M & Ms; the woman who took revenge on her unfaithful husband by gluing his penis to his leg while he slept; and the story about Burt Reynolds once giving out his telephone credit-card number on "The Tonight Show" and then inviting his fans to make free calls on it.

One of the classic stories is "The Hook." A young couple park in order to make out on a secluded road. They hear a report over the radio that a homicidal maniac with a hook on his right hand has escaped from the local insane asylum. The girl gets scared and asks the boy to drive her home. He does, and when they arrive he gets out of the car, walks around to her side, and sees—hanging from the door handle—a bloody hook!

"The Hook" started about 1959, and was told by teenagers all over the country. It was always told as if it had happened recently, and locally. Like most typical modern folklore, the story is said to come from a third-hand, unnamed source, or "foaf"—Brunvand's term for a "friend of a friend"—or it is said to be true because "I read it in the paper."



1959's "The Hook": terror of lovers' lane.

How could the same event have happened in so many places to so many "foafs"? The answer: It didn't. It's modern folklore.

"Not all folklore is generations old," Brunvand says. "These are new tales, and they aren't necessarily all false—at the least they contain truths about the fears and concerns of the people who tell them. If people believe a story, it's important to them, and that's a kind of truth." On November 8, 1960, Abigail Van Buren printed the hook story in her "Dear Abby" column. The letter writer, "Jeanette," said, "I don't know whether it's true or not, but it doesn't matter because it served its purpose for me. . . . I don't think I will ever park to make out as long as I live. I hope this does the same for other kids."

Modern folktales are often told around camp fires, at slumber parties, and in dormitory bull sessions. They have strong story appeal and usually have a "moral." The message may be as simple as "don't make out on lovers' lane," or "don't trust foreigners or minorities." The tale reported in the late sixties of LSD users who went blind after staring at the sun carried a clear antidrug message, as did the one about the hippie baby-sitter who put the baby in the oven under the delusion that she was roasting a turkey. It doesn't matter that neither story is true; the mere telling of them reflects an important social truth.

Brunvand has catalogued and classified scores of such tales in three popular books, *The Vanishing Hitchhiker* (1981), *The Choking Doberman* (1984), and most recently, *The Mexican Pet* (1986), all published by W. W. Norton & Company.

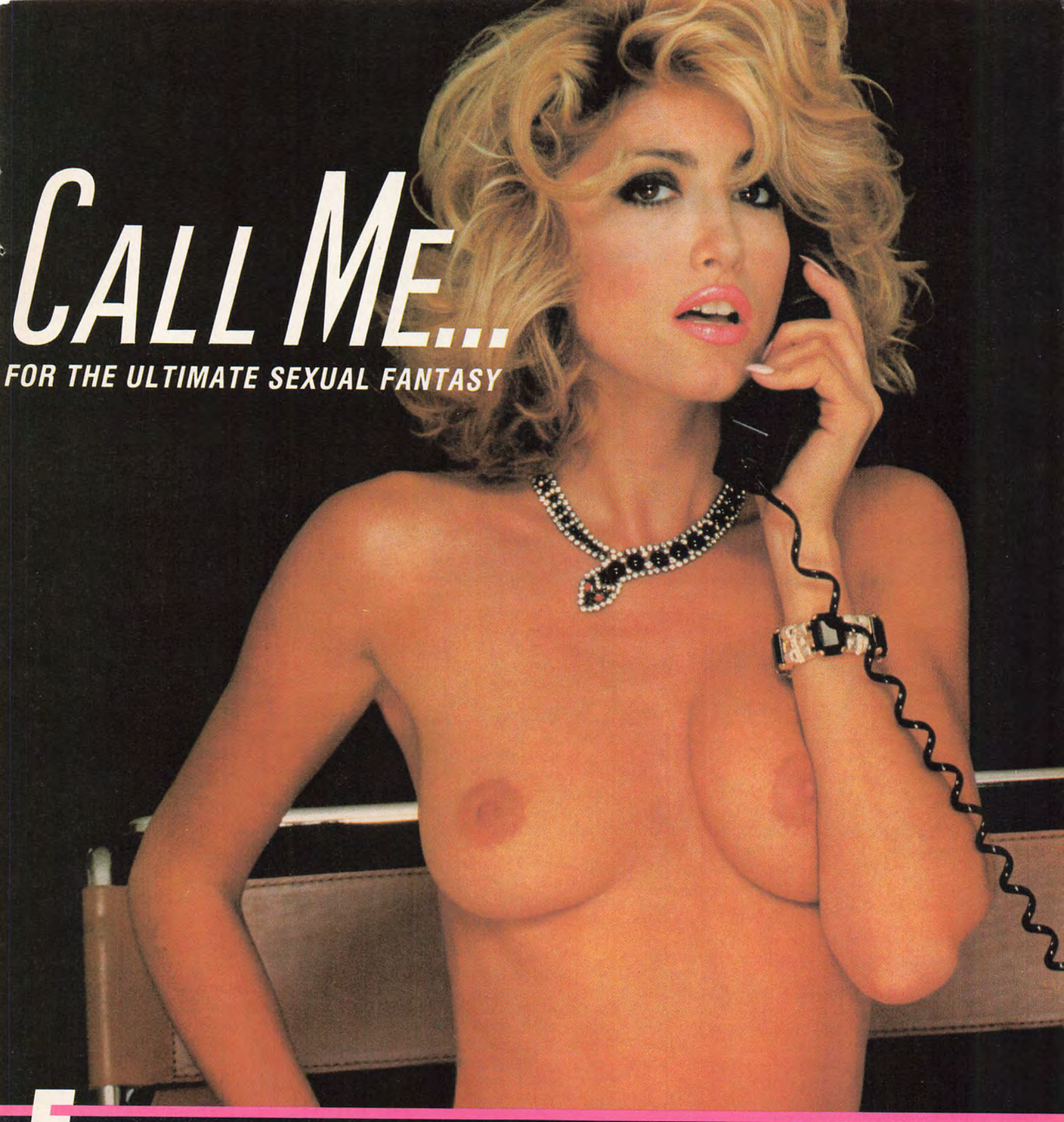
Here are some examples. How many of these have you heard? Ten of these stories are so well-known that we've left off the punch lines and ask you to supply them yourself. Compose an appropriate ending and check it against the traditional one given in the answers on page 148.

AUTOMOBILE LEGENDS

1. The Vanishing Hitchhiker. Some people pick up a female hitchhiker on a country road. She is cold, so they lend her a sweater. She sits in the backseat and says she's going to her home a few miles down the road. When they get there, they turn around and the backseat is empty. Astonished, they go to the house and describe the occurrence to the occupants, who say, "That's our daughter you picked up. She died in an accident on that road just ten years ago." Brunvand has found versions of this story dating as far back as 1876, when the girl was given a ride in a horse-drawn buggy. **Quiz:** If the drivers go to the cemetery where the girl is buried, what do they find?

2. The Bargain Car. An ad in the paper offers a nearly new Porsche for only $500. In one version the reason for the price is that someone died inside, and, since his body wasn't discovered for a week, they can't get the smell of death out of the car. In another, a woman offers the incredible bargain as a way of getting back at her husband. **Quiz:** Why?

3. The Rattle in the Cadillac. A new Cadillac has a persistent, annoying rattle. The owner takes it into the shop again and again, but they can't find its source. Finally, they have to disassemble the car completely. Inside the door frame they find a bottle suspended from



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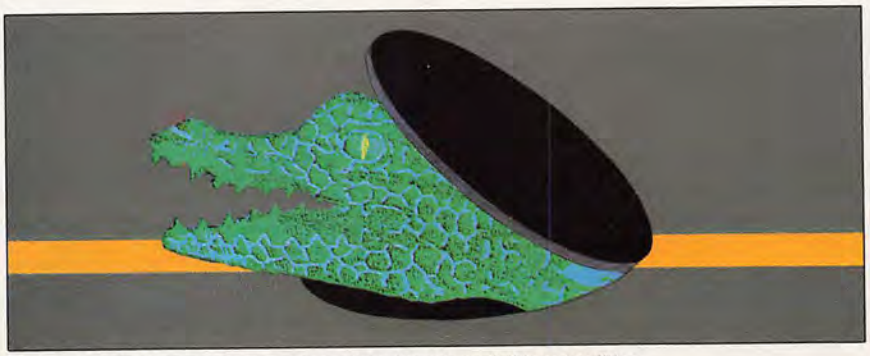

Gators rise from New York's sewers into American folklore tradition.

a wire in such a way that it swings around whenever the car is moving. **Quiz:** There is usually something tucked inside the bottle. What is it?

4. Alligators in the Sewers. There are full-grown alligators living in the New York City sewer system. The *New Yorker* magazine made fun of this story in 1974 in the following brief item:

A FOOLISH LEGEND

The sewers of New York City do not teem with crocodilians that were once pets, as has been rumored. Those long, menacing objects are minisubs of uncertain origin, perhaps Bolivian.

Quiz: But seriously, how are the alligators supposed to have gotten down there?

5. The Dog's Dinner. A Reuters story in August 1971 said that a Swiss couple had rushed back to Zurich after a horrible experience in Hong Kong. They had gone to a restaurant and taken their pet poodle, Rosa, with them. Using gestures, they asked the waiter to take the hungry dog back to the kitchen to get it something to eat. Apparently understanding, the waiter nodded and took the dog away. **Quiz:** Why did the couple cut their vacation short?

6. The Bump in the Rug. A carpet layer finishes his job and cleans up, but notices a large bump in the middle of the room. He thinks that he might have dropped his pack of cigarettes while working, so he pounds the bump flat with his hammer. **Quiz:** A. What does he find when he goes out to his truck? B. The next day, what does the lady he did the job for call him and say?

7. The Choking Doberman. This is a fairly recent legend; the earliest version found was in a Phoenix, Arizona, newspaper from June 1981. It was being told all over the country that summer. A woman comes home one evening to find her Doberman choking. She rushes the dog to the vet, who says he'll take care of everything. She gets home and her phone is ringing. It's the vet. "You must do exactly as I say," he tells her. "Get out of your house immediately and call me from a neighbor's. I've already phoned the police." When she calls him back he tells her what he found stuck in the dog's throat: two human fingers. **Quiz:** What did the police find at the house?

8. The Baby-Sitter and the Phone. A sitter keeps getting phone calls from a man who says he is going to kill her. She finally calls the police, who say it is probably a crank, but they will monitor the line and trace the calls. He calls again, and shortly after she hangs up, the police call. **Quiz:** What do they say?

9. Spanish Fly. (In folk legend this is the ultimate aphrodisiac: It turns the coyest virgin into an insatiable nymphomaniac.) This guy slipped some Spanish fly to his girl at a drive-in movie. It worked. After the hottest lovemaking of his life, he went off to the snack bar to get some nourishment. When he got back to the car he found the girl dead. **Quiz:** In what condition was she when he found her?

10. The Elevator Incident. Three women visit New York, despite warnings about muggings. They are on an elevator at their hotel when a large black man gets on leading a huge dog. When the door closes the man says, "Sit!" Terrified, the three women sit. The man apologizes and explains that he was talking to the dog. The women nervously go off to eat in the hotel restaurant. **Quiz:** What happens when they call for their check?

CONTAMINATIONS: YUCK!

A whole set of legends seems designed to produce the maximum disgust in the hearer. In the fifties, when the "beehive" hairdo was popular, everyone heard about the girl who sprayed and sprayed her hair, never washing it. She died about six months later: Spiders had built a nest in her hair and stung her to death. More recently there is the story of "The Kentucky Fried Rat"—a woman goes into shock after she discovers that some of her meal from a fast-food franchise isn't chicken at all. (Incidentally, folklorists have analyzed 115 versions of this story, and in every case the victim was a woman. The implied moral is that this is what happens to women who neglect their traditional roles as food preparers.)

A related story is "The Rat in the Soda Bottle," which Brunvand calls "the all-time favorite story about food contamination." Supposedly someone found rodent parts in a soft-drink bottle, and sued the company for millions. The company settled out of court, paying hundreds of thousands just to hush up the story. There is a basis in fact here. Since 1914 there have been about 50 reports of actual court cases involving such claims. Unlike the victims in the legends, though, the plaintiffs were more often men than women, and the actual monetary awards averaged only about $1,000 each.

Large companies and popular products are often the objects of defamatory rumors which sweep the country for a few months and are then forgotten. In

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

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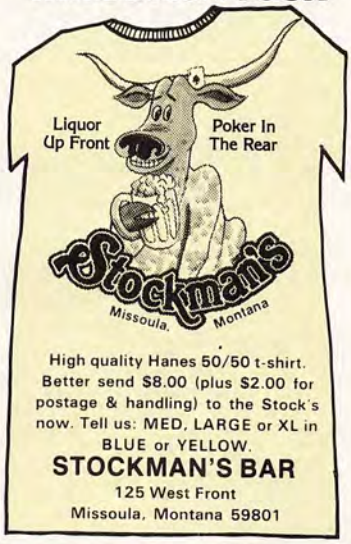

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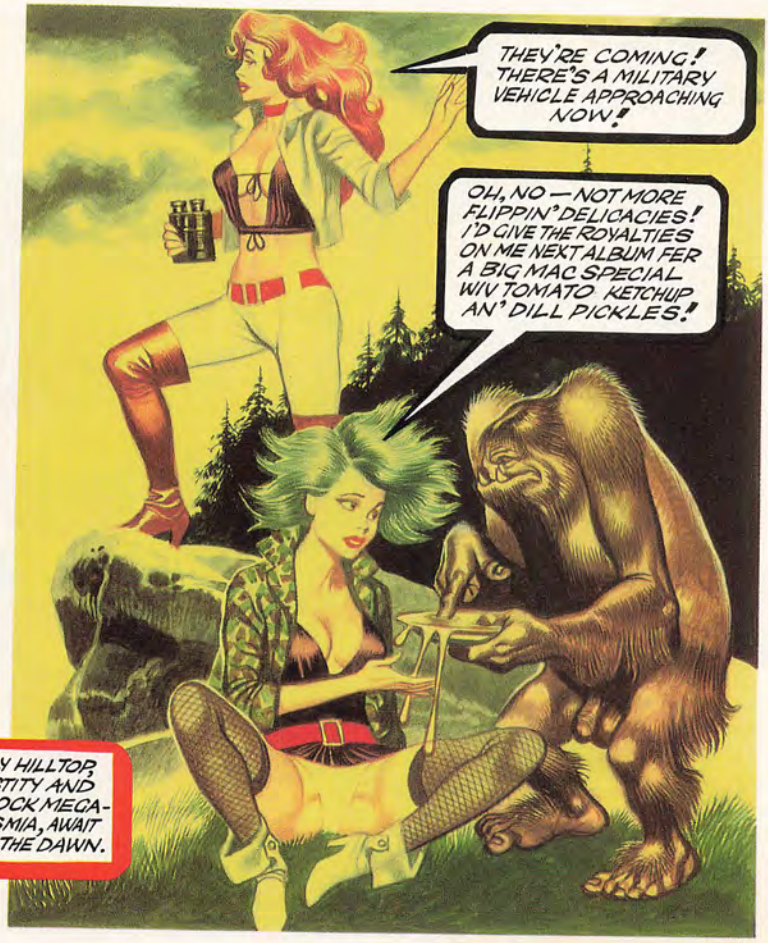
Sweet chastity
WHAT A NAUSEATING SIGHT! NO FRANKENSTEIN EVER BEHAVED LIKE THAT! EVEN WHEN THEY USED THE GELDING KNIFE ON HIM, THE 10TH BARON.....
A RING OF FIRES BURNS BRIGHTLY AROUND CASTLE DREER. THE FORESTS ARE FULL OF REVOLTING PEASANTS — OR IF YOU PREFER IT — PEASANTS REVOLTING — OR PERHAPS — PEASANTS IN A STATE OF REVOLT! JOHN VAIN SEES IT AS AN OMEN — RETRIBUTION FOR HIS BETRAYAL OF THE FRANKENSTEINS!
.... OR WAS IT THE 11TH? WELL, WHICHEVER ONE IT WAS HE NEVER DISPLAYED SUCH A LACK OF MORAL FIBRE!
STOP THIS DISGUSTING SPECTACLE!
GET UP — YOU SNIVELLING COWARD!
YOU HEARD WHAT HE SAID!
THEY'RE THE FIRES OF DOOM!
THEY'VE HAUNTED THE FRANKENSTEINS FOR CENTURIES!
THEY'RE PORTENTS! OMENS! THEY FORETELL DISASTER!
SAVE ME!
STOP THIS SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE!
SAVE ME!
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE
YOU'RE NOT A FRANKENSTEIN — YOU OAF!
THAT'S TRUE! I'M NOT! WHY SHOULD IT APPLY TO ME?
OF COURSE — IT'S FRANKENSTEIN'S DOOM — NOT MINE!
COME ON NOW, JOHNSY-WONSY — WHERE'S MY MASTERFUL LEADER OF MEN?
NOW YOU SEND FOR THE OFFICER OF THE GUARD AND GET HIM TO PUT A STOP TO ALL THAT NONSENSE OUT THERE!
YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD! IT'S THE STRAIN OF THE ENORMOUS RESPONSIBILITIES YOU CARRY ON YOUR SHOULDERS!
IS IT — I MEAN — IT IS!
PATHETIC!

AND UP THERE, IN THEM THAR HILLS...
THIS SYMBOLISM IS ALL VERY WELL IT IT'S HARD WORK KEEPING THE FIRES GOING!
THIS IS AN EPIC MOMENT IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND! DO YOU HAVE TO REDUCE EVERYTHING TO THE MUNDANE?

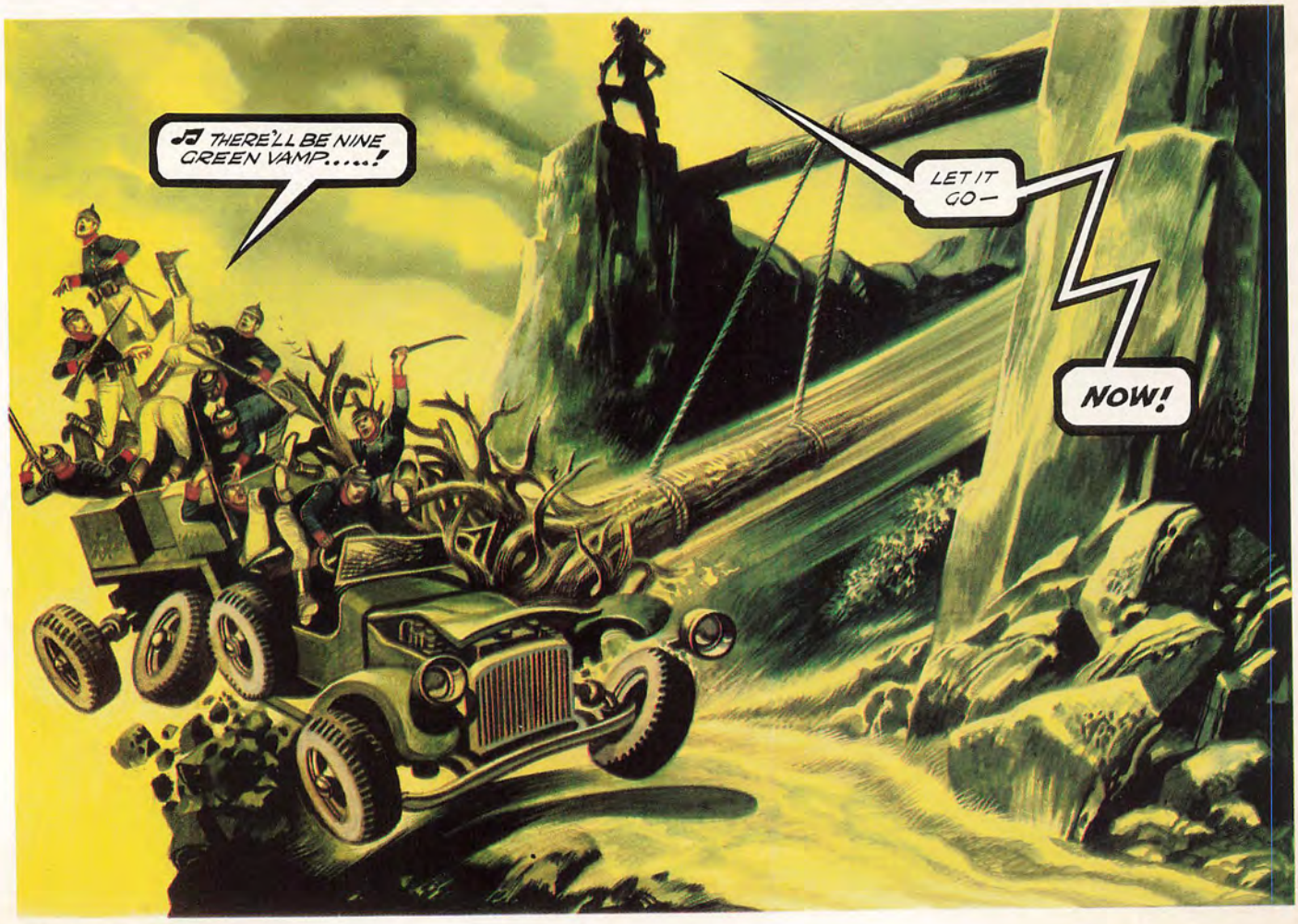
WE'RE STRIVING FOR THE SUBLIME! FOR GLORY! FILL YOUR VACUOUS MIND WITH HIGHER THOUGHTS — WITH IDEALISM! LET YOUR SOUL TAKE WING — RISE TO THE OCCASION!
YOU GREAT NERK! WHY IS IT THE ONES WITH THE RHETORIC NEVER DO THE WORK?


THEY'RE COMING! THERE'S A MILITARY VEHICLE APPROACHING NOW!
OH, NO — NOT MORE FLIPPIN' DELICACIES! I'D GIVE THE ROYALTIES ON ME NEXT ALBUM FER A BIG MAC SPECIAL WIV TOMATO KETCHUP AN' DILL PICKLES!

ON A LONELY HILLTOP, SWEET CHASTITY AND THE PUNK ROCK MEGA-STAR, ORGASMIA, AWAIT THE COMING OF THE DAWN.

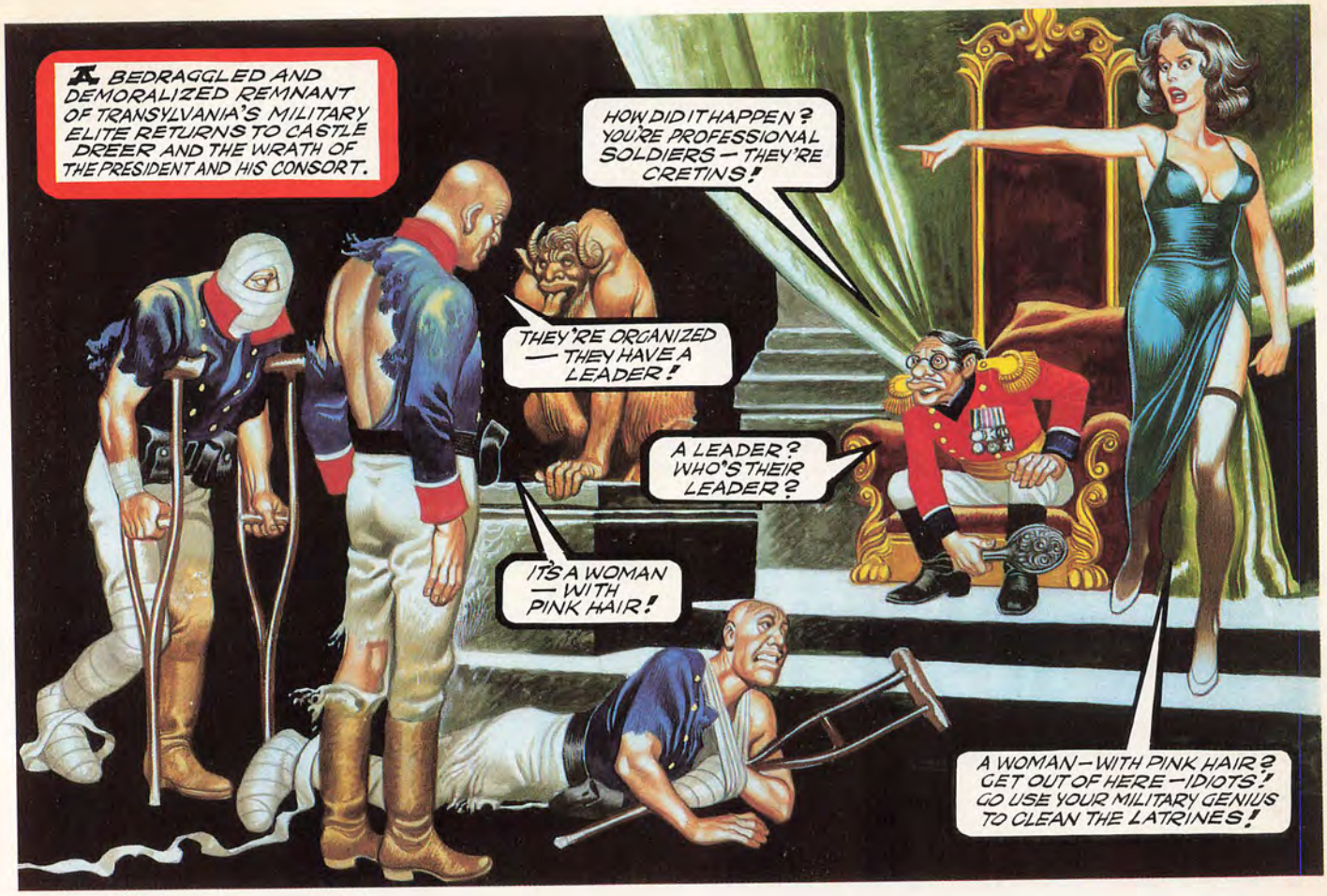
♫ TEN GREEN ♫ VAMPIRES HANGING ON THE WALL ♫
♫ TEN GREEN ♫ VAMPIRES HANGING ON THE WALL ♫

RIGHT—STEADY NOW!
WHEN I GIVE THE WORD!
♫ AND IF ONE GREEN VAMPIRE SHOULD ACCIDENTALLY FALL ♫


♫ THERE'LL BE NINE GREEN VAMP.....!
LET IT GO—
NOW!

OH WELL— HERE GOES THE LAST OF THE FELKENBURGS!
WELL, AT LEAST WE'VE GOT THIS FAR DOWN WITHOUT SERIOUS INJURY!

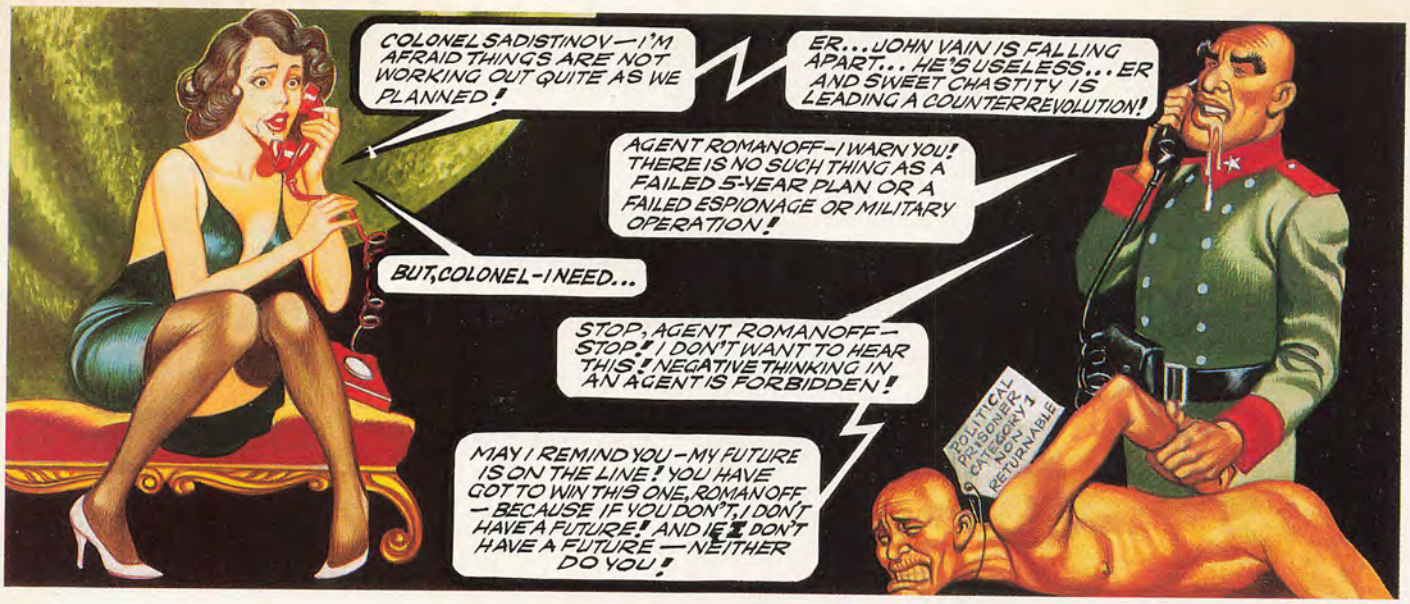
I AIN'T 'AD SO MUCH FUN SINCE ME LAST CONCERT AT MADISON SQUARE GARDENS!
I WOULDN'T MIND IF IT WAS THE GREEN BERETS OR THE GRENADIER GUARDS!
BUT TO BE BEATEN BY THIS... TH/S.. ...RABBLE! THAT'S HUMILIATING!


A BEDRAGGLED AND DEMORALIZED REMNANT OF TRANSYLVANIA'S MILITARY ELITE RETURNS TO CASTLE DREER AND THE WRATH OF THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CONSORT.
HOW DID IT HAPPEN? YOU'RE PROFESSIONAL SOLDIERS — THEY'RE CRETINS!
THEY'RE ORGANIZED — THEY HAVE A LEADER!
A LEADER? WHO'S THEIR LEADER?
IT'S A WOMAN — WITH PINK HAIR!
A WOMAN — WITH PINK HAIR? GET OUT OF HERE — IDIOTS! GO USE YOUR MILITARY GENIUS TO CLEAN THE LATRINES!

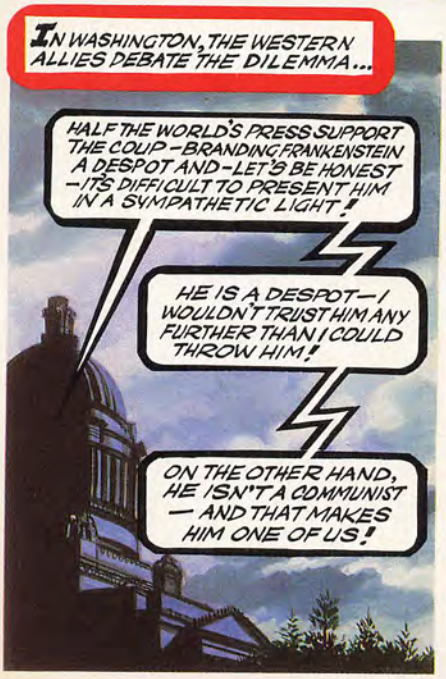
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
DIDN'T YOU HEAR WHAT THEY SAID? DON'T YOU KNOW WHO IT IS OUT THERE?
IT'S SWEET CHASTITY!

THE PEOPLE LOVE HER — THEY'LL DO ANYTHING FOR HER!
WE'RE DOOMED!
WE'RE FINISHED!

YOU PATHETIC CREEP! TRYING TO SHELTER UNDER A WOMAN'S SKIRTS!
CALL YOURSELF A MAN?
YOU'RE CARBAGE! DECADENT, CORRUPT TRASH!


COLONEL SADISTINOV—I'M AFRAID THINGS ARE NOT WORKING OUT QUITE AS WE PLANNED!
ER...JOHN VAIN IS FALLING APART... HE'S USELESS...ER AND SWEET CHASTITY IS LEADING A COUNTERREVOLUTION!
AGENT ROMANOFF—I WARN YOU! THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A FAILED 5-YEAR PLAN OR A FAILED ESPIONAGE OR MILITARY OPERATION!
BUT, COLONEL—I NEED...
STOP, AGENT ROMANOFF—STOP! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR THIS! NEGATIVE THINKING IN AN AGENT IS FORBIDDEN!
MAY I REMIND YOU—MY FUTURE IS ON THE LINE! YOU HAVE GOT TO WIN THIS ONE, ROMANOFF—BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T, I DON'T HAVE A FUTURE! AND IF I DON'T HAVE A FUTURE—NEITHER DO YOU!
POLITICAL PRISONER CATEGORY 1 NON RETURNABLE

WE'VE WON A SMALL VICTORY, ORGASMIA—BUT WE'RE ON OUR OWN!
THE AMERICANS AND THE RUSSIANS WILL PLAY THEIR USUAL GAME OF BRINKMANSHIP—BUT NO ONE'S GOING TO HELP US!
FUNNY FEELIN' INNIT, CHAS? STUCK OUT 'ERE ON OUR OWN—AN' NO ONE BACK 'OME GIVIN' A DAMN ONE WAY OR THE OTHER!
WE CARE, READERS, DON'T WE? WELL, DON'T WE?


IN WASHINGTON, THE WESTERN ALLIES DEBATE THE DILEMMA...
HALF THE WORLD'S PRESS SUPPORT THE COUP—BRANDING FRANKENSTEIN A DESPOT AND—LET'S BE HONEST—IT'S DIFFICULT TO PRESENT HIM IN A SYMPATHETIC LIGHT!
HE IS A DESPOT—I WOULDN'T TRUST HIM ANY FURTHER THAN I COULD THROW HIM!
ON THE OTHER HAND, HE ISN'T A COMMUNIST—AND THAT MAKES HIM ONE OF US!

AND IN A CERTAIN MIDDLE EASTERN CITY.....
THE AMERICANS ARE OUR ENEMIES! THE RUSSIANS ARE OUR ENEMIES! WE SHOULD ENCOURAGE BOTH SIDES TO BLOW THE OTHER TO PIECES AND THEN THE GREAT TIDE OF ISLAMIC REVOLUTION CAN SWEEP ACROSS THE WORLD!

YOU'RE ALWAYS TELLIN' US WHAT GODDAM GOVERNMENTS THINK!
WHAT ABOUT THE MAN IN THE STREET?
WHEN ARE YOU GONNA PAY SOME ATTENTION TO WHAT HE FEELS!
NOT RIGHT NOW, BUSTER—WE'VE GOT NEXT MONTH'S INSTALMENT TO THINK ABOUT!

COMING IN THE JULY PENTHOUSE

LADY LIBERTY'S BIRTHDAY

For 100 years, the Statue of Liberty has held vigil over New York City, a constant reminder to our citizens—and to those millions who have come to our shores seeking refuge and fortune—of America's commitment to mankind's right to freedom and liberty. To celebrate her 100th birthday, we offer a stunning photo essay with spectacular views of the great statue by photographer Jake Rajs, accompanied by an essay written especially for the occasion by Isaac Asimov that takes us into the future and explores the new frontiers of liberty that await us in the twenty-first century.

FROM RUSSIA, WITH LOVE

Nine years ago, Yakov Smirnoff came to America, like so many other immigrants. But unlike almost all of them, Yakov was a professional Russian stand-up comedian. As part of our special liberty celebration, he shares with us his love and admiration for his new country—and, in an essay that is as hilarious as it is moving, he explains how freedom of speech in the Soviet Union differs from freedom *after* you speak in the United States.

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY INQUISITION

Although Attorney General Meese's Commission on Pornography has listened to hours of "testimony" about the evils of sexism and so on, just how valuable will its recommendations and conclusions be? Harvard law professor Alan M. Dershowitz, who testified before the commission for *Penthouse*, has examined its scientific and legal methodology and concludes that the commission "reflects the Reagan administration's basic distrust of the freedom of the American people to choose what they wish to read, see, hear, and believe." The commission's failure strikes at our basic human dignity and our right to be different.

SUMMER SEX

It doesn't matter what age you are, something happens with the first appearance of Coppertone on the shelves, or that first night when you walk out of work and the sky is still light. Memorial Day is the dividing line. From then on it's summer and suntans, and sex is in the air. Ellen Sherman examines the phenomenon that makes summer special and carefree, having interviewed dozens of "campers," young and old, who toil all year for the chance to frolic for ten outrageous weeks in the sun.

THE NATIONAL CANCER DISASTER

Since it was founded in 1938, the National Cancer Institute has talked a lot about finding a cure for cancer, and it's certainly spent a lot of taxpayers' money, but, as Gary Null and Leonard Steinman report in the next article in our "Medical Genocide" series, there has been little, if any, progress made toward its goal. In fact, their investigation has uncovered shocking evidence of cronyism in the NCI's awarding of research grants that went nowhere. The NCI's approach, they conclude, has actually been tragically harmful to American cancer patients.

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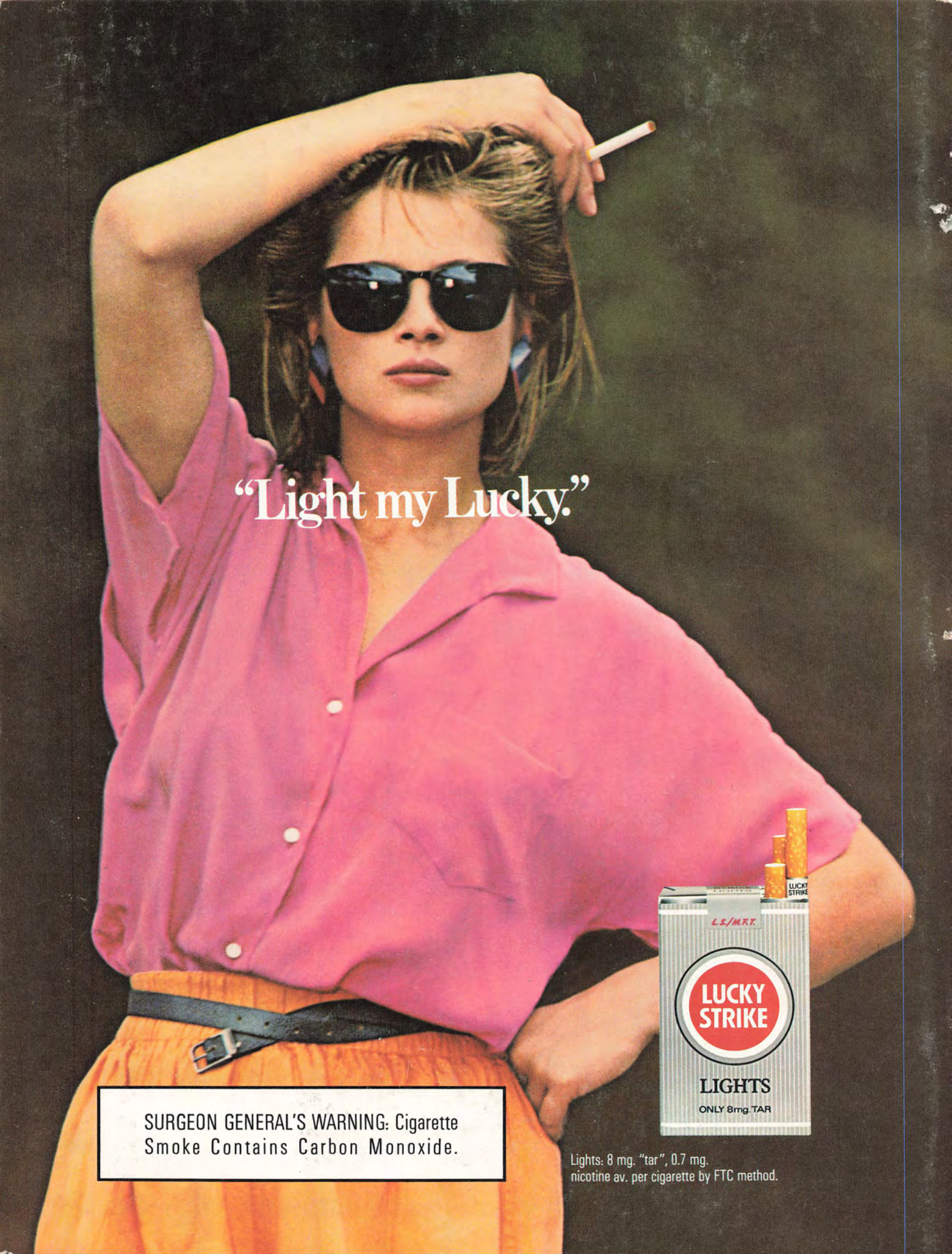
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